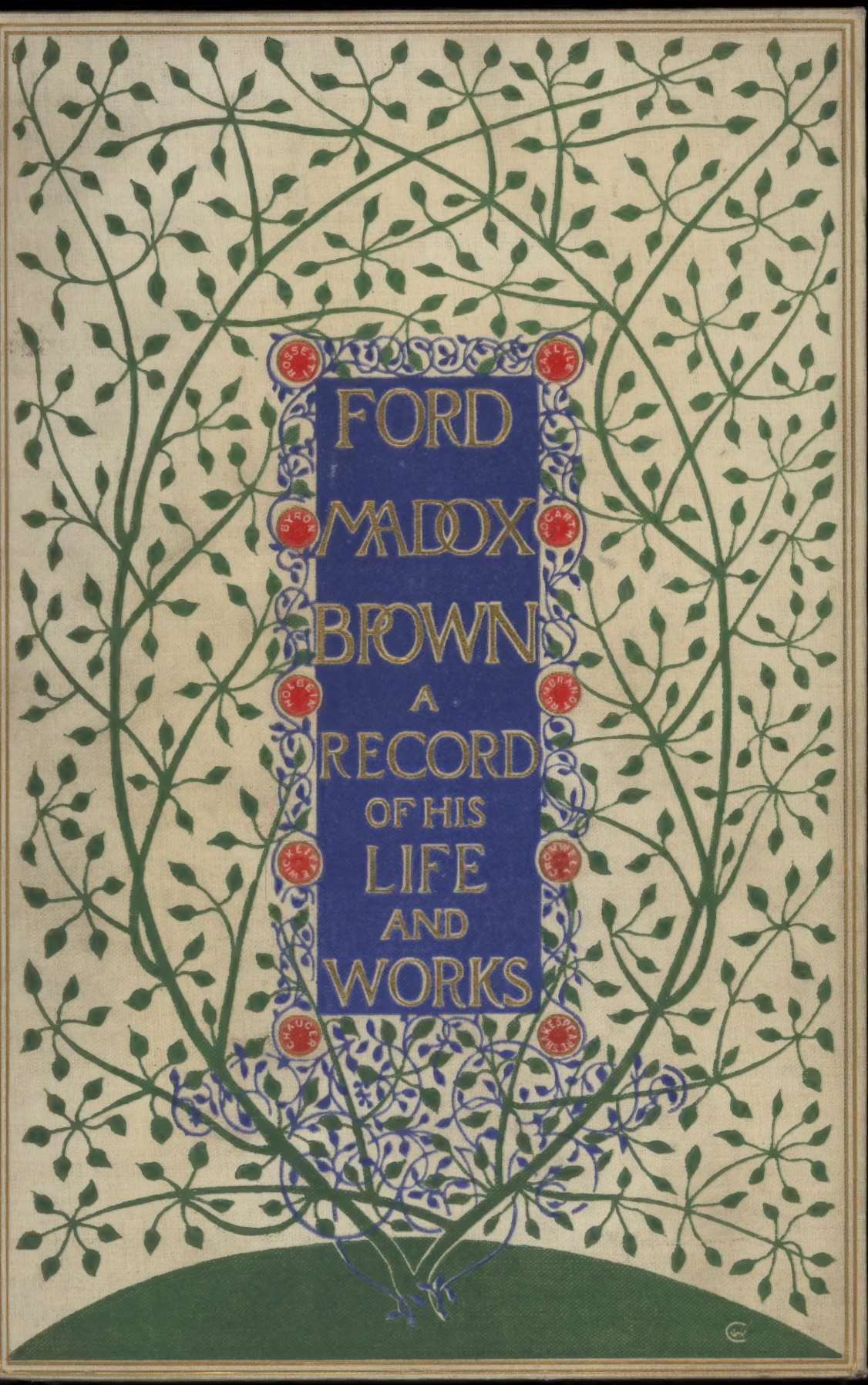
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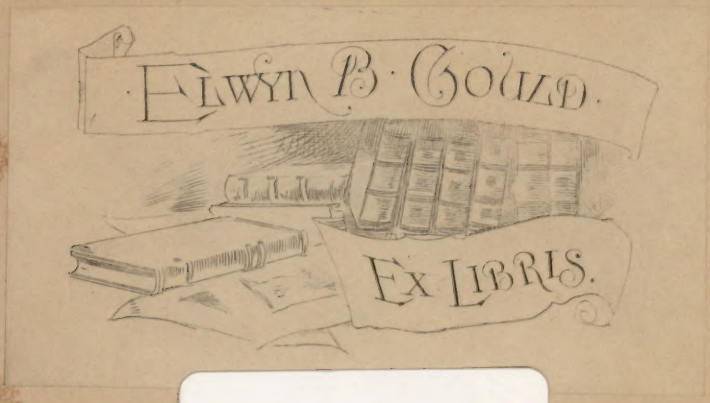
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FORD MADOX BROWN

JESUS WASHES PETER'S FEET

'JESUS WASHES PETER'S FEET'

(Painted 1852)

FORD MADOX BROWN

A Record of his Life and Work

BY

FORD M. HUEFFER

WITH NUMEROUS REPRODUCTIONS

Work ! which beads the brow, and tans the flesh
Of lusty manhood, casting out its devils !
By whose weird art transmuting poor men's evils,
Their bed seems down, their one dish ever fresh '

For the Picture called 'Work'

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
LONDON, NEW YORK, AND BOMBAY
1896

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TO

MY MOTHER

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Yours ever
F. Madox Brown

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

(Painted 1875)

(From the picture in the possession of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton)

LIFE

OF

FORD MADOX BROWN

CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE

1735–1821

Similarity of career of grandfather and grandson—Dr. John Brown—His education—Becomes a tutor—Repartees—Repairs to Edinburgh—Becomes a medical student—His success with pupils—Writes *Elementa Medicinæ*—Quarrels with Cullen and Edinburgh doctors—Ostracism—Journey to London and death—Posthumous fame—Invitation of Frederick the Great—His children—Madox Brown's father, Ford Brown—A purser—Marries Miss Madox—Birth of a daughter, and of Ford Madox Brown.

FORD MADOX BROWN was born in Calais in the year 1821. His father, Ford Brown, a purser—or, as he preferred to style himself, 'commissariat officer of the British navy'—was the son of the once famous Dr. John Brown. In this descent from a doctor Madox Brown is not alone in the rank of artists, and he may have inherited his artistic faculties from his most noted ancestor. What is more certain is, that his career and temperament, if not for any hereditary reason, were by no means dissimilar to those of

his grandfather. Both were, first and foremost, innovators, protesting against existing traditions, having both arrived at their conclusions by means of independent study and experience. The Anti-Lancet physician's creed having been formulated and laid before academic authorities, was received with a storm of disapprobation and medico-popular opprobrium, to be afterwards gradually appropriated and received into practice, if not by the original champions of the Established, at least by the inheritors of their mantles. A similar, if not identical, sentence might sum up the career of his grandson.

John Brown was born at an uncertain date in the winter 1735–36 in one of the twin-villages Lintlaws or Preston, in the parish of Bunkle, in Berwickshire. His father was a day-labourer, but withal a man of great strength of character, and one who, boasting no education himself, had an exceeding reverence for the utility of learning. This fact led to the early tuition that John Brown received at a dame school where his father sent him, saying 'he would gird his belt tighter to give his son John a better education.' John repaid his father's sacrifice with an insatiable love of learning. At the age of five he had read through the four Gospels, no mean feat. But his comprehension of them would not seem to have kept pace with his study, for at the same age, on the death of his father, he was found wandering off over the moors in search of the kingdom of Heaven, whither, he was told,

his father had gone. The 'wabster' who found him in this situation offered to be, and in the event became, a second father to him, in so far as a step-father could supply the place. That he did so in a most excellent degree is proved by his continuing his stepson's education on a higher grade at Dunse Grammar School, where John was the pupil, and in a very short time the favourite pupil, of 'the celebrated Cruickshank.'

Towards the age of ten or eleven, however, he was removed, and but for the intercession of his master would have been bound apprentice to a weaver. Cruickshank, however, urged so effectually the assurance of John Brown's ultimate success as a 'seceding preacher,' that the young John was returned to school, where Cruickshank instructed him gratis, and, three years after, appointed him his usher.

His ultimate progress towards medical fame was a no easy one. All chance of his succeeding as a preacher was sacrificed to his unwillingness to submit to a public rebuke for the heinous crime of attending an Episcopal service. He became a laird's tutor, but was dismissed his place—or rather manumitted himself—because sufficient respect was not paid to his rank, and because he supported a thesis that 'Providence was unjust' by the argument that she so 'frequently made blockheads *lairds*.' This reply being returned to an insulting question from a convocation

of intoxicated lairds that was held in his employer's house, ensured his dismissal.

He determined to leave the life of 'treading another's stairs,' and, repairing to Edinburgh, earned a living by translating into Latin the inaugural dissertations of medical students. This fired him with the idea of 'rolling in his own carriage,' as he put it, and he became a medical student, finally making himself so proficient in that branch of learning that he opened a boarding-house, and, as it were, a private college for medical students. His success with his pupils, and his personal popularity amongst them, were so great that in a short time 'his income was most considerable, but his manner of living was by much too liberal for his resources.' The road to fame and fortune seemed ensured to him. The great Dr. Cullen, whose correspondence with a hundred continental learned societies was of necessity carried on in Latin, being himself an indifferent Latinist, made ample use of the 'transcendent'[1] classical abilities of Brown, and extended his patronage to the extent of promising him the then vacant chair of 'Theory of Medicine.'

As a thesis for this appointment, Brown wrote his once famous 'Elementa Medicinæ,' but, to the horror

[1] His calumniators were in the habit of saying that he had spoilt the best Latinist in the world by becoming the worst doctor. At a very advanced age, according to Dr. Beddoes, he could quote 'every line that Horace had ever written.'

of Dr. Cullen, the doctrines mooted therein were hideously heterodox. Cullen, therefore, withdrew his countenance from Brown's candidature, with fatal results.

Nevertheless, Brown's popularity with his students, and their number, increased daily. Whether for this reason, or out of conscientious dislike to his teachings, which struck at the universal panacea—the lancet—and prescribed the now accepted doctrine of 'feeding' rather than 'starving a fever,' his unpopularity among the physicians became greater even than his popularity with the students. Cabals that were rife amongst the Edinburgh doctors affected him very little, and his mind was even less agitated by their calumnies; but the hostility which his unconciliatory manner evoked reached an effectual climax in 1785, when the examiners of the Faculty of Medicine publicly announced that no candidate holding or mentioning in his thesis 'Brunonian' ideas would be allowed to receive a degree.

Such a stringent edict had the desired effect. Edinburgh students were a class of men to whom the degree was a matter of crucial importance, and they abandoned perforce their popular instructor. His disciples at the time numbered over 300.

Somewhat of his popularity was, without doubt, due to his personality, which was remarkable for its *bonhomie* and goodfellowship. To quote from a letter of Madox Brown on the subject :—

'The tradition in the family was that Dr. Brown, although engaged all his life in fierce contests of will and struggles with prejudice, was in his home remarkable chiefly for his lively good temper and his affectionate care for his many children, rising by five in the morning to teach his daughters Greek and Latin.'

On the other hand, his attitude towards his fellow-physicians was somewhat brusque and uncompromising. In his 'Life of John Brown,' William Cullen Brown thus animadverts on the 'Life' written by Brown's 'arch-enemy' Beddoes :—

> His person, which, in consideration of the eminence of the man ought to have been mentioned with decency if not with respect, is likened to that of the clumsy buffoon of Cervantes; his voice is mentioned to have been croaking, and his metaphors in conversation, though, according to Dr. Beddoes, vigorous, animated, and agreeable to all around him, were disagreeable to him, by whom his company was not desired a second time.

In any case, the fiat of expulsion went forth against Dr. Brown, and, having refused[1] an invitation to settle in Berlin as body-physician to Frederick the Great, he came to London with the view of establishing a practice there. He made a slow and semi-triumphal progress through the North of England. His convivial faculties rendered him extremely popular, and the story of his ill-usage had turned warm friends

[1] There is a certain mystery about this transaction. Brown was certainly invited and refused. A doctor—or rather an obscure Welsh quack of the same name—subsequently obtained the post by falsely representing himself to be *the* Dr. John Brown.

into warmer partisans. To such an extent was his journey retarded by hospitality, that he at last resorted to the expedient of selling his too easily digressing postchaise and horses, and booking the places for himself and his family on a stage-coach. Thus he ultimately arrived in London.

Here, after making the acquaintance of the Court of King's Bench and the Fleet Prison for insolvent debtors, he contrived to lay the foundation of an extensive practice, and, moreover, enrolled upwards of 300 new pupils.

Unfortunately apoplexy—or, as his calumniators had it, an overdose of his favourite gout-medicine, brandy and opium—cut short his career at its most prosperous point. He was found dead in his bed on the morning of October 7, 1788. His robust personality is preserved in the series of John Kay's 'Edinburgh Portraits,' and a portrait of him was etched by William Blake in 1787. In both of them he appears as a somewhat burly man, with a tightly buttoned coat and a substantial bob-wig. His features are strongly marked and rather hard, but distinctly Scotch in character.

After his death his popularity became considerable. The students of Pavia put on mourning for him, whilst those of Göttingen raised a riot in his honour. On the Continent his name is preserved as *l'illustre fondateur du système Brunonien*, to quote the French 'Dictionnaire Universelle Biographique.'

Scott, in his 'Life of Napoleon,' relates that the Emperor, when imprisoned at St. Helena, set himself vigorously to dispute with any medical man who chanced or chose in his presence to oppose Brunonian ideas, invariably turning his back on anyone who proved obstinate in his discussion.

A sufficient evidence of the esteem in which Brown was posthumously held is afforded by the subjoined letter from his son Ford to his grandson Ford Madox :—

January 24, 1839.

My dear Fordy,—As I feel myself a little better, I shall try to trace a few lines for you to puzzle about deciphering. Dr. Copland, one of the most eminent visiting physicians, gives me advice gratis, and would not hear of a second fee when he knew who I was, which fortunately he discovered from my likeness to your grandfather's picture, and then would hear of no further fees. He also gives your Aunt Bessy advice gratis. He is a most amiable, talented man of the first rank, and lectures at the London Institution, where he is much esteemed, although there was a row among the youths, but not among his.

In spite of this apparent triumph of his principles after his death, a calumnious 'Life of Dr. John Brown' was issued by Dr. Beddoes, a physician otherwise of note as having been the father of the poet. Although this was confuted by W. C. Brown's 'Life,' prefixed to Brown's works, and an appreciative biographical notice in Dr. Pettigrew's 'Physicians of Eminence,' the most generally available life of Brown was, until lately, that in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which was as far as biographical matters are concerned,

a condensation of Beddoes' work. The article on 'Medicine,' however, does considerable justice to him, and the notice of Brown in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' by Dr. Creighton, is a 'labour of love.'

Dr. John Brown left two sons, one of whom, his biographer, William Cullen Brown, rose to a position of considerable distinction among Scottish surgeons, becoming President of the Edinburgh College of that faculty. The second son was, as has been related, Ford Brown,[1] the father of Ford Madox.

Although a purser's control of ship's material frequently gave him an opportunity of amassing a considerable fortune, Ford Brown does not seem to have availed himself of the somewhat nefarious means open to him of turning an honest penny.

An episode in one of Captain Chamier's naval romances represents the dying ravings and revelations of thieving by the fever-stricken purser's mate of the 'Arethusa,' of which historic vessel Ford Brown was for a time purser. But the thefts of his mate would tell rather against than for his private purse. After serving through the Napoleonic wars, he retired on little more than his half-pay, and married Miss Caroline Madox, a representative of an ancient Kentish family, claiming descent from the legendary Prince Madoc of Wales. This claim, however, would

[1] So called in honour of Dr. Ford, a favourite pupil and friend of John Brown.

seem to have little more than a family tradition to uphold it.

As far as may be judged from effigies and monumental brasses extant in several Kentish churches, his wife's forefathers would seem to have been a race of sturdy and occasionally combative and rebellious yeomen and small gentry, and many shades of the character of the traditional 'Man of Kent' were not undiscoverable in the nature of Madox Brown.

After his marriage in 1818 Ford Brown led a roving life, principally on the Continent, for economy's sake, moving from town to town near Calais, or in the Low Countries.

In 1819 was born his daughter, named Elizabeth Coffin, in compliment to the famous admiral who had been Ford Brown's captain, and, on April 16, 1821, his son Ford Madox.

CHAPTER II

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS AND STUDENT LIFE

1821–1840

Calais—Anecdote of Beau Brummell—Migratory childhood—Precocious musical and artistic displays—Leanings towards a naval career—Paints portrait of his father—Becomes a pupil of Gregorius of Bruges at the age of fourteen—Van Hanselaer—Portrait of his sister and other pictures—Becomes pupil of Wappers at Antwerp (1838)—Life at Antwerp—Anecdotes—Sells a picture—*Head of a Page*, &c.—Picture of 'Colonel Kirke,' 1839—His father's illness and petulance—Madox Brown's ill-health—Death of his mother—And of his father—Madox Brown's circumstances—Remains at Antwerp under Wappers—Paints portraits—Letters from his sister—Paints the *Giaour's Confession* (1839)—Leaves Antwerp.

MADOX BROWN'S earliest years were passed in Calais, and his first recollections were of Calais battlements and Beau Brummell.

I extract the following from a necessarily unfinished autobiographical sketch dictated to me by the artist on the second day of the illness to which he succumbed four days later:—

I remember Brummell very well (he said), a venerable old gentleman with a long white beard, who used to take a daily constitutional on the walls, accompanied by a large bull-dog. It must, I should think, have been very nearly at the time of his death—but my nurse used to point him out to me and say in an awestruck whisper: 'C'est le grand Monsieur Brummell, l'ami du roi d'Angleterre.' One day the

before-mentioned bull-dog ran up and greeted an approaching lady of his acquaintance with so much effusion that, in jumping up at her, his claws cut her silk dress into ribbons. Of course this annoyed her a great deal, and she gave the poor brute a kick and called it a bad name. I shall never forget the dignified manner in which poor Brummell took off his hat and said : 'Madam, had you made allowances for the poor brute and not so ill-treated him, I should have been delighted to provide you with a new dress. As it is——' he replaced his hat and passed on with a bow. I don't suppose the poor fellow had five sous in his pocket. I remember it all very clearly—a great deal more so than anything I ever saw in later days.

His childhood was passed in a series of peregrinations from France to England. His mother's relations were many, most of them established in Kent, others, however, as far afield as Llangollen, in the heart of wild Wales, and to these worthy people he paid many visits, sometimes with, often without, his parents.

Such a life was, of course, more likely to give him a 'knowledge of the world' than to allow him to receive any very settled education. A certain childish facility with the violin, which his sister supplemented with guitar accompaniments, made his society much sought after amongst his mother's lady friends ; otherwise his studies progressed little beyond the range of the three 'R's.'

Towards the age of six or seven young Madox Brown began to exhibit remarkable, if childish, artistic faculties. Drawing was with him a passion that continued, and grew as he grew, and was not merely the malady of paint and pencil incidental to most childhood.

His own account of the matter is that, in the *hôtel garni* that his parents occupied in Calais, the walls were decorated with spirited designs of the conquest of Peru by Pizarro. He first copied these hangings, and afterwards launched out into more adventurous designs of huntsmen and dogs that he saw for himself. When he was seven years of age his father procured for him an Italian drawing-master, who set him to copy prints after Raphael and Correggio, and some Bartolozzi engravings that were among his mother's art treasures.

Ford Brown was at first opposed to his son's obvious trend towards the ungentlemanly life of an artist, and applied to Sir Isaac Coffin, the commodore, for his influence to procure a midshipman's berth for the young Ford.

At the age of thirteen, too, the life of a 'sucking Nelson' offered great attractions to the young artist, who cordially disliked the routine of copying to which successive private masters subjected him, and, but for an estrangement of his father from his patron, it is not improbable that the future painter of *Work* would have experienced the hard lot of the midshipman's mess, and have died 'a superintendent of coastguards on the retired list.'

Such dangers are, however, incident to most artistic careers, and Ford Brown, a shrewd man, who had gained little but rheumatism and half-pay during his long service, was well aware of the small chance of

success open to a young man unless supported by powerful interest at the Admiralty. In Belgium, moreover, he saw how honours and emoluments awaited a successful artist, and, sacrificing his pride of place to the desire for his son's success, he removed with his family to Bruges, and enrolled his fourteen-year-old son among the students of the Academy under Gregorius, a pupil of the great David.

It is possible that a portrait of Ford Brown, senior, painted by his son in his fourteenth or fifteenth year, contributed not a little to this end. For a painter of that age, with very little education, the picture is a remarkable one. Grown now so dark with age[1] that nothing is visible but the head and hands, the decided drawing and the characterisation are surprisingly powerful. When the methods and abilities of his instructors are considered, one is at a loss to know whence he drew his inspirations.

His studies under Gregorius of Bruges, which continued for a year, and under Van Hanselaer of Ghent, which lasted somewhat longer, seem to have done little more than temporarily extirpate any individuality that he may have possessed.

A portrait of his sister Eliza, in my possession, and painted at the end of his seventeenth year, is singularly bad, and save as an example of how indifferent

[1] This was the case when I last saw the picture. The reproducer's camera has revealed more than was then visible; but this does not render necessary any material change of opinion.

FORD BROWN, SENR.

(From painting in possession of Mr. H. Rathbone.

teaching may harm a pupil of strong individuality, is unworthy of even the most cursory notice. Two other pictures were painted in the years 1836 and 1837, but neither of them is now traceable. One, his first composition, was life-size, and represented a *Blind Beggar and his Child.* On his parents' visit to England in 1839 it went with them, and was sold to a London printseller for 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* His second work, entitled *Showing the Way*, was given away ; a study of a *Head of a Flemish Fishwife* was traceable to a later date, being 'exchanged with five other studies (of the same and slightly later periods) for the large picture of *Chaucer* in the year 1863.'

In 1837 he also painted several portraits, for one of which he received 8*l.*, but none of them have been discovered.

At the end of this period the extended reputation of Gustaf, Baron Wappers, the distinguished fresco-painter, induced Madox Brown's parents to migrate to Antwerp that he might have the benefit of that master's tuition. Accordingly, during the years 1837 and 1838 they made Antwerp the centre of their occasional flights to English, Welsh, and French towns. Madox Brown lived sometimes with them and sometimes in Bohemian lodgings in or in the neighbourhood of the Rue des Peignes.

From frequently heard reminiscences of this stage of Madox Brown's life, the atmosphere and many of its little details have become fixed in the writer's

mind, and their intrusion may perhaps be tolerated.

He lived *en pension* at the 'Hôtel du Pot d'Etain,' occupying a *mansarde* with his almost lifelong friend Daniel Casey. Living was not expensive, and on his weekly allowance of 20 francs he fared not at all ill.

The interests of the 'Pot d'Etain' centred largely in the cuisine. Except on those evenings when their purse would not admit of a visit to the opera, they spent little of their time at their own rooms.

The classes at the Academy began early in the morning and lasted till midday, and attendance was compulsory if the prize was to be gained. Midday was the dinner-hour. There were three rates of payment at the pension. Twenty sous a day commanded lodging, the morning's coffee, dinner, and supper. Fifteen meant ostensibly the same, but the dinner was skilfully timed to be on the table exactly two courses before the officers were released from drill-parade. They were all '*quinze-sous*' *pensionnaires*, and, out of deference to their feelings, it was arranged that the soup and ragout should have disappeared from the board to give place to a great bowl of potatoes which formed the third course, and arrived at the table just as the first officer dashed into the room. He would unbuckle his belt, cast it and the sword into the corner behind the door, and without further ceremony fall to, in which example he was followed by his fellow-officers. The pay of these poor fellows

was little more than a franc and a half a day, and when fifteen sous had gone for board and one for the indispensable Havannah, there was a very small margin for other necessaries.

The artists returned to the atelier in the afternoon, and worked till light failed them, Madox Brown in particular being an indefatigable worker. In the evening a penny purchased a great piece of hot 'gallette,' or a paper cone full of roasted chestnuts, whilst five sous gave admission to the theatre.

When the necessary centimes were not forthcoming there remained the pension supper and an evening spent in leaning out of the window smoking enormous *Studentenpfeifen* filled with 'canaster' or 'varinas.'

Next door to the Pot d'Etain dwelt a blonde-haired maiden, whom the students saw from their elevated posts of observation as she returned from Vespers. 'She had very pretty small feet, I remember,' Madox Brown was accustomed to say; 'her face I can't remember—indeed, I don't know that we ever saw it, but Casey and I plotted together and made a little scheme to draw her attention to us. We each bought a bunch of violets, and as she passed underneath to reach her doorstep, we dropped them just in front of her. But she did not deign to look up; I suppose she must have known what we were up to. She stamped on one of the bunches of violets, and that was how I came to know that she had small feet, but I don't think I ever saw her face.'

Student life in Antwerp had points of resemblance with that of the Quartier Latin, as well as of Heidelberg or Dresden. There was not much dissipation, and in what there was, Madox Brown, although taking an occasional share, did not participate to any large extent; a fact due as much to his passion for work as to his parents' influence.

At the same time he had never any lack of the convivial qualities for which his grandfather had been noted. To the end of his life he was a capital *raconteur*, telling with zest stories of a broad nature that led up to a carefully considered climax. In addition to 'telling a good tale,' he could 'sing a good song,' and possessed a bass voice well adapted for rendering such masterpieces as ''Tis Jolly to Hunt.'

He had acquired a knowledge of violin playing from a friend named Pendleton, now Vicar of Jersey, and the composer of several cantatas. These various faculties rendered him popular with his fellow-students, and although in time both instrumental and vocal powers deserted him, he retained several of their favourite tales that he told in a curious Belgian-French, with occasional lapses into Walloon.

During the first two years of his Antwerp life he painted two pictures, one of which, a *Friday of the Poor*, was given away, the other, *Job among the Ashes*, after being exhibited at Ghent in 1837, being sent over to England in 1839, in the hope of its finding a purchaser as the *Blind Beggar* had done.

In this, however, it failed, being finally sold in Antwerp. Another work of 1837 was a *Head of a Page*, of which Madox Brown painted a finished picture, which was given away. A charcoal study for it survives, entitled *Domestique qui rit.* It was sold at the sale of Madox Brown's effects in 1894, together with two studies of the same period, *Elizabeth at the Death-bed of the Countess of Nottingham*, and *Flamand voyant passer le Duc d'Albe*, the one an exposition of a famous apocryphal incident, the other a head typically presenting the hatred which their brutal governor inspired in the Netherlanders. Both are works of really remarkable vigour, the *Elizabeth* especially being an almost violent study of a hard-featured face under the influence of sudden passion.

In January of 1839 Madox Brown's family made the visit to England during which his father wrote the letter quoted on p. 8, and his mother accomplished the sale of his first work. There had been some thought of Madox Brown accompanying his parents, but at the time his health was weak and the effects of winter travelling were feared. He remained working at the Academy, and painting a picture of 'Colonel Kirke,'[1] concerning which his father writes to him from England :—

P.S.—I forgot to tell you the principal. Colonel Kirke was the monster you mean that committed all these butcheries in the reign

[1] In connection with this picture, which (along with several others presented by Madox Brown to his uncle by marriage, William Jones)

of James II. I feel convinced your improvement keeps pace with my most sanguine hopes, professionally, I mean, but you say nothing about your health, which gives us a deal of anxiety. I hope it improves, these complaints usually do at your time of life.

The complaints were weakness of the heart and lungs, due to overgrowth.

Under cover of the same letter his mother writes :

The other four pounds is to enable you to do another picture. It is not so much money makes your papa want you back, as to send you of little messages and waste your time for him, for he is just as figity after Eliza, he wants someone to grumble at. [The old officer was by no means a Captain Reece.] He was much pleased with your letter, and said immediately you should not come home until the hurricane months were passed, so make your mind easy about it. Your Uncle James says he can introduce you to people who will be the making of you, but generally ends with how he should like Lizzy, or his wife, or cottage taken.

His mother was a woman of very sweet temper, who, whilst humouring and soothing her husband, contrived to smooth the way for her son, sending him little sums of money for a *corps de réserve*, lest his father's mind should change as to the money matters.

At last his mother found the English climate

disappeared at the time of their owner's death, I quote the note kindly afforded me by Mr. W. M. Rossetti : 'The story is that Kirke was one of the officers who suppressed Monmouth's rebellion. A man (A. B.) was condemned to death. His wife appealed to K. K. told her that if she would pass a night with him he would save A. B. She consented reluctantly. In the morning K. opened a window and pointed to A. B. dangling on a gallows. I saw, towards 1873, the picture which represents K. and woman at window ; K. with fiendish sarcasm in his face. A repulsive sort of picture, painted with some force and (of its class) strong expression. Figures (which are half-figures) life sizes or little less.'

PORTRAIT OF MADOX BROWN'S MOTHER. 1835.

(*From original in possession of Mrs. Hueffer.*)

unbearable, and after a severe attack of congestion of the lungs, from which she partially recovered, the family moved to Calais, intending to remove to Antwerp.

On August 27, 1839, she writes from Calais to Madox Brown a letter concerning 'washhandstands, and an armchair for your papa in the parlour.' She was destined never to see her son, dying at Calais within the week.

To her constant support of him and her sympathy with his wish for undisturbed study, Madox Brown owed his invaluable three years at Antwerp. The restless spirit of his father was a constant source of danger during that time, but, partly by persuasion, and partly by resorting to little conspiracies, she contrived to secure for her son the object he desired. He had much to thank her for.

Her husband did not long survive her, and before December of the same year, Ford Madox Brown and his sister were keeping house alone at '174 Rue Marché au Lait, in Antwerp.'

From their mother they had inherited a small income arising from canal-wharf and farm property. It amounted to somewhat over 200*l.* per annum.

There was thus no need for Madox Brown's abandoning his studies under Baron Wappers, and he continued working at the Academy until the end of the year.

During his parents' lifetime his mother had drawn

around her a small circle of friends, amongst whom his portraits of his father and his sister had caused some little admiration for the young artist. This culminated in several commissions for portraits, of accepting which he was by no means so chary after his father's death as he had been during his lifetime, when the fear of being dragged from his studies had made him dislike any interruption in their course.

Thus we find his sister writing in December 1839:—

À Monsieur, Monsieur Brown, au Château d'Houdelange, par et près d'Arton, Luxembourg.

My dear Ford,—I daresay you have expected to hear from me before, but I waited to see Mr. Slingenger [*sic*] [1] to inquire about your palto [probably paletot], as he sent it off to you because he said he had a proper case to send it in. . . . Baron Wappers called over your name at the Academy, and Mr. Slingenger then told him you was gone into Luxembourg to paint portraits. He was surprised that you had not been to tell him you was going, but he said he did not care about your going to paint portraits, but he did not like a *good scholar* to absent himself for any other reason when he had *so much likelihood* of gaining the prize. Uncle Madox has sent us over some law papers, and I have been obliged to get Mr. Whitcomb to witness them. Fortunately I met him coming out of church, therefore had not to go to their house. It was about the sail of a little bit of wharf to Mr. Borret, because our ground went into his. Uncle Madox also asked if we would like to exchange our $\frac{1}{16}$ of Crayford Farm for $\frac{1}{8}$ of the Red Lion, because the estate is in gavelkine, and in that

[1] Slingeneyer, a painter of a certain celebrity, painted *The Christian Martyr in the Amphitheatre Den*, &c. In 1871 several of his works were exhibited at South Kensington at a time when Belgian art was still popular in England.

'THE BODY OF HAROLD BROUGHT BEFORE WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'

(Designed 1843)

case a person as young as fifteen may sign away his property if in possession. He says he wishes you could run over in the spring when Trissy is at home and take his and aunty's portraits, and adds that the *portraits would pay the passage.*

Madox Brown was then engaged on the portraits of 'Monsieur Dombinsky, his lady, and his brother,' for M. Dombinsky, who was a captain in the army of Luxemburg. The prices paid for these works amounted to thirteen pounds, being four pounds apiece for the portrait of the captain and his wife, and five pounds for that of his brother.

I cite three entries of the same period from a little red account-book in which Madox Brown was accustomed to enter particulars of the work he executed, a practice he continued, using the same note-book, to the last days of his life.

Given.—Portrait of Surtees or Pembroke—his name was quite uncertain—a fiddler. 1839
I find he is Pendleton, now a clergyman. 1877
Given.—Portrait of a coloured gentleman, named Halliday, a friend of mine. 1839
8*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*—Portrait of a gentleman of Ghent, name forgotten 1839

His only finished work of the year 1839 was an oil painting of the *Giaour's Confession*, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy of the year ensuing. He also commenced the picture of the *Execution of Mary Stuart.*

With 1839 terminated his studentship at the

Antwerp Academy, although he did not finally quit Antwerp till towards the end of the following year.

Under the auspices of Baron Wappers he had acquired the considerable knowledge that did not desert him in later life, and 'which,' as the critic of the 'Athenæum' puts it, 'distinguished him from first to last from the majority of the contemporaries of his youth in England, who were by no means so well trained. It made him a master of all the processes of the art, from etching and lithography to painting in pastels, fresco, encaustic, oils and water-colours. He was enabled to distinguish himself in all these directions because he thoroughly understood the technique of each method.'

CHAPTER III

PARIS

1840–1845

Removal from Antwerp to Paris—Dan Casey—*Mary Queen of Scots*—Visits England—Marriage—Exhibits at R.A.—Life in Paris—*Plein Air* idea—*Manfred on the Jungfrau*—Return to old style—*Parisina's Sleep*—Prudery of the Salon—The *Prisoners of Chillon*—Choice of subjects—Byron—Dumas—Anecdotes of Dumas—The Westminster Hall competition—*Adam and Eve*, *Harold*, and the *Spirit of Justice*—Haydon's commendation—Dyce and the competitions—*Designs for King Lear*—Visit to England—Tudor Lodge—Society there—Silencing of Jerrold—Declining health of Mrs. Madox Brown—The Italian journey—Its influence upon Madox Brown—Letter upon Italian art—*Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.*—The German Pre-Raphaelites—Cornelius and Overbeck—Return to England, and death of Mrs. Madox Brown.

In the early part of the year 1840, Madox Brown removed the scene of his studies from Antwerp to Paris, going in company with his friend Casey. It is possible that a generous, if somewhat rash, act of his friend hastened their departure.

A letter of Madox Brown's sister, written a day or two before that date, chronicles the event which occurred at the funeral of an attached servant of one of their friends. The students attended the ceremony as a mark of respect, and were disgusted to

find that the grave-digger and his assistant were seated conversing, with pipes and ale to aid them, on the coffin at the edge of the grave. Casey, who was Irish by descent and slightly hot-headed, without any parley precipitated the offenders into the grave, and in consequence was 'wanted' by the ecclesiastical police. Whether the affair was compromised, or whether Casey hurried his departure in fear of the consequences, I have not been able to discover; in any case, Madox Brown followed him to Paris after a short interval. During that time he was painting his first great historical picture, the *Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.*

After its completion, towards the end of March, Madox Brown visited England, staying with his uncle Madox at Foots Cray, and his future brother-in-law, Richard, afterwards Sir Richard Bromley, K.C.B., at Meopham, in the county of Kent. Here he painted portraits of all his relations there resident.

They are mostly quaint little medallions. It is only necessary to cite, in particular, that of his Aunt Madox, a rather hard-favoured lady, whose expression Madox Brown had reproduced with more fidelity than flattery. Another portrait, that of his cousin, Elizabeth Bromley, caused an ensnaring of hearts and the subsequent early marriage, which took place the same year in Paris.

During the year his last year's picture, the *Giaour's Confession*, was exhibited at the Royal

'THE EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS'

(Painted 1842)

(From the picture in the possession of Mr. Henry Boddington)

The students with whom, rather from circumstances of race than artistic congeniality, he was most connected in the eyes of his French friends were, curiously enough, the painters John Cross and Armitage. The three were, in fact, known as the 'English triumvirate.'

His more particular friends were, however, the Belgians Casey, De Grouckel, and James.

Not finding a congenial master, Madox Brown did not enrol himself among the pupils at any of the ateliers, but spent the greater portion of his time at the Louvre, where he studied 'Rembrandt and the Spanish masters.'

Of these masters copies by him survive in the possession of members of the family, and in the gallery of Mr. Boddington. These, however, were painted during the years 1841 and 1842.

Before this time he had conceived the idea of painting pictures in which the real effects of light should be recorded. The immediate outcome of this was the picture of *Manfred on the Jungfrau*, speaking of which, in 1865,[1] he says :—

> This work, composed in 1840, when I was nineteen, and painted in Paris, belongs, with the five following examples, to the period of my art studentship in Belgium and Paris. In this instance, however, the picture has been much touched upon as recently as 1861, so that the original scheme of colour is obliterated, little more than the dramatic sentiment and effect of black and white remaining. Such

[1] Catalogue of the Piccadilly Exhibition.

as it is, it was a first, though not very recognisable, attempt at outdoor effect of light. . . . The work is intended for consideration merely on the human and dramatic side, glaciers not having formed part of my scheme of study in those days.

Another work of the same period, in which the same 'not very recognisable attempt' at realism of light is made, is also a subject from 'Manfred'—*Manfred in the Chamois Hunter's Hut.*

This, which is a much smaller work, hardly more than a large sketch, has not been retouched to nearly the same extent, and affords a better idea of Madox Brown's work in this stage of his art career.

That it is not particularly attractive goes without saying—as far as execution goes, it is even more 'painty' than the works executed the year before under the eye of Wappers. The colours are brighter, and have a more tentative effect. The drawing of Manfred himself is intensely dramatic, but the rest of the picture is very little finished. At this point he would seem, for some reason, to have dropped his Promethean ideas, perhaps owing to the coldness with which Casey and his other student friends received them. It was then that he set to work diligently to copy the Rembrandts at the Louvre.

The immediate outcome of this course of study was the picture of *Parisina's Sleep.* I quote from the 1865 Catalogue :—

Parisina in her sleep mutters a name which first gives weight and direction to the suspicions already implanted in the mind of her husband, the Prince Azo :

'He plucked his poniard in its sheath,
But sheathed it ere the point was bare;
Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,
He could not slay a thing so fair . . .'

This work, painted at Paris in 1842, offers a good example of my early style, it having been only very slightly retouched since. Such as it is, this style, I must observe, is neither Belgian, such as I learned in the school of Baron Wappers, nor that of the Parisian ateliers, the latter I always entertained the greatest aversion for. Cold pedantic drawing and heavy opaque colour are impartially dispensed to all in those huge manufactories of artists, from which, however, every now and then a man of feeling or genius surges up and disentangles himself. The style has rather its origin in the Spanish pictures and in Rembrandt.

The subsequent history of the picture is curious.

It was rejected at the exhibition of the French Salon in 1843, a polite accompanying note stating that the subject was too improper for the walls of a French gallery under Louis Philippe, but neither subject nor execution prevented its appearance at the exhibition of the British Institution, when Victoria was Queen in 1845. Another design in this style that has survived is that of the *Prisoners of Chillon*, which, although lighter in its scheme of colouring, presents the same dramatic intensity and power of drawing, and much the same mark of Rembrandtish influence.

As far as the 'literary' side of Madox Brown's work of the period is concerned, the influence of Byron is visible enough, and is not to be wondered at.

The romantic school was then at its height in Paris, and the one modern English poet with whose

works Madox Brown would either boast of or wish for acquaintance was Lord Byron; indeed, to a very much later date Byron subjects occupied and filled his mind, to the exclusion perhaps of all poets but Shakespeare and Rossetti. Up to the time of his final settlement in this country, Madox Brown was essentially a foreigner as regards his knowledge of the arts, and only poets of 'European' reputation appealed, or were practically accessible, to him.

In his earlier days 'Till Eulenspiegel' had been his favourite reading, as it had been that of the student society to which he belonged, otherwise he would appear to have read little more than the historical works from which he drew his subjects. In Paris Dumas was the god of his comrades' worship, and Madox Brown, who, in later days and in his own art, became a stern realist, worshipped Dumas with a perfervid and now nearly incomprehensible worship. This extended in a less degree to Victor Hugo and to the minor Romanticists.

The students' talk was for ever of Dumas. The myriad wildly impossible tales that have been circulated about him found a ready credence in their circle. It was said that Dumas, in order to 'raise the wind,' had sailed off in his yacht to Constantinople, had paraded the bazaars as a great French nobleman, had ordered arsenals of most magnificent gold-inlaid, bejewelled muskets and yataghans to be sent on board

his yacht for inspection. Then, with his cabin full of priceless weapons, he had shipped his anchor, unfurled his sails, and left the harbour at midnight. The plunder fetched enough to keep him forty days in Paris, and the student-world said: 'A very legitimate confiscation from the unspeakable Turk.'

Again, Dumas, in order to 'raise the wind,' had gone to a certain costumier. 'Pay me a million francs,' he was reported to have said, 'and I will sit in your shop window for an hour.' That said and done, the news spread. All Paris and all student Paris rushed to gaze at Dumas in his capacity of tailor's dummy.[1]

Madox Brown, among the crowd, saw nothing but the backs of a crowd of a thousand souls, and seeing also that the troops were preparing to disperse the crowd, departed as he had come.

The artist's admiration for Dumas led to no pictorial result; and, although he was taken to visit the demigod of fiction, he remembered little of the visit. It is possible that the industry called forth by the announcement of the Westminster Hall competitions put all other considerations out of his head, just as it set so many to work on cartoons of enormous size.

The subjects that Madox Brown selected were

[1] It is, of course, scarcely necessary to state that these anecdotes have little or no foundation on fact. They serve their turn well enough as indicant of the type of stories of the *temps jadis* that remained fixed in Madox Brown's mind.

those of *Adam and Eve*, *Harold at Hastings*, and the *Spirit of Justice*. Of these, the first in point of execution was the *Adam and Eve*, which was begun in the winter of 1842 and exhibited in 1844 at Westminster Hall.[1] It met with no success, and the painting was destroyed in the same year; the cartoon, however, is still to be seen at the Westminster Technical Institute. In the following year the cartoon and painting of *Harold at Hastings* and the cartoon and water-colour sketch of the *Spirit of Justice* were exhibited.

Of the three compositions the *Adam and Eve* is the simplest in point of literary idea. It is evening; a mighty wind is blowing the leaves of the garden all

[1] The cartoons are thus described in the Catalogue of the Frescoes:

1844. No. 7. By Ford Madox Brown, 15 feet by 13 feet.

'After the battle, the body of Harold was found and brought to William the Conqueror.'—*Hume.*

'William, on the day of battle, wore round his neck the principal relics of the tubful which he had guilefully caused to be placed beneath the table at which he had forced Harold to swear to aid him in obtaining the crown of England.'—*Auguste Thierry.*

No. 8. Coloured sketch of the above (encaustic painting), 4 feet 4 inches by 3 feet 9 inches.

No. 84. 'And they heard the voice of the Lord walking in the garden in the cool of the day' (marginal reading, 'in the wind'). Cartoon by Ford Madox Brown, 8 feet 8 inches by 7 feet 7 inches.

1845. No. 98. 'An abstract representation of Justice,' by Ford Madox Brown.

The five figures at the top are personifications of Justice, with, on the right, Mercy and Erudition, and on her left, Truth and Wisdom.

The two groups in the foreground are indicative of power and weakness. An unbefriended widow is seen to appeal to Justice against the oppression of a perverse and powerful Baron, &c. &c.

No. 99. A coloured sketch of ditto.

No. 10. A portion of same.

in one direction; a vivid streak of sunset sky divides the gloom of the foliage, and in the foreground Adam and Eve sit, in attitudes of intense fear, at the foot of the Tree of Knowledge. The feeling of terror suggested is almost strong enough to present some of the mysticism of Blake.

The other two designs are much more complicated. Writing of the *Harold*,[1] in 1865, Madox Brown says:

> Excessive and exuberant joy is described by the old chronicles as possessing the Norman host after the victory. This is shown variously in the demeanour and expressions of the conquerors. Harold was a more than usually large and athletic man, even among Saxon heroes. Three men bear his body to the victorious Duke. All that are left alive on the scene are Normans—no prisoners were taken. Quarter was neither expected nor given. One ancient knight, somewhat of the Polonius kind, with raised hand, seems to say, 'Here indeed was a man. In my young days,' &c. &c. Others seem of the same mind. One of William's attendants, of the waggish sort, catches a silly camp-boy by the fist and exhibits its puny proportions alongside of the dead Harold's hand, still with the broken battle-axe in its iron grasp, drawing a grim smile from the conqueror. A fair-haired Norman officer, regardless of the fact that his body is gashed pretty freely with wounds, twists about to get a sight of Harold. The monk, who is dressing his wounds, tired out with much of such work, surlily bids him be quiet. Friends join hands glad to meet again after such a day. A father supports his wounded son. In one corner, embraced in death-grapple, lie the bodies of a Norman and Saxon, one has stabbed the other in the back, while he in turn has bitten his adversary's throat like a dog.

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[1] In 1861 the smaller design for the *Harold* was taken in hand by Madox Brown, colour was added, and the result rechristened 'Wilhelmus Conquistator.' The design remains materially the same.

Beachy Head, which is just perceptible from the scene of the battle, appears across the bay in the extreme distance. The effect is after sunset.

The cartoon of the *Spirit of Justice* represents a widow, whose husband has been murdered by a knight, appealing to the Spirit of Justice, who, blind and seated on high with scales and sword, is surrounded by reverend counsellors. The knightly murderer, in the meanwhile, stands fully armed, and, although surrounded by followers, seems to be depressed, as if realising that neither weapons nor power avail him in the presence in which he stands.

The cartoons quite failed to make any impression on their exhibition, and are not even mentioned in the report of the Royal Commissioners. To 'Grand Style' Haydon, however, they did appeal. In his diary[1] he records: 'Passed the morning in Westminster Hall. The only bit of fresco fit to look at is by Ford Brown. It is a figure of Justice, and is exquisite as far as that figure goes.' The 'Art Journal,' too, singled out the *Spirit of Justice* for singularly warm praise.[2]

Madox Brown's own remarks upon the compe-

[1] July 3, 1845.

[2] At the Madox Brown sale of 1894 the cartoon of *Harold* was purchased by the committee of gentlemen who had commissioned Madox Brown to paint for presentation to the nation a replica of his *Wycliff on Trial*. His death intervening before that picture's completion, the remainder of the sum subscribed was devoted to the purchase of the artist's picture of *Christ and Peter*, and of this and other cartoons for presentation to various Schools of Art. The *Harold* is in the South London School of Art, Camberwell.

tition are frequently interesting. I quote a passage from one of his lectures, that on 'Style in Art':—

This was (as it was told) how Dyce got his employment from the Government: 'The late Prince Consort, as President of the Royal Commission for Decorating the Houses of Parliament, had made overtures to Cornelius to come over and paint them. Cornelius, with that scorn of littleness which is so characteristic of the historic painter abroad, replied:

'What need have you of Cornelius to come over to paint your walls when you have got Mr. Dyce?' 'Mr. Dyce! Who was Mr. Dyce?' He was found to be master of the Government School of Design at Somerset House. Hopeless of his work attracting the English approbation of the day, he had not even taken part in the competitions then in abeyance.

Hastily he was bidden to send in a specimen of fresco to the third Westminster Hall Exhibition, in order to legitimatise his employment in the Houses of Parliament.

Dyce had, at that time, just completed a fresco in the palace of the Archbishop at Lambeth.

He hastily copied a small portion, just large enough to meet the specified terms of the competition. Competitors were up in arms, and went about with pocket rules. In size, however, they could detect no flaw. In that great hall the small fresco looked in superficies, like a pocket-handkerchief, but it was not too small, even by a quarter of an inch.

It was not so big as a church door, but 'it was enough,' as Mercutio said. Those who knew what Art was held their peace. Babblers pronounced it quaint—it was a copy of some old work—it was papistical—it was German—it was that most abhorrent thing, Christian Art. How could a bishop have it in his palace?

Alas! now the very name of Christian Art is forgotten. The outcome of all this was the fresco of the baptism of Ethelbert in the House of Lords—that most refined and beautiful of all the frescoes there; also the frescoes from the 'Mort d'Arthur,' which Dyce began in the Queen's robing-room of the same building.

These noble works are too much overlooked, and yet these works

may claim brotherhood with all that is greatest in contemporary art, and descent direct from Raphael's own progeny of masterpieces.

The only other works of importance that Madox Brown executed in Paris were the outline *Sketches for* 16 *Designs from King Lear.*

Rough and ostentatiously unfinished as they are, there need be little hesitation in calling them one of the most, if not the most, effective and vigorous series of designs for any of Shakespeare's plays. Attractiveness is, of course, hardly to be expected of them, and would certainly have militated against the reflection of the barbaric spirit in the tragedy, which is their chief merit.

In the summer of 1844 the Madox Browns left Paris for England, with the intention of determining whether the condition of Mrs. Brown's health would support the climate of this country. For a time they lived with the Bromleys, at Meopham, in Kent, and in consequence we have this record of work done during the stay :—

Given.—Portrait of Augustus Bromley.
Given.—Portrait of Helen Bromley.
Given.—Portrait of their horse.

Madox Brown had his studio at Tudor Lodge, in the neighbourhood of Mornington Crescent, and here he began to make a few acquaintances amongst the denizens of that artist-populated district. This he owed mostly to Charles Lucy, the painter of Cromwellian subjects, who remained for many years on

terms of the greatest intimacy with him. The almost forgotten John Cross and the late Mr. Armitage he had known in Paris. Tudor Lodge was a nest of studios; of these, F. Howard had the largest, Earl Compton the next, and Lucy, with whom Madox Brown worked, the next, Sir John Tenniel being next door to them. John Marshall, the surgeon, was also a competitor, and frequented Tudor Lodge. Amongst these artists Madox Brown was considered as an authority, 'as he was up in the Belgian school and Wappers,' to quote Mr. Leighton.

At Tudor Lodge he finished the cartoon of the *Spirit of Justice*, but the period was not one of very great industry. Much of it was spent with Mrs. Madox Brown at Meopham, and it was only when a reawakened sense of his artistic duties galled him that Madox Brown returned to his work in the studio, and even there much of his time was convivially spent. Through the introduction of one of the Tudor Lodge congeries he contracted a certain acquaintance with Douglas Jerrold, the Cruickshanks, and the group of more or less humorous writers and artists who revolved around those two centres. The society was not, however, over-congenial to Madox Brown. Coming directly as a foreigner into the circle, the constant fire of puns and idiomatic quips rather dazed than amused him. Jerrold, in particular, would seem to have disturbed his equanimity with an inextinguishably buoyant flow of talk.

I only remember once having heard him thoroughly extinguished [he was accustomed to say], and that was when he was with myself and someone else—I can't remember who it was—in a sort of low eating-house or beerhouse, or something of the sort. He was in particular spirits, and talking away more brilliantly than ever, so that it was quite impossible for anyone else to get a word in, when, all of a sudden, a drunken woman, who had been asleep with her head on the table, looked up full in his face, in a muzzy, beery sort of way, and said: 'You *are* a sanguinary fool,' and it so completely flabbergasted Jerrold that he never spoke another word in that place.

This more or less pleasant life was, however, soon interrupted in its course. The rapidly failing health of Mrs. Madox Brown made the prospect of wintering in England an almost fatal one, and with that in view Madox Brown, his wife and child, set out for Rome. At that time the advantages of the Riviera and the Maritime Alps were comparatively unknown in England. Rome, Italy, and the warmth of the South were deemed synonymous terms of health for the sufferer from pulmonary diseases. The Eternal City, moreover, held out incomparable attractions to the artist. I have in my possession the passport which Madox Brown took out at the Belgian Legation in London. As far as regards its description of his person, it is somewhat vaguely and inaccurately filled in. The *signalement* reads as follows: 'M. Ford Madox Brown, né et domicilié en Angleterre, âgé de 24 ans. *Cheveux*, châtains; *front*, ordinaire; *nez*, moyen; *menton*, rond; *visage*, ovale; *barbe*, blonde; et *taille*, 1 m. 71 c.m.'

They left London on August 27, and, travelling

in their own carriage by way of Brussels, Aix, the Rhine, Bâle, Modena, Bologna, and Florence, reached Rome at the end of the following month.

In its influence on Madox Brown's art the otherwise uneventful journey was, of course, of the first importance. I quote a letter addressed by him to a friend who asked his advice as to what pictures should have particular attention accorded to them during an Italian tour. Written just twenty years later than the year under consideration, it may be regarded as the crystallisation of the artist's thoughts upon the subject, though the haste with which it is written deprives it of much of the weight that would have otherwise attached to it :—

To Mr. George Rae.

January 3, 1865.

As you say, I fear there is no chance at all of my meeting you in Italy this time, with all this coming on, but wish there *was*, I should enjoy it much. It is a long time since I was in Italy, and so much so that my memory could scarce be of much use to you in comparison with the many valuable books that have been written of late on the subject. Murray's eternal handbook, the Kugler translation, is still as valuable as ever, and just recently a new history has appeared which is said to be very excellent, it is by two men, an Englishman named Crowe and an Italian whose name I forget, but it is something like *Crowe and Cavalcanti*,[1] as far as I remember and any bookseller could tell what it meant. I have written to ask if Mr. Rossetti might have any information likely to interest you.

Venice, no doubt, is the great place for pictures (in one sense), but perhaps you will not have time for that this time, and *I* have never been there. After a lapse of eighteen (really twenty or nineteen)

[1] Cavalcaselle.

years, what remains strongest printed in my mind are the wall-paintings of Giotto wherever they are to be found *un*-restored, the frescoes of Masaccio, in the Brancacci Chapel at Florence ; the Museum at Bâle, in Switzerland, where some of the very finest of Holbein's paintings are to be seen ; the *Last Supper*, and other works of Leonardo, at Milan, and also some wonderful *heads* by his pupil Luini, in which they take great pride there.

The paintings of Fra Angelico, executed on the walls of his convent in Florence; the admirable pictures of almost every school in the Pitti Palace there; of course the great works of Rafaël and Michael Angelo in Rome, and lastly, but not least, all the pictures by Titian that can be seen everywhere.

The mighty works of Orcagna in the Camposanto at Pisa, almost as early in date as Giotto's, are also well worth going out of your way to see, though I have never myself seen them, except from photos, and now Crowe & Co. assert that they are not by Orcagna, which puts William Rossetti in a rage.

Almost the first effect of the sight of the overwhelming display of the fruits of Italian religious sentiment and Italian glorification of Italian poets, was a desire to emulate these works, and to produce a masterpiece illustrative of the glories of English sentiment and English poetry.

Thus arose the conception of the triptych which ultimately took the form of the gigantic picture of *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.* This work was to have occupied the central compartment, the lateral ones being filled with portraits of Shakespeare and Byron — the whole forming an apotheosis of English poetry.

That Madox Brown had in his mind some idea of rivalling Italian works of a similar nature is, I think,

sufficiently proved by the following passage, which I quote in lieu of drawing upon my personal remembrance of his *obiter dicta* :—

The sketch for this picture was painted, and the picture itself commenced, in the year 1845, at Rome. Circumstances, however, which required my immediate return home, caused me to abandon that first beginning. This present work was begun in London in 1847, and finished early in 1851. During this interval, however, the pictures of *Wickliff*, *King Lear*, the *Infant's Repast*, *Shakespeare*, *Windermere*, and other works not here exhibited, were painted. As the sketch shows, the picture was originally designed as a triptych, figures of other great English poets occupying the wings. But this idea was conceived abroad at a time when I had little opportunity of knowing the march of literary events at home. On my coming to England, I soon found that the illustrious in poetry were not all among the dead, and to avoid what must either have remained incomplete, or have appeared pretentious criticism, I gave up the idea indicated in the side compartments. The picture as it now stands might be termed the *First*, or, *First Fruits*, *of English Poetry*. Chaucer, along with Dante, is one of the only two supremely great mediæval poets who have come down to us, at least by name. But Chaucer is at the same time as much a perfect English poet—I am almost tempted to say a modern English poet—as any of the present day. Spelling, and a few of the minor proprieties apart, after a lapse of five hundred years, his delicate sense of naturalistic beauty and his practical turn of thought, quite at variance with the iron grasp of realism, the deep-toned passionate mysticism, and super-sensual grace of the great Italian, comes home to us as naturally as the last volume we hail with delight from the press.[1]

The picture itself, as Madox Brown says, although commenced at Rome, was not finished there. At his setting out he intended to establish himself there for some little time, after the fashion of the more or

[1] From the Catalogue of the Piccadilly Exhibition, 1865.

less shifting population of artists of all nations that from time immemorial has resided in that city. Circumstances, however, in the shape of a sudden decline in the state of his wife's health intervened, and in May of the next year he returned to England.

His achievements in art during that time were limited to commencing the *Chaucer*, and the painting of the portraits of his wife and infant daughter Lucy. Of another picture, called the *Seraph's Watch*, which he carried to Rome with him, I have been able to discover little more than that it was a specimen of what he called his foreign or pre-English style.[1]

Thus it will be felt that however important the ultimate result of his Italian voyage might be, the immediate outcome was somewhat meagre.

An interesting incident during its course was his introduction to the survivors of the German Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. Other than in name, this body had little affinity, elective or spiritual, with the Brethren of whom so much has been heard in this country. Founded in the year 1810 by the German painters Cornelius and Overbeck, its adherents speedily became numerous in Rome, and eventually carried the propaganda of the once famous 'Catholic Art' into almost every country in which the effects of art move-

[1] I learn from Mr. Holman Hunt, who possesses a copy of the picture executed by D. G. Rossetti, that the principal characteristic of the work was its 'German' balance of composition.

ments are felt; but it may be doubted whether its immediate causes were more essentially artistic than religious.

In its own way, and for many of the artists who adhered to it, it was the outcome of a spirit of revolt against their national schools; but in the case of Overbeck it was more emphatically a protest against the prevailing irreligion of the art and artists of the day. For him the painters who painted before Raphael were ascetic religious, whose art, divinely inspired, was given to the decoration of their monastic cells, and the body whom Overbeck and Cornelius gathered round them resolved to conform to monastic customs, hiring a palace for that purpose, and clothing themselves in religious garb—long robes with girdles of rope. For a time they plied their art with the full fervour of Catholic revivalists; but at the date of Madox Brown's visit to Rome the Brethren, as such, seemed to have died out.

His description of a visit to the studios of Overbeck and Cornelius I am enabled, by the courtesy of Mr. Quilter, to quote.

From the 'Universal Review.'

May 1888.

Overbeck I visited first. No introductions were necessary in Rome at that time. I was very young—not, I believe, above two or three-and-twenty. Overbeck was in a small studio with some four or five visitors. He was habited in a black velvet dressing-gown down to the ground, corded round the waist; on his head a

velvet cap, furred, which allowed his grey curling locks to stray on his shoulders. He bore exactly the appearance of some figure of the fifteenth century. When he spoke to me it was with the humility of a saint. Being so young at the time I noticed this the more. He had some five or six cartoons on view, all of the same size, about 24 inches by 30, all sacred subjects. I noted that where any naked flesh was shown it looked exactly like wooden dolls' or lay-figures'. I heard him explain that he never drew these parts from nature, on the principle of avoiding the sensuous in religious art. In spite of this, nevertheless, the sentiment—as depicted in the faces—was so vivid, so unlike most other art, that one felt a disinclination to go away. One could not see enough of it. To-day, more than forty years afterwards, when coming suddenly on one of these designs in a print-shop window, I again experienced the same sensation. Cornelius was different: short, with red hair and keen eyes under. When I called at his studio he was showing his large cartoon of *Death on the Pale Horse*. As this large canvas was between him and the door I suppose I did not hear his summons to enter, for he came out sharply, and said petulantly, '*Mais, entrez donc.*'

He was explaining his great work to some ladies, with a stick in his hand and an old brown paletot as painting-coat. The studio was a waste, as painting-rooms were in those days, when *bric-à-brac*, Oriental rugs, or armour were not much thought of.

He was explaining his picture exactly as a showman would, and I have remembered the lesson since. Some twenty years ago I saw this cartoon again in London, and it produced on me exactly the same effect it did at first. Full of action and strange character, it was everything reverse of that dreadful commonplace into which Art on the Continent seems to be hurrying back.

But Cornelius was no commonplace being; with his small fiery eyes and his lump on his cheek, like David's, he was the man of genius, the man of the unexpected emphaticality.

Cornelius's dressing-gown, of which Madox Brown speaks, was probably a survival of the monastic robe above mentioned.

In the meantime the health of Mrs. Madox Brown began to show more and more signs of a fatal decay, and, as much in accordance with her desire to die in her native land as in any hope of prolonging her life, Madox Brown resolved to return to England by the shortest available route.

They left Rome on May 9, and, travelling by way of Civita Vecchia, took ship from Leghorn to Marseilles.

In the transit from Leghorn they met with a furious storm, which nearly sent the ship to the bottom and materially delayed their passage. From Marseilles they travelled post to Paris, but whilst crossing the Boulevard des Italiens, Mrs. Madox Brown seemed to fall asleep in the carriage, with her head on her husband's shoulder, and, on alighting at their hotel, was found to be dead. Her body was conveyed to England and buried in Highgate Cemetery.

The blow was a terrible one to Madox Brown. For the remainder of the year he abandoned his work, and I am inclined to ascribe to the effects of the loss the appearance of age and misanthropy which many of his friends considered as characteristic of him at that period and for several years after.

CHAPTER IV

PRINCIPALLY IN CLIPSTONE STREET

1846-1849

Unsettled life—Ideas of settling in Paris—Casey—Madox Brown takes up his work again—Moves to Clipstone Street—*Chaucer—Wickliffe Reading his Translation of the Bible*—It attracts the attention of D. G. Rossetti—Rossetti's letter—Its reception—Rossetti becomes Madox Brown's pupil—His dislike of routine work and defection—Personal relations of the two artists—Rossetti's judgment of Madox Brown's criticisms—Madox Brown's of Rossetti's—W. M. Rossetti's recollections of Madox Brown at that date—The Rossetti family—Madox Brown's friends—Mr. Holman Hunt—*Cordelia at the Bedside of Lear*—The *Infant's Repast* and smaller works—*Portrait of Shakespeare*—Madox Brown's earnings up to this date—Madox Brown's second marriage—Mrs. Madox Brown—The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—Madox Brown's connection with it—Madox Brown's view—Mr. Holman Hunt's—Mr. F. G. Stephens's—Mr. W. M. Rossetti—Disagreement of these authorities.

During the time immediately succeeding his wife's death Madox Brown lived a somewhat unsettled life, moving from the house of his uncle Madox to lodgings which he frequently changed. His work in consequence suffered materially.

It is certain that he still entertained ideas of returning to the Continent. In 1847 Casey, in writing to him, speaks of a journey to Italy as a definite plan, and in 1848 of taking apartments for him in Paris, in

the Faubourg Broussel; but both designs for one reason or another were abandoned. In the meanwhile the little coterie of artists that had drawn his thoughts towards Paris was breaking up. De Grouckel, himself in Brussels, chronicles the departure of one of the circle to Geneva, and of the death of another, and perhaps the best beloved, James, he writes a pathetic and somewhat minute account. Later, newly formed and more congenial connections tied Madox Brown to his native land.

In 1846, Madox Brown moved from Meopham to Southend, Southend to Bromley, thence to Cheapside, and it was not until the beginning of 1847 that he settled down in Kensington and began to set earnestly to work. To quote Casey, who thenceforth sinks into the character of a warm friend, *outre Manche* :—

Casey to Ford Madox Brown.

January 1847.

Je suis enchanté de savoir que tu t'occupes, c'est le meilleur remède aux tristes idées—le travail en détruit le mauvais effet et laisse subsider les souvenirs. Allons, mon vieux Fordy, du courage et ne fais pas comme moi ; travaille ferme ; quand je ne suis pas en train de peindre je me suis mis depuis quelques jours à dessiner l'écorché, pour tâcher de ne pas rester sans rien faire—et ça ne peut que me faire du bien.

The products of this renewed activity were the cartoon of *Oure Ladye of Good Children* [*Saturday Night*] and a duplicate of the *Portrait of Mr. Bamford*, the original of which had been the only work of the year 1846.

AUTOTYPE

'WICKLIFFE READING HIS TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE TO JOHN OF GAUNT'

The *Portrait* is of interest historically, as being one of the works by which Madox Brown's claim to be considered the Father of Pre-Raphaelitism must stand or fall. It may also be recorded that along with *Oure Ladye* it was rejected by the Trafalgar Square authorities in 1847.

Towards the end of the year Madox Brown moved to 20½ Clipstone Street, where he occupied a studio in a range of stabling, which had been converted to suit this purpose. Hither his household furniture, lay figures, and the like were sent by Casey from Paris, where they had remained. Thus in possession of his *impedimenta*, he considered himself sufficiently settled in life to recommence more formidable works. The *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.* was once more taken in hand, and in addition to it a new picture, *Wickliffe Reading his Translation of the Bible to John of Gaunt.* It was begun in November of 1847 and finished in March, and as such may be said to have been the first of his pictures in his 'English style' to see completion.

It is memorable in another way; for, being exhibited in the Free Exhibition[1] it drew from D. G.

[1] This was an exhibition which at different places and under different names fulfilled the somewhat reasonable function of letting wall-spaces to any artist who liked to rent them, admission being nominally free. In this case the exhibition was held at Hyde Park Corner—in the building celebrated as having seen the exhibition of the Chinese junk and of other Chinese works of art. I quote the criticism of the *Athenæum* on the picture of *Wickliffe*. Of the few papers that noticed the picture I have selected this one. Its successive notices of Madox Brown's pictures

Rossetti the letter which inaugurated the friendship of the two artists.

The circumstances of their actual coming together are so well known as to make recapitulation an almost unnecessary task, but for the sake of continuity I propose briefly to state them.

By permission of Mr. W. M. Rossetti I am enabled to quote the letter which Rossetti addressed to Madox Brown from 50 Charlotte Street, Portland Place.

D. G. Rossetti to Ford Madox Brown.

March.

SIR,—I am a student in the Antique School of the Royal Academy. Since the first time I ever went to an exhibition (which

show in an interesting way the gradual decline of esteem in which he was held, as, little by little, it was realised that he had identified himself with the P.R.B.

'One of the very few works of high excellence of which the collection can boast is Mr. Ford Madox Brown's *First Translation of the Bible into English*, obviously designed with a view to its execution in fresco. There is so much merit in the whole composition as to excuse in some degree a very badly contrived situation, in which the painter has supposed Wickliffe reading his translation of the Scriptures to his protector John of Gaunt, in the presence of Chaucer and Gower and his retainers. The merits of the picture are, however, much more in the manner than the matter—the painter's views, as before said, having been directed to a peculiar mode of execution. His judgment has been shown in having arranged much that can be done in a material where effect is to be attained rather by opposition of colour than strong contrasts of light and shade, or the delicate gradations of half tint. To his intention, realised in figures of half the natural size, we can well predict success, presuming that the artist, in revision of his work, will be induced to make some abatements of punctilious accuracy in the costumes—unfitted to the severity of historical treatment—in certain particulars which are the accidents of a bygone time, and when so much insisted on, subject their author to the imputation of pedantry.'—*Athenæum*, September 9, 1848.

was several years ago, and when I saw a picture of yours from Byron's 'Giaour') I have always listened with avidity if your name happened to be mentioned, and rushed first of all to your number in the Catalogues. The *Parisina*, the study in the manner of the early masters, *Our Lady of Saturday Night*, and the glorious works you have exhibited, have successively raised my admiration and kept me standing in the same spot for fabulous lengths of time. The outline from your *Abstract of Representation of Justice* which appeared in one of the illustrated papers, constitutes, together with an engraving after that great painter Von Holst, the sole pictorial adornment of my room. And as for the *Mary Queen of Scots*, if ever I do anything in the art it will certainly be attributable in a great degree to the constant study of that work. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at if, wishing to obtain some knowledge of colour (which I have as yet scarcely attempted), the hope suggests itself that you *may* probably admit pupils to profit by your invaluable assistance. If, such being the case, you would do me the honour to inform me what your terms would be for six months' instruction, I feel convinced that I should have some chance in the art.

I remain, Sir,

Very truly yours,

GABRIEL C. ROSSETTI.

Madox Brown's reception of the letter was at first uncertain. At that date he had received little—one may say no—appreciation from any quarter. His pictures had experienced persistent rejection at the hands of the Academicians, and the semi-official art critics of the day had as consistently ignored his works; at the same time the morbidness which not infrequently casts a shadow on the mind of the ignored innovator was in his case accentuated by domestic misfortune, and by brooding amongst unsympathetic surroundings. Thus he was at first inclined to regard the letter, with its effusive and unbridled praise, as the

elaborate impertinence of an Academy student. In rather a dubious frame of mind he set out immediately for the address named at the head of the letter, and, sending up his name by the servant who opened the door, he announced his preference for awaiting his unknown correspondent in the hall rather than in a room. There, on descending the stairs, Rossetti found him with the letter open in his hand, and the curt greeting :

'What does this mean ?'

His dubiousness of aspect was, however, speedily dispelled by the reception he met with, and a memorable friendship at once began.

Rossetti immediately entered Madox Brown's studio, but he did not set very seriously to work upon the monotonous routine prescribed for him during his apprenticeship. Rossetti was not formed for a diligent disciple. Madox Brown set him to work upon the delineating of various pieces of still-life and at copying pictures. A drawing by him of medicine-bottles and the like was sold at the Madox Brown sale of 1894, and his copy of Madox Brown's picture, the *Seraph's Watch*, is now in the possession of Mr. Holman Hunt.

What Madox Brown prescribed for him was just such a routine as his own experience and his own theories had made him consider necessary, and Rossetti, whose mind was running upon historical pictures, found the work irksome and finally gave it up.

The two artists, however, remained firm friends throughout their lives. Their relations one with another are summed up thus in a note accorded me by Mr. W. M. Rossetti :—

My brother, and he was not alone among painters in his opinion, considered that Brown was the best of all men with whom to take counsel as to the treatment and details of a picture. Brown's advice in such matters was excellently practical, to the point, and free from crotchets. He saw why something or other was faulty, and what should be done to remedy it; explained himself fairly and clearly, and was ready to take any amount of friendly pains to set or keep a brother painter in the right way.

On the other hand, writing after Rossetti's death, Madox Brown says :—

'I find now what I was scarcely conscious of before, that I used to paint always with a vague idea of his approbation in the distance.' Their personal relations were singularly intimate, a fact which will appear very evidently in these pages. For the moment I quote Mr. W. M. Rossetti's account of Madox Brown as he appeared to the brothers at that date :—

Probably I saw him first in our own house, 50 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, but more particularly recollect one or two afternoons when I was present with my brother at Brown's studio in Clipstone Street, in the spring or summer of 1848. On one of these occasions I, for the first time, met Mr. Cave Thomas. Brown spoke French and Italian with great fluency, and something of Flemish, and had more of the tone and associations of a foreign than an English painter; his English talk, however, was thoroughly native, not interlarded with foreign words or idioms. . . . His uniform intonation and slow utterance were also a subject of remark, these being the more noticeable as his discourse was full of strong opinions, telling anecdote, and lively point. He was indeed a very amusing and, when he

liked, an excellent talker, having a large range of subject-matter ; he was also a good narrator, and would tell you the story of a novel with great precision and at ample length.

Fundamentally widely different in character and temperament, Madox Brown and Rossetti found a common ground of attraction in their admiration for all and every branch of art,[1] and their influence, the one on the other, was the cause of the widening of the interests of each. The deeply poetic and impulsive side of Rossetti's character infused into Madox Brown's more philosophic trend of thought a certain savour of its own, whilst Madox Brown's more widely practical sympathies tended to sober some of Rossetti's Bohemianism.

During their thirty years' intimacy there were occasional quarrels, but they were no more than those fallings-out of friends which are the renewing of love. 'I recollect that my brother once said to me—it may have been in 1855—"By far the best man that I know—the really *good* man—is Brown," and I think he would have said much the same to the last hour of his life.' I quote again from W. M. Rossetti.

Madox Brown's connection with the Rossetti family was characterised by the same unbrokenness of cordiality. 'The family consisted of father, mother, two sisters, and (Gabriel's) brother, myself. We all saw

[1] D. G. R., it must be confessed, had no affection for music, to which art, on the other hand, Madox Brown was unshakable in his devotion.

something of Brown from the spring of 1848, and all liked him extremely. His pleasant, open manner, equally manly and quiet, and his generous kindness, looking after Dante's studies, impressed us all.'

That Madox Brown was equally impressed by the diversely and strikingly gifted members of the family, it is hardly necessary to add. They opened up an entirely new field of ideas and thoughts, and at the same time extended the restricted limits of his acquaintanceship.

Apart from the more or less congenial society of relations and connections, this had hitherto consisted of scarcely more than two other life-long friends, who both survive him—Mr. Cave Thomas and Mr. Lowes Dickinson, artists whose names will occur more than once in the ensuing pages.

Through the medium of Rossetti, Madox Brown became acquainted with the members of the younger school who were to become famous as the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. The first of these, apart from W. M. Rossetti, with whom he came in contact was Mr. Holman Hunt, who subsequently became almost as warm a friend as Rossetti.

In the meanwhile—during the winter 1848–49—Madox Brown was painting his picture of *Cordelia at the Bedside of Lear*. Of it in 1865 he said that he had always considered it as one of his chief works; and, although subsequent developments have perhaps diminished its relative consequence, it must still be

conceded a place amongst his pictures of primary importance. The moment chosen for portrayal is the awakening scene of Act IV. I quote here, as elsewhere where practicable, Madox Brown's own description of the picture :—

Once possessed of power, the true character of the elder sisters discloses itself, and Lear, ill-used, aged, and helpless, goes mad. Cordelia, now Queen of France, returns with an army to rescue him. Found wildly running about the beach at Dover, he is secured, put to sleep with opiates, and the physician, who is about to wake him by means of music, has predicted that his reason will return with consciousness. Cordelia, at the foot of the bed, awaits anxiously the effect of her presence on him, and utters the touching soliloquy beginning—

> 'Had you not been their father, these white flakes
> Had challenged pity of them.'

Now would she recall the moment when honesty, stiffened to pride, glued to her lips the soft words of flattery expected by the old man, and perhaps after all his due, from her who was the best beloved of his three. So virtue, too, has its shadowed side, pride—ruining itself and others. Having its origin in the old ballad, Shakespeare's 'King Lear' is Roman-pagan-British nominally ; mediæval by external customs and habits, and again, in a marked degree, savage and remote by the moral side. With a fair excuse it might be treated in Roman-British costume, but then clashing with the mediæval institutions and habits introduced, or as purely mediæval. But I have rather chosen to be in harmony with the mental characteristics of Shakespeare's work, and have therefore adopted the costume prevalent in Europe about the sixth century, when paganism was still rife, and deeds were at their darkest. The piece of Bayeux tapestry introduced behind King Lear is strictly an anachronism, but the costume applies in this instance, and the young men gaily riding with hawk and hound contrast pathetically with the stricken old man. The poor fool who got hanged for too well loving his master, looks on with watery eyes. The Duke of Kent, who, though

banished, disguised himself in order to remain with the king, is seen next the fool, having a wig on to alter his appearance. The physician, with his conjuring book, was magician also in those days.

Another picture of the same date, executed, indeed, concurrently with the *Lear*, is the *Infant's Repast*, representing a child supping, and an anxiously 'jealous doggie.' As far as subject is concerned it may be called a precursor of the *Dog and Child* picture of the late Burton Barber and his school, but its treatment is of course quite different.

These two were the important pictures painted during 1849, but the number of smaller works attest the fact that Madox Brown was by no means idle. He executed a duplicate of the *Seraph's Watch*, painted portraits of his daughter Lucy and of Thomas Seddon, began the composition with the curious name of *Beauty before she became acquainted with the Beast*, and painted the *View from Shorn Ridgeway* as a study for the background of the *Chaucer* upon which he was still engaged.

A work of more interest than either of the latter is the portrait of *William Shakespeare*, 'carefully collated from the different known portraits, and more than any other from the bust at Stratford. The picture is the attempt to supply the want of a credible likeness of our national poet, as a historian recasts some tale told long since in many fragments by old chroniclers.' The method pursued in the work was that of selecting those traits in which either the most

credibly authentic portraits agreed, or which seemed most probably true to nature.

A considerable amount of care and foresight were bestowed upon it, both as a collation and as a work of art, and as the latter it is eminently satisfactory. Upon the verisimilitude of the likeness, in the absence of further references than are given or discoverable, it would be over-rash to prefer a judgment.

This picture, with the journeys its execution entailed, occupied the latter portion of the year 1849, and was not finished until January of the year following.

It had been commissioned for reproduction by the firm of Dickinson Brothers, and the sum of 50*l.* paid for it was the highest received up to that date by its artist for any work. Indeed, Madox Brown's whole makings until he reached the age of thirty scarcely totalled more than 200*l.*

Viewed in this light, his devotion to a new phase of art which he had ample reason for knowing was unpopular, seems none the less praiseworthy. His small private means had been diminished by the costly travelling entailed by his first wife's illness, but a certain dogged determination, superadded to the fervency and fire of the explorer of new regions, upheld him in his perseverance.

During this year occurred two circumstances of widely divergent, but, personally, almost equally important, natures. I refer to his second marriage, and the rise of the society known as the Pre-Raphaelite

Brotherhood. The exact date of the birth of the society is, I believe, uncertain; Mr. W. M. Rossetti, who, at that time, was the official chronicler of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, assigns to it September 1848 as a natal month. Madox Brown himself set it down as having seen the light during the winter 1848-49.

To dismiss first, however, the matter calling for the fewest words, I will briefly narrate the circumstances connected with his marriage. During a visit in connection with the portrait of Shakespeare to Stratford-on-Avon, he became acquainted and fell in love with a young girl of the name of Emma Hill, then aged only fifteen. She was the daughter of a Herefordshire farmer who, whether owing to the action of the Corn Laws or to less remote circumstances, had so involved his estate, that when suddenly carried off by apoplexy, he left his widow with little more means of subsistence than a Chancery suit, which remains to this day unresolved.

In spite of her lack of means, Mrs. Hill regarded Madox Brown's suit with disfavour, laying almost more stress on the disreputability of his profession than on her daughter's early age or his smallness of fortune. Determination on the daughter's side led to the inevitable harshness and the almost equally inevitable elopement. After a honeymoon spent at Pegwell Bay, Madox Brown settled down with his wife in a tiny house at Hampstead. Here the not very placable Mrs. Hill eventually joined them.

For two or three years Madox Brown kept his marriage a secret from all but his most intimate friends. This was as much owing to the want of female society amongst his friends as to his desire to educate his wife. As may be imagined, her early days spent in a farm-house atmosphere had endowed her with few accomplishments and very little *savoir faire*. One of her experiences, however, that of having, while yet in her cradle days, been nursed by a ghost, was probably unique.

For some years afterwards Madox Brown's overnight letters from his studio at Newman Street to his wife at Hampstead are postscript: 'Your last letter was a great improvement on the one before.' Occasionally they contain lectures on the sums found to be owing to the local tradesmen, whom Madox Brown paid on his way to catch the London 'bus.

These occasional discussions as to the price of fish apart (the purveyor of fish seems to have been a particular offender), Madox Brown's marriage may be said to have been fortunate. Mrs. Madox Brown was personally attractive, and her extreme patience made her an excellent sitter, to both of which claims her numerous portraits in her husband's pictures from *Lear and Cordelia* to *Romeo and Juliet* do ample justice.

Her sweetness of temper enabled her to bear with equanimity Madox Brown's arbitrary dispensations in household matters, though she was not without the spirit

necessary to bring him to his knees when his intermeddlings passed beyond the bounds of reason into the domains of the lady of the house. As a hostess in later days she was celebrated—perhaps unrivalled.

MRS. MADOX BROWN, 1848.[1]

During the year 1849 Madox Brown's environment at the studio was by no means so tranquil. It was, as I have already said, the year succeeding that

[1] From the original in possession of Mr. Fairfax Murray.

which had seen the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren; and, although never officially attached to them, his intimate connection with the individual members of the body, and the weight of his considerably greater practical experience and several years of seniority, made him, to a certain extent, a prominent figure of the movement. At that date, although his pictures did not display all the qualities that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was formed to propagandise, his sympathies with the cause and its upholders were of the most lively character.

At the same time, though then no more than twenty-eight years of age, the buoyancy of the younger men was a thing he had lived through. His years sat perhaps more heavily on him then than they did in later days, a fact to which he repeatedly refers in his letters of twenty to thirty years later. The following passage, written a couple of years later by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, then in Rome, contains a reminiscence of Madox Brown's studio in those days :—

Lowes Dickinson to Ford Madox Brown.

1851.

Think of me when all your dear old faces are met together to canvass the exhibition, when the P.R.B.'s are all talking at once, when you and old Thomas are quietly laughing and smoking, and Lucy at the door, where he has been trying to get home for an hour.

Before this reaches you, I trust you will have begun to reap the harvest of your fame on the walls of the Academy. Robert writes me word that your work [1] is really 'gorgeous and splendid,' and says

[1] The *Chaucer*.

that he makes use of such terms advisedly, although at the same time he has not been silent upon any of its shortcomings. As these, however, are comparatively very trifling, and have only resulted from the limited time allowed for your labour, I can quite believe that the picture must tell, as he says, 'as a grand and successful flight of British art.' I cannot grasp your hand with the warmth of delighted friendship, but, believe me, I am very happy and very proud of you, perhaps a little vain at having such a friend.

Before dismissing the subject of Madox Brown's personal relations with the founders of the cult, I will cite the following passage from the artist's dictation to myself:—

Somewhere about then—I dare say it was in '48, as you say—Rossetti came to me laughing, or at least more or less joking, about some discovery of Hunt's. It turned out that they were the reproductions of Orcagna's frescoes at Pisa—though, by the way, they say they're not by Orcagna now. I told him it was all nonsense to laugh at them, they were the finest things in the world, and he'd far better go and look at them again ; and, of course, he said just what I did after he'd thought about it.

As to the name Pre-Raphaelite, when they began talking about the early Italian masters, I naturally told them of the German P.R.'s,[1] and either it pleased them or not, I don't know, but they took it.[2] I don't know, for one thing, whether they ever asked me to become a P.R.B. ; I suppose they did ; but I never would have to do with societies—they're bound to end in cliquishness ; besides, I was a good deal older than they were.

Of course it was Rossetti who kept things going by his talking, or it wouldn't have lasted as long as it did, and really he talked them into founding it.

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[1] The name at that time was fairly familiar to the art world.

[2] Madox Brown's letter of May 1851, which will be found under that date, gives a more detailed account of the way in which that name was borne. *Cf.* also Holman Hunt in the *Contemporary*.

The fact that these were the last comprehensible words that the present writer heard Madox Brown utter, whilst adding to their personal interest, may perhaps rather detract from their absolute reliability; in the main, however, they agree with his representation of the facts at a time when memory was less of a labour to him.

To Mr. Holman Hunt I am indebted for the following account of the matter, which forms, to a certain extent, the complement of what is set out above:—

The Pre-Raphaelites, although admiring the genius displayed in the works of Madox Brown, did not ask or desire him to become a member of the P.R.B., although, almost entirely owing to the influence of Rossetti, an invitation was framed but never delivered. Their reasons were: (1) That he was rather too old to sympathise entirely with a movement that was a little boyish in tone; (2) that although his works showed great dramatic power, they had too much of the grimly grotesque to render him an ally likely to do service with the general public; and (3) that his works had none of the minute rendering of natural objects that the P.R.'s, as young men, had determined should distinguish their works.

It is, of course, a difficult matter to be certain as to what were the actual facts of the case, but I am inclined to agree with Mr. Hunt, that Madox Brown

was never asked to become a P.R.B. I do not think that it was until quite lately that Madox Brown was regarded by members of the brotherhood other than the Rossettis as being intimately connected with the movement. In his 'Holman Hunt—a Memoir,' written in 1860, Mr. Stephens, in dealing with the movement, seems to regard Madox Brown as being an outsider. 'The names of men of sterling merit in art in this country at that time were Turner, Mulready, Maclise, Creswick, Egg, Herbert, Dyce, Anthony, and Ford Madox Brown,' &c. On the other hand, in his 'Portfolio' monograph devoted to Rossetti (1893), that writer says: 'Naturally enough, Brown was solicited to become a brother, but he, chiefly because of a crude principle which for a time was adopted by the other painters, declined to join the body. This principle was to the effect that when a member found a model whose aspect answered his idea of the subject required, that model should be painted exactly, so to say, hair for hair.'

On the other hand, again, Mr. William Rossetti denies that such a principle was ever insisted upon by the P.R.B., and cites the fact that Millais, in his portrait of Rossetti in *Lorenzo and Isabella*, represents him as being fair-haired, when, as a matter of fact, his hair was almost absolutely black. Rossetti of course did the same in his portrait of Christina Rossetti as the Virgin Mary.

Thus, in these later days, the one fact of which

one can be absolutely certain is that Madox Brown was never officially a member of the brotherhood, and that his actual connection with it was regulated by the degree of his intimacies with the various members.

PORTRAIT OF MADOX BROWN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE

(*From original in possession of W. M. Rossetti.*)

CHAPTER V

NEWMAN STREET

1850-1851

Work during 1850—Exhibitions—The policy of decentralisation—Life at the studio—Mr. Arthur Hughes's introduction to Madox Brown—Madox Brown's gloom of mind—*Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.*—Working day and night to finish it—Letters to Mr. Lowes Dickinson about the progress of the picture—And its treatment by R.A.—About other artists—Thomas Seddon—Fenton—Rossetti—His 'perfectly divine' work—Holman Hunt—Millais—The Press and the P.R. works—Madox Brown's pronunciation upon them—Mulready, Maclise, and Dyce's commendation—Review of the R.A. Exhibition—'That animal Hart'—Frank Stone—Goodall—Maclise—Dyce—Eastlake—Landseer, &c.—Madox Brown and the North London School of Drawing—W. B. Scott's account.

THE year 1850 was one of studies.

Those for *Chaucer* and for the *Black Prince* are noticed in Madox Brown's note-book as works of some little importance. The head of the Black Prince makes its reappearance in the pages of Madox Brown's diary for 1856, when it is worked on and sold to 'Old White,' the dealer.

That of Chaucer, a carefully painted portrait of Rossetti, is more worthy of passing reference as one of the good portraits of the poet-artist of that date.

The only other work done during the year was the finishing of the portrait of Shakespeare and of a chalk drawing of Christ, sold to Robert Dickinson for two pounds. The remainder of the time was given to the picture of *Chaucer* itself, a fact hardly to be wondered at when one considers the enormous size and comparatively high finish of the work.

About this time Madox Brown paid more attention to the matter of exhibiting than he had previously done —indeed, between this year and 1865 his appearances at provincial exhibitions were more frequent than at any former or subsequent period. This policy of 'decentralisation' seems to have been warranted by its results. In Dublin *Cordelia and Lear* won the attention of McCracken, who subsequently became the first purchaser of Pre-Raphaelite works at a time when purchasers of Pre-Raphaelite works extended their patronage to Madox Brown. The same picture was also hung in the exhibition of the North London School of Design, as was the cartoon of *Oure Ladye of Good Children.* The portrait of his daughter Lucy was exhibited at the 'Exhibition of Sketches,' and the *Shakespeare* at Messrs. Dickinson's rooms in Old Bond Street. These essays at gaining the public suffrage evoked little or no praise of any sort.

As regards Madox Brown's life during the year little need be said. His studio was still in Newman Street, and his life tranquil and frugal in the ex-

treme. To Mr. Lowes Dickinson's letters from Rome I am again indebted for the following little picture:—

I shall content myself with saying, while on the subject, that I hope when we do meet again we shall meet as if I had only left the studio yesterday. We will imagine the *Chaucer* yet unfinished, old 'fuss and feathers' Gough in his wonted place, three mutton chops and nine penn'orth of gin on the stove beside the delicious jar of birdseye (oh, in this true tobacco-loathing country, how my mouth waters at the thought of it), and you, my dear boy—just as you used to be, that is all—I ask for nothing more, and when that day comes, which, please God, it will do shortly, I don't think there will be such another happy man as me in all London town.

As a contrast, I add the following account of a first visit of another artist, then a very young man. For it I am indebted to the kindness of its narrator, Mr. Arthur Hughes:—

I shall always remember my first sight of him some forty years ago, in a vast studio he had, behind a house on the right-hand side of Newman Street, a part of which Gabriel Rossetti was using. It was to see Rossetti that I was taken by my friend, Alec Munro, the sculptor, and greatly impressed I was by the mysterious studio all darkened by the great canvas Brown was at work upon of *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.* (Rossetti being the model for Chaucer), and which afterwards seemed to fill almost the whole side of the middle room of the Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square, and which, to complete in time, Brown worked upon continuously the last three days and nights. However, I was not allowed to see its face on this occasion, but, from its depths, Brown emerged with the impressive and rather severe face he seemed habitually to wear in those days, and which gave place to so entirely different a one in later years. His picture of the *Last of England* represents exactly

his earlier face, where it looks out at us from the ship's stern disappointed and half resentful.

On the other hand, I think it would have been very difficult to find a face of happier character, and one more genially benign, than he habitually carried in later life ; and, at the same time, its grand lines and heroic character only seemed to increase with age.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti, on the other hand, assures me that, as far as his remembrance carries him, he cannot remember any of the appearance either of age or misanthropy that seems to have impressed many people. I should certainly be inclined myself to ascribe to his countenance some very considerable shade of gloom, if some half-dozen photographs, dating from this year onwards to 1862, are to be credited. They all exhibit the same species of frown—one betokening, it is true, almost as much the hard thinker, who is resolving a knotty point, as the hater of all mankind ; but a person who, upon introduction, is received with such a frown might perhaps not stop to analyse it.

Madox Brown's preoccupation at this date was very considerable, and it needed the conversation of some such intimate friend as W. M. Rossetti to awaken him from thoughts of a gloomy nature.

From the above letter, and from a foregoing extract, it will be learnt that, however strenuous were Madox Brown's efforts to finish the *Chaucer*, it was only by working night and day for some days before 'sending-in day' that he was able to accomplish his task in time for the R.A. exhibition. The complication

'CHAUCER AT THE COURT OF EDWARD III.'

(Painted 1851)

(From the picture in the Sydney Municipal Gallery)

of the subject was great. It is thus explained by Madox Brown :[1]—

Chaucer is supposed to be reading these pathetic lines from the 'Legend of Custance' :—

> 'Hire litel child lay weping on hire arm,
> And kneling pitously to him she said,
> Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee no harm.
> With that hire coverchief of hire hed she braid
> And over his litel eyen she it laid,
> And in hire arme she lulleth it ful fast,
> And unto the heven hire eyen up she cast.'

Edward III. is now old, Philippa being dead ; the Black Prince is supposed to be in his last illness. John of Gaunt, who was Chaucer's patron, is represented in full armour, to indicate that active measures now devolve upon him. Pages holding his shield, &c., wait for him, his horse, likewise, in the yard beneath. Edward the Black Prince, now in his fortieth year, emaciated by sickness, leans on the lap of his wife Joanna, surnamed the Fair Maid of Kent. There had been much opposition to their union, but the Prince ultimately had his own way.

To the right of the old king is Alice Perrers, a cause of scandal to the Court, such as, repeating itself at intervals in history with remarkable similarity from David downwards, seems to argue that the untimely death of a hero may not be altogether so deplorable an event.

Seated beneath are various personages suited to the time and place. A troubadour from the South of France, half-jealous, half in awestruck admiration ; a cardinal priest on good terms with the ladies, a jester forgetting his part in rapt attention to the poet. This character, I regret to say, is less mediæval than Shakespearian. Two *dilettante* courtiers [are] learnedly criticising, the one in the hood is meant for Gower. Lastly, a youthful squire of the kind described by Chaucer as never sleeping at night, 'more than doth the nightingale,' so much is he always in love.

Sitting on the ground being common in these days, rushes used

[1] From the Catalogue of the Piccadilly Exhibition, 1865.

to be strewn to prevent the gentlemen from spoiling their fine clothes.

This picture is the first in which I endeavoured to carry out the notion, long before conceived, of treating the light and shade absolutely as it exists at any one moment instead of approximately or in generalised style. Sunlight, not too bright, such as is pleasant to sit in out-of-doors, is here depicted. The figures in the spandrils of the arch symbolise the overthrow through Chaucer of the Saxon bard and the Norman troubadour.

It may be interesting to mention that, besides that of Rossetti, the work contained portraits of several of the painter's circle. The page was Deverell, the 'beloved' young P.R.B.; the troubadour, W. M. Rossetti; and the jester, John Marshall, the surgeon.

From a letter of Madox Brown to Mr. Lowes Dickinson in Rome, bearing date March 1, I quote the following details relating to the picture's progress:—

Ford Madox Brown to Lowes Dickinson.

My picture begins to assume a finished look; but, as you may imagine, there is yet an immensity of work to do to it, and only thirty-three days more! However, I feel more confident of getting it done than I have yet. I have been out this evening to procure divers little articles which still remain to be painted in, and have procured a hood of chain mail from Cross, who returned last night from Devonshire, also some feathers to make a fan, and some cloth of gold. Some flowers, a dog, and some white velvet will complete the nasty list of little things to be run after. The frame is ordered, or rather bought, for it is a chance one of immense value which I got for next to nothing. The draperies are all finished except some bits that I must alter; the heads are all painted in, and all finished; the hands are all finished with few exceptions. I find I get on faster and faster as it comes to the close, but I fear much will not be done justice to from over-anxiety to proceed quickly. As you can imagine,

I am from day to day more deeply disgusted with all I do, at times cursing and blaspheming, but I suppose it will never be otherwise.

On May 14 he writes of the picture as hung :—

Ford Madox Brown to Lowes Dickinson.

I myself have been pretty well martyrised. They did not hang the frame of my large picture, and they *turned out my Shakespear*, which you can imagine enraged me not a little. As to the papers, I have had some fine criticisms and some violent abuse. They seem to smell a rat, and begin to know that if not an actual Pre-Raphaelite Brother, I am an aider and abettor of Pre-Raphaelitism, and under that impression they do not seem to know how to act. Many of the papers which abuse Hunt and Millais most violently pass me over in utter contempt, which is hardly to be looked upon as sincere. The 'Times' seemed to have a great inclination to abuse, but to hesitate and give it up. My picture looked well in my studio, but in the Academy it is placed too high and shone all over, which hurt it ; and then I find that our pictures are so totally unlike any of the others, that they lose immensely from that very reason. We ought (to do them justice) to exhibit them quite apart. I have heard that the Academicians like my work very much, but, without that knowledge, I could very well believe that they detest it.

The impetus of this strenuous industry at the beginning of the year does not seem to have slackened throughout the months that succeeded.

A great deal of the work was, however, mere retouching of studies and sketches for *Chaucer* and *Wickliffe*. The fresco specimens of the *Spirit of Justice* were destroyed this year on the artist's removal from his studio in Newman Street. The vast *Chaucer* having departed, there remained no need for a studio of such proportions. The other pictures

of the year were the *Pretty Baa Lambs* and the never finished *Take your Son, Sir*, which were both painted at Stockwell.

A work of a different kind is the etching of the

STUDY FOR HEAD OF CHAUCER[1] [Portrait of D. G. Rossetti], 1850.

Parting of Cordelia and her Sisters, from the outline series designed at Paris in 1844. As an etching it is scarcely a success, its noteworthiness lying in the fact that it was executed for the Pre-Raphaelite

[1] From original in possession of Mr. R. S. Garnett.

magazine, the 'Germ.' For that now famous organ he also wrote a paper on the 'Mechanique of a Historical Picture.'

I shall pass lightly over the personal events of 1851, contenting myself with quoting one or two letters addressed by him to Mr. Lowes Dickinson at Rome :—

Ford Madox Brown to Lowes Dickinson.

March 1851.

Poor Seddon has been attacked with a rheumatic fever, which has nearly taken him off. . . . He had just began making a reproduction of my large picture, which I had set him to, as I thought it would be easy for me afterwards to make a fair copy out of it. His sudden illness, taking me away from here, left me quite unhappy, for at first it was very doubtful if he could get over it. I have taken a great affection for the fellow, which I used to show chiefly by abusing him, and his sudden absence . . . made me feel precious lonely for the first half of this month, but I am more used to it. I saw him for the first time last week, he was in bed, but eating. I believe he now has three dinners every day besides lunches. He was lying in a sort of ecstatic contemplation of the reform which he believed the illness will have worked in his future life. Fenton is laboriously employed at the figure of a lady lying on a sofa in Lucy's green quilted petticoat, at one end a table with a vase of flowers, at the other, a table in the distance, with a faint vase and flowers. Rossetti has just thrown up a *third* picture, and will have nothing [in the Academy], but he has a commission to illustrate Longfellow's poems along with Hunt, which will bring him in some tin. His head and beard grow finer every day, and he has made some designs which are perfectly divine. I mean by that, finer than anything I have ever seen, but paint he *will not*. He is too idle. You know he lives in Red Lion Square along with Deverell, and purports to keep himself. I had thought for some time there had been some estrangement between Rossetti and his brother, and I asked Deverell, who was

sitting to me this morning. He said no. That he believed they were as good friends as ever, but that he supposed his brother did not call on him oftener than he could help because he was ordered peremptorily to hand over all the cash he had about him. Hunt is painting a very beautiful picture from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Millais has been slightly ill. He will have three rather small pictures. I have seen two begun—very admirably painted—but I only saw the backgrounds.

In the meantime the formulation of Pre-Raphaelite principles that had appeared the year before in the luckless 'Germ' had aroused the anti-innovating forces of the country, and brought down the fulminations of their wrath upon the pictures of the school.[1]

[1] At this date Madox Brown was not regarded as a member of the School. I quote from the pages of the *Athenæum*—for purposes of future contrast—notices respectively treating of the *Chaucer* and of Pre-Raphaelite works in a body.

Athenæum, May 24, 1851.—After referring to the *Wickliffe* as a work of much pretension, the writer continues concerning the *Chaucer*: 'The composition, built up after the fashion of one of our own most popular artists, contains many passages of great excellence, but there is much inequality in the conception and carrying out of the several characters. These discrepancies are such as to create surprise that they should be the work of the same hand. There is much learning displayed in the picture, but the lore is antiquarian rather than artistic. In producing this the diligence of the artist is displayed rather than in attending to such pictorial treatment as the picture demanded. If the theme did not supply situation or material for a severe presentment, there was at least enough in it to furnish a romantic if not a poetic combination. There is always great risk with a number of picturesque actors, clothed in variedly shaped and gaily coloured costumes, of their assuming the character of a *tableau theatrique*. It requires great earnestness of purpose and expression to avoid this. With such a demonstration of resource as Mr. Brown has here made there need be no doubt that, with a sober and discreet management of it, he will at no remote period acquire distinction within the walls in which he has this season broken ground.'

Ibid., June 7.—'Of the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren little need now be said, since what has already been said was said in vain.

As to the pure white ground [Madox Brown writes in May], you had better adopt that at once, as I can assure you you will be forced to do so ultimately, for Hunt and Millais, whose works already kill everything in the exhibition for brilliancy, will in a few years force everyone who will not drop behind them to use their methods. *Apropos* of these young men, you must be strangely puzzled to know what to think of them if you see many of the English papers on the present exhibition. For the amount of abuse that has been lavished on them has been such as to impart dignity to a name which used to be looked on more as a subject of mirth than anything else. You will remember that with all of us, whatever used to be thought of Rossetti's, Hunt's, and Millais' talents, the words Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, or the letters P.R.B., used to be looked upon as the childish or ridiculous part of the business. But now, I can assure you, that I pronounce the words without hesitation as an ordinary term in the every day of art. The term will now remain with them, and, in the course of time, gain a dignity which cannot fail to attach to whatever is connected with what they do. For my own opinion, I think Millais' pictures, as small pictures, more wonderful than any I have yet seen, and Hunt's picture is a truly noble one. This is my sincere opinion. I also know that Mulready,[1] Maclise, and Dyce think most highly of them; so that, after these opinions, backed by old Linnel, who told Anthony that he thought them the finest pictures in the Academy, I cannot put much reliance on the invectives of Frith and such a lot. As to newspapers, you know how much we value them, but I think I see more than usual spleen in their effusions, and I have

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'Mr. Charles Collins is this year the most prominent among this band in *Convent Thoughts*. There is an earnestness in this work worth a thousand hypocrisies which insists on the true rendering of a buckle or a belt while they allow the beauties of the human form to be lost sight of. Mr. Millais exhibits his old perversity in a scene from Tennyson, *Mariana*, and the *Return of the Dove to the Ark*. The last is a good thought marred by its art language. The *Woodman's Daughter* is of the same bad school, and Mr. Hunt brings up the rearward move by a scene from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.'

[1] Mr. Lowes Dickinson informs me that Mulready gave himself some trouble over selling one of Madox Brown's pictures, the *Infant's Repast*, I believe.

no doubt but that Stone and Hart, and other disgusting muffs of influence, are at the bottom of it. I have just heard from Marshall that Ruskin has written a letter to the 'Times' in defence of them. He wanted to buy Millais' pictures ; you will no doubt see the letter in question in the supplement of the 'Times' of yesterday. . . . I suppose I must say something about the exhibition, what to look at, what to praise, and what to avoid. There is a picture by that animal Hart, which is very much to be avoided, and I should think quite dangerous to women in a certain state. But Frank Stone is more tolerable than he has been for some years. He and Goodall are evidently making a grand splash for the Associateship. Maclise is about the same as usual, very fine, but d——d bad. Dyce has a picture which would be admirable, but for his misconception of King Lear and fool, which, in some measure, prevents it giving as much pleasure as it might ; however, none but a fool or a critic would dislike the work. Eastlake, P.R.A., is finer than usual, and makes a very fine president in paint. Landseer is much better than usual for those who like him. Linnel is splendid. Herbert so-so. Danby very fine, but not so much as usual. Poole silly, but fine in colour and poetic. Ward very good ; Egg not quite the thing ; Frith beastly. Goodall excessive in all that is low and to the public taste. Horsley very bad, but Cope sublime. Even the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers in ecstasy with him, but, strange to say, his picture is not yet sold, although he only asks 400*l.* for the triptych.

The only other subject of this year that calls for particular attention is Madox Brown's connection with the North London School of Design. The story is neatly related in W. B. Scott's memoirs, and it is to be presumed that, at about that time, Scott made the acquaintance of Madox Brown.

Madox Brown replaced Mr. Cave Thomas as the headmaster of the institution, or, as Scott puts it, 'The unsuccessful F. M. Brown at this time was making a herculean bid for fame and fortune by taking over the

headmastership of an institution[1] that was meant to run as an opposition to the Academy schools.' But whether it was really a commercial speculation on the part of Madox Brown, or whether it was a sincere attempt to 'propagandise,' must, I think, remain a problem. Scott, however, is very fond of playing *advocatus diaboli*.

In any case, Madox Brown was not very successful in the attempt. It was one in which the 'Government itself subsequently failed, although it was aided by several such men as I,' as Scott naïvely puts it.

The suggestion made by the same gentleman that the small number of shavings in Millais' picture of the *Carpenter's Shop* was due to the fact that Madox Brown set his class the task of drawing some half-dozen of these articles, is sufficiently traversed by the fact that the former artist (whose own authority I have for making the statement) 'never was a pupil anywhere but at Sass's[2] and the Royal Academy Schools.'

[1] Founded in 1850 by Thomas Seddon and some of his friends, it was meant to serve as a sort of Art Night School. The pupils were plentiful, but did not pay their subscriptions very readily. The exhibition got up in 1850, to which Madox Brown contributed, was intended as a financial help to the institution.—*Life of T. Seddon*, by J. P. Seddon.

[2] This was the 'drawing academy,' kept by F. S. Cary, which Rossetti also attended.

CHAPTER VI

1852–1855

Christ Washing Peter's Feet—Portraits contained in it—Other works—Important works begun—The *Last of England*, *Work*, and the *English Autumn Afternoon*—Sales—Exhibition of the *Pretty Baa Lambs* and the *Christ and Peter* at the R.A.—Madox Brown's last appearance on those walls—His reasons—Rudeness to Grant—McCracken's purchases—His enthusiasm—Mutual helpfulness of the Pre-Raphaelite painters—Letter from Mr. Hunt about their plans—Madox Brown's solitary and hardworking habits—Letter to Mr. Dickinson about his own and brother artists' work in hand—The commencement of *Work*—Rossetti's struggles with chaos—Work done in 1853—Increased solitariness and misanthropy—Rossetti's chaff—Letters from Mr. Hunt and Seddon—Madox Brown's malady reaches a climax—Takes a holiday in London—Letter to Mrs. Madox Brown about plays, &c.—Work during 1854—Disastrous sale at Phillips'—Madox Brown's life during the year—Letters from Seddon, in Egypt, about his own and Holman Hunt's work—Hunt's unsparingness of models—Similarity in Madox Brown's case—Out-of-door work in cold weather—Work during 1855—Landscapes—Hendon, &c.—The *Last of England* finished—Description of the picture—Its success—Excursions into the country round Hendon—Anecdote of Turner.

One of Madox Brown's most important works—certainly his most important religious picture—was begun in the later months of 1851, and occupied the earlier portion of the succeeding year—the picture of *Christ Washing Peter's Feet.*

Madox Brown's description of it runs as follows:—

St. John tells us that Jesus, rising from supper, 'laid aside His garments,' perhaps to give more impressiveness to the lesson of humility, 'and took a towel and girded Himself,' poured water into a basin (in the East usually of copper or brass), 'and began to wash the disciples' feet, and *to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded.*' Then Peter said, 'Lord, dost thou wash my feet?' And again Peter said unto Him, 'Thou shalt never wash my feet.' The purposely assumed humility of Jesus at this moment, and the intense veneration implied in the words of Peter, I have endeavoured to render in this composition. The very simple traditional costume of Jesus and His disciples, which seems, moreover, warranted by modern research, as also the traditional youthfulness of John, curly grey hair of Peter, and red hair of Judas, which I should be loth to disturb without having more than my own notion to give in lieu, I have retained—combined with such truth of surroundings and accessories as I thought most conducive to *general truth*, always intending, however, in this picture, the documentary and historic to be subordinate to the supernatural and Christianic—wherefore I have retained the nimbus. This, however, everyone who has considered the subject must understand, appeals *out* from the picture to the *beholder*—not to the other characters in the picture. Judas Iscariot is represented lacing up his sandals, after his feet have been washed.

Apart from the intrinsic worth of the picture, it has an historic interest of its own, in that it contains portraits of several of the members of the P.R. circle.

The head of Christ is a literal transcript of that of Mr. F. G. Stephens; of the Apostles, omitting Judas, the 1st on the left is Mr. W. M. Rossetti; the 2nd, Mr. Holman Hunt; the 4th, Mr. Hunt, sen.; the 5th, C. B. Cayley; the 6th, D. G. Rossetti, and the 7th, St. John, is, I believe, Miss Christina Rossetti.

Mr. William Rossetti is, however, of opinion that it was Deverell, the P.R., who sat for the head.

The following remark anent a carping criticism of his words, 'the purposely assumed humility of Jesus,' may have an interest as indicating Madox Brown's method of approaching and analysing a subject: 'Of course His humility was purposely assumed to teach a lesson; because, if He had been in the habit of washing the disciples' feet, or even if they had taken it in turns to do so for each other, Peter would not have been so troubled at the proposition.'

Apart from the finishing of this picture, the 'beginnings' of the year render 1852 epoch-making. These included works of no less importance than the *Last of England*, *Work*, and the *English Autumn Afternoon*. The two former rank as among the finest of Madox Brown's modern-historic period, the last is perhaps his most important landscape.

The studies for *Work* and the *Last of England* occupied Madox Brown during the middle portion of the year. The pen-and-ink design for the former picture was begun in June, the sketch for the background painted a little later, and, finally, the background of the picture itself was 'painted in the Heath Street, July and August.' Those for the *Last of England* include the first sketch, the pencil-drawing, a chalk study of the head of Madox Brown, and, finally, the picture itself. As, however, both these works remained for several years in an embryonic stage, I shall reserve

detailed mention of them until the dates of their completion arrive.

The *English Autumn Afternoon* was 'begun from my back window' in September of the same year, and was very nearly completed before the autumn tints had quite departed. It was completed in the autumns of the succeeding years. I quote Madox Brown's note on the picture, as much for the sake of its amusing discursiveness as for the light thrown on it :—

> This was painted in the autumns of 1852 and 1853, and finished, I think, in 1854. It is a literal transcript of the scenery round London, as looked at from Hampstead. The smoke is seen rising half way above the fantastic shaped, small distant cumuli which accompany particularly fine weather. The upper portion of the sky would be blue, as seen reflected in the youth's hat, the grey mist of autumn only rising a certain height. The time is 3 P.M., when late in October the shadows already lie long, and the sun's rays (coming from behind us in this work) are preternaturally glowing, as in rivalry of the foliage. The figures are peculiarly English—they are hardly lovers—mere boy and girl neighbours and friends. In no other country would they be so allowed out together, save in America, where (if report says true) the young ladies all carry latch-keys ; both of us true inheritors from the Norsemen of Iceland, whose ladies would take horse and ride for three months about the island, without so much as a presumptuous question on their return from the much tolerating husbands of the period.

Other works of 1852 not calling for more than the mere record are a duplicate of the *Pretty Baa Lambs* and one of *Waiting*.

Another couple of works, *Paul's Cray Church* and a *Chalk Portrait*, are merely remarkable for their extremely low prices, 2*l.* 8*s.* and 2*l.* 2*s.*

Financially, the year was the most successful Madox Brown had hitherto experienced. His picture of *Wickliffe*, exhibited the year before at Dublin, had attracted the attention of McCracken, who purchased the sketch for the picture in October for 10*l.* 10*s.*, and later in the same year the picture itself for 63*l.*, 'and a Dighton, which I sold for 8*l.* 10*s.*'

The soundness of Madox Brown's policy of provincial exhibition of his pictures was further exemplified by the purchase for 5*l.* of the sketch for the *Infant's Repast*, which was exhibited at Bristol, and there purchased by an entire stranger, Mr. Edward Stanley, in November; thus raising the total for the year to 91*l.* The same year saw the exhibition at the Academy of the *Christ and Peter*, and the *Pretty Baa Lambs*. The skying of the pictures and the reception accorded them by the semi-official press proved so exasperating to Madox Brown as to bring about not only the scene with Grant, but the decision never to exhibit again at the Royal Academy.

The *Pretty Baa Lambs*, a picture that becomes hopelessly enigmatic as soon as one attempts to read a meaning *into* it, was singled out for quite a number of animadversions. It was called 'Catholic Art'—it was called blasphemous, whereas it was merely a study of light and heat. As a matter of fact, the picture was not singularly attractive, and at the time found no admirers. Even the 'Spectator,' which at that time was the Pre-Raphaelite organ, found

sufficient fault with it. The *Christ and Peter* it extolled as a great work, but its voice was the *vox clamantis* in a howling desert of dispraise. The fact that Madox Brown was one of the Iconoclasts was now sufficiently evident on the faces of his canvases; there seemed to be no chance of his returning to the flock of Academic lambs. There was also the rudeness to Grant, which was to be paid back by the critical hangers-on of the Academy.[1] The papers which now began to temper the wind of their wrath against the P.R.'s themselves did nothing of the sort for the blast which overwhelmed the shorn scapegoat, Madox Brown.

[1] I once more quote from the *Athenæum*, whose accredited critic was Frank Stone, A.R.A., one of the most virulent enemies of the movement. The contrast between this notice and that devoted to the *Chaucer* of the previous year is sufficiently startling to afford amusement.

'No. 463, by Mr. Ford Madox Brown, is more ambitious. This artist appears to have studied at Valencia, where mulberries are plentiful as blackberries, and he has closely observed the works of Joannes, where purple tones are so predominant. In this picture it pervades everything —the habit, the naked limbs of the Saviour, and the dress of St. Peter, who either feels himself unworthy of the honour done him by his Master, or by his feet's action makes us feel the water to be too hot. Certainly the copper utensil which contains it seems filled with either blood or raspberries undergoing the jam process. The Apostles seated at the table appear to take no interest in the lavation—appearing rather bored —so much has the artist rejected the conventional attitudes usual on this occasion.'—*Athenæum*, May 22, 1852.

With regard to the rudeness to Grant—a fact vouched for to me by several eyewitnesses, including Mr. Holman Hunt—it resolves itself into Madox Brown's refusing to receive the congratulations of the future President. The *Christ and Peter* was hung next the ceiling, and when Grant came to offer his congratulations, Madox Brown, whose eye had only just fallen on his own picture, turned his back in speechless indignation and walked out of the building.

In the end it came about that Madox Brown sent no more pictures to the Academy, and saw Academic hands in every misfortune or check that he experienced throughout the rest of his life.

Madox Brown's patron, McCracken, seems to have been the only person who was entirely satisfied with the turn events had taken. His letters were at this date both frequent and enthusiastic. In May he writes congratulating him upon the fact that his picture of *Christ and Peter* is the picture of the year, and enclosing an elaborate 'tribute to your genius from an intelligent gentleman, a Mr. Winstanley'; in June chronicles the admiration excited in his own household by Madox Brown's works, and so forth. What is, perhaps, more material, he supported the nascent movement to the full extent that his not too well filled purse allowed, purchasing in the same year Hunt's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Millais' *Huguenots*, and Madox Brown's *Wickliffe*, and commissioning Rossetti's *Annunciation*. In this latter purchase he was guided by the advice of Madox Brown, who was cordially backed up by Mr. Holman Hunt.

This hearty enthusiasm for each other's works was an unvarying and pleasant characteristic of the artists connected with the movement. In the meantime they met frequently to discuss plans for the future. Of these, one of the most important was

that of the foundation of an Exhibiting Society that should rival the Royal Academy.

In the latter part of the year Mr. Hunt writes from Hastings:—

> In a few days I hope to return (before the commencement of next week), but as I may not be able to get to Hampstead for a day or two after that, and fearing that by then you may have resolved not to attend the meeting at my place, I write to endeavour to influence you while you are still undecided. This preamble would lead one to think that the question to be considered were one of the greatest national importance, and William Rossetti's and Millais' letters lead me to think that the intention in desiring your presence has been misunderstood, so I must explain that it is *not* for the consideration of the better means of defending the English coast, but simply to the end that we may have tea, toast, and talk together. It is true that I wish the talk to be on a particular subject, but not if you and the others think it unnecessary. My notion is that, long before you, Gabriel, and I are elected associates of the highly honoured and esteemed Royal Academy, it will be necessary for us to consider whether we prefer having our pictures hung out of sight in that institution or taking measures for their better exhibition elsewhere. If you think with me, then it seems to be desirable that the expediency of exhibiting together or apart be decided before I leave England, as my directions to Mr. Combe, who will manage my business for me, must be regulated by the intentions of yourself, Gabriel, and Millais.

The meeting does not seem to have produced any very definite result; for, ten days later, Rossetti, in sending to Madox Brown an invitation to meet Hunt, Millais, Stephens, Deverell, the Seddons, Collins, and perhaps David Hannay, refers to the invitation as not given 'with any view to exhibition projects, which are likely to result, I believe, in our exhibit-

ing nothing but our usual inconsistency.' At that date meetings of the Brethren and their allies were of almost daily occurrence, but to judge from the not infrequent upbraidings contained in Rossetti's letters, Madox Brown's attendance at these meetings was very irregular.

In July he had taken lodgings in Hampstead with the view of painting the background of *Work*. This he did, working assiduously in Heath Street, a proceeding which excited the admiration and astonishment of idle passers-by. The weather was by no means propitious, but on very rainy days he worked in an unhorsed four-wheeled cab. The elements, in fact, do not seem to have been at all favourably inclined towards the new school. Seddon writes from Dinan, complaining that the tempests have interrupted his work and driven him back to Paris. Incidentally he records a visit to Casey's studio, where the artist is discovered engaged upon the sketch of a huge *cohue à la Rubens*. It represented 'the Madness of the Nations from the "Revelation"; a crowd below hurling down the crucifix and kings, and the Angel of Peace, who has a dim resemblance to Louis Napoleon, riding on the clouds with a regular host of white angelic beings to re-establish *l'ordre*.' A curious reminder that, coming to Madox Brown, who was then engaged upon a picture that exhausted eleven years in its painting; but it is to be doubted whether Casey's *Triumph of Slosh* brought more

fame or fortune to its painter than did Madox Brown's *Apotheosis of Labour*. Seddon's letters are full of predictions of the triumph of the new school, but in these hopes Madox Brown would not seem to have shared. He had almost entirely withdrawn himself from all society, and was dedicating his entire energies to work. To this he was driven by the necessity for economy. Hitherto his life had been sufficiently easy, but the contingency of the exhaustion of his private means was now by no means so remote as to be a pleasant subject of contemplation, and family burdens were beginning to increase.

Another, and this the last, of Madox Brown's letters to Mr. Lowes Dickinson at Rome, summarises the position from his own point of view :—

Ford Madox Brown to Mr. Lowes Dickinson.

October 17.

I have not been doing much good for myself or anyone else that I can make out since my last report of proceedings here, and yet I have been almost incessantly engaged, so that, between the two, I do not feel in the best of dispositions towards things human or inanimate, but, if anything, dull, and crabbed, and stupid. Which phase in one's psychology does not constitute the fittest for penning engaging and witty epistles as I should wish, and feel it my duty, to send you after so long a delay. Accordingly, of late, my letters (when forced to write at all) have been confined to the summary style of news or disconnected rigmarole of such information as would present itself to the endeavouring ideas after much scratching of the head. I feel that, in the present case, I have been doing something more (as the case requires) as well from conscious demerits on my side as from the great reputation, as a letter writer, of the party written to. Yet, having showed good will by writing so far, I feel I

must now give up the facetious for fear of the efforts to maintain it becoming too apparently pathetic. And so I content myself with the usual summing-up of follies. I have done so and so, such a one has done such and such ; such another is an ass ; such another has got so many commissions and has been so much abused. It might be all written down in a list and the names added—for instance :—

F. Madox Brown, pictures painted and not sold			3
Lucy	„	„	„ 2
Rossetti	„	„	„ 0
Seddon	„	„	„ 1
Millais, pictures painted and sold			2
Hunt	„	„	„ 1
Thomas	„	„	„ 1

Madox Brown *commenced* and *put by**	2	*Got commissions*	0
Hunt	3	Hunt	3
Millais	2	Millais, without end	
Rossetti (* the *put by* is for Rossetti)	6	Seddon	2
Lucy	0	Lucy	2

Got abused in the papers. . . . Everyone, including Millais and Rossetti, although the latter very unjustly, seeing that he had done *nothing* to merit it.

Got appointments—Ford Madox Brown to the Headmastership of the North London School of Drawing and Modelling, *vice* Cave Thomas, resigned in despair of ever getting his salary. . . .

With myself, the greatest change that has taken place is a removal from Newman Street to Hampstead, where I now reside, and am writing in a state of seclusion quite imperial, only to be equalled by that of the captain of a man-of-war. Since, I have painted a little picture [1] of a child asleep on its mother's knees, she working by fire and lamp light. I sent two pictures to the Academy with perfect unsuccess, unless of abuse. I have worked about two months at the background of a picture [2] put by for next year—a twenty figure affair.

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[1] *Waiting.* [2] *Work.*

This I painted in Heath Street here (it being 6½ feet long) on a truck fitted up by myself for the occasion, to the astonishment of all well-regulated people. But this trial, the greatest I have hitherto faced, is over, and the event but to be chronicled among other heroisms for the admiration of such as have the bump of veneration on the top of their heads, and natures not altogether owlish or vulpine. The Hampstead police I can affirm to be not altogether wanting in veneration, while, on the other hand, 'wonder' appeared developed in the little boys to the extent of wondering 'if he stopped there all night,' and 'how he got his victuals.' (Fact.)

Enough now of my own struggles with chaos and the devil: let us turn to D. G. Rossetti and heroic acts, and whose struggles with chaos, at any rate, may be said to be perpetual (seeing that his room is still the same chaos as wont, from which he is, without intermission, seeking to separate some blacklead pencil or penknife), whatever remission his conflict with the devil may undergo. I am sorry to say that, out of three or four pictures begun, he has not finished any, but he has painted and sold three or four lovely Dantesque water-colour drawings and written some lovely verses.

The Royal Commission has been nibbling at Cave Thomas and O'Neill, also at some others, after insulting some half-dozen men all much admired by themselves.

Hunt is getting on very well, and, I think, soon going to the East. Woolner, alas! is gone to the gold diggings, hoping to amass millions to carry on his art. Hannay has made great progress in station and employment, being now constantly employed for all the best periodical papers. Anthony has been very successful indeed, and now is in Ireland.

The immediate result of Madox Brown's having accompanied Woolner as far as Gravesend was the conception of the picture of the *Last of England*, and during the two years that followed a feeling of regret that he had not accompanied him still further to the Eldorado of the whole nation, crossed his mind frequently. His attempts to stave off these gloomy

thoughts by hard work did little more than increase the disorder, and in the end the gloominess of mind reacted upon his work.

One design for a picture that subsequently became of importance apart, the year's work was limited to the touching-up of studies, and even of these the number was somewhat meagre.[1] A somewhat curious essay that he made in the latter part of the year was the *Lithograph drawn from the Original Study for Windermere.* Chromo-lithography[2] was at that date by no means the vulgarised commercial process it subsequently became, and at every stage of his career Madox Brown took a lively, almost naïve, interest in the various improvements and refinements in mechanical reproductive processes. The present one would not seem to have afforded him much satisfaction. Of it only five copies were printed, and then the stone was rubbed out. Subsequently four of the lithographs were destroyed, the remaining one, after having been coloured in body colour, being presented some years subsequently to John Marshall, the surgeon. The rest of the year was occupied with work upon the picture of the *Last of England,* and upon the study of *St. Ives,* which was afterwards known as *Cromwell on his Farm.* Outside the studio things seemed no more propitious. The duplicate of *Wait-*

[1] See Appendix (list of works).

[2] One of our art-papers which has undertaken the revival of lithography has invented the more pleasant sounding name of 'auto-lithography' for the lithographs executed by the artist himself.

ing, exhibited at the Royal Academy, attracted no attention, and the year's sales were smaller than ever. McCracken alone remained a faithful purchaser to the extent of '10*l.* and a Danby.'

In the meantime Madox Brown's methods of living became still more solitary. Rossetti advises him, if he wishes to pursue his present habits, 'to get off Edgar's part in "King Lear," and when any one addresses you, answer "Fe, fi, fo, fum," which would be a quicker method of getting rid of everyone's society.' It was at this time that he set to work to write a 'Hogarthian sonnet sequence.' 'They have great excellencies,' Rossetti writes, 'but they also present a few obscurities, to which Browning would serve as a text-book only.'

From distant climes came letters from Mr. Holman Hunt, who was in Palestine; from Woolner, in the goldfields; or from Seddon, who was in Paris with 'Wappers, grown fat and unpoetical to a degree;' and Casey, 'marvellously blooming,' and other friends of Madox Brown's youth. Such letters filled Madox Brown with an ungratifiable desire to travel himself, perhaps to Damascus, 'a pile of luxury and delight, fountain, and courtyards, and cheap servants,' that Mr. Hunt wrote of.

The few friends who had time to 'get up to Hampstead,' a locality more difficult of attainment then than to-day, Madox Brown contrived, either accidentally or of set purpose, to miss. 'You seem

to have got quite out of reach—"pinnacled dim in the intense inane," as Shelley has it,' Rossetti writes to him in November.

It is, of course, impossible to recover any trace of the thoughts that arose in Madox Brown's mind during this period of gloom. He refers to it now and then in his later correspondence; compares it, indeed, to the time of religious depression in the life of Oliver Cromwell that he depicted in the picture of *Cromwell on his Farm.* During the period he must have mentally evolved the 'literary ideas' of that picture, of the *Last of England*, and of *Work*, which last alone is a monumental effort in the direction of the displaying of its own philosophy.

Thus the products of this time, whether we consider it as one of *Sturm und Drang*, or of 'temptation of the spirit,' such as Bunyan suffered, may be considered to justify themselves. The spectacle of a man holding himself apart from his fellows, and steeping himself in Carlyle and gloom, is, however, one capable of being burlesqued; the mood had, perhaps, its self-conscious side, and as such it must have appeared to Madox Brown's deserted companions a fit subject for the squibs of Rossetti in his buoyant moods.

Thus we have Rossetti's letter of November 25, with its suggestion of 'the intense inane.'

Some days before it was written, however, Madox Brown had gone to town to consult John Marshall concerning sundry hypochondriacal symptoms which

troubled his mind. On the 19th we have him writing to his wife that that distinguished surgeon had diagnosed his case as one of mere melancholia, having no connection with any of the mysterious brain or internal maladies that Madox Brown's imagination had conjured up.

Marshall prescribed an absolute change of scene, and for some weeks after that Madox Brown led a nomadic life, writing to his wife from Hendon, Highgate, or Blackfriars, where Rossetti then had his rooms.

The letters are full of details of inns and waiters and late 'buses missed, and the like minor mishaps. Another edict of the physician enjoined frequent visits to the play.

Mr. to Mrs. Madox Brown.

Seddon wants to know if he shall bring you home from Egypt a black boy and buttons, and begs to be kindly remembered. He saw Casey, whom [*sic*] he tells me was looking remarkably well and prosperous. He gave him my address, as he wished to write to me. At the Lyceum the other night I saw the piece mentioned in the 'Times' as the 'Bachelor of Arts,' but found it very common.

The other piece of Tom Taylor's, 'A Nice Firm,' about two lawyers and their blunders, was very good indeed; but I think Charles Mathews is getting worn out, and does not play with the verve he used to.

Wright played in two broad farces, and was capital, and, although I was in no laughing mood, made me laugh outright; but he is intensely vulgar, and, next to Keeley, the best of the mimic actors I know. He played in one piece in which he has a jealous wife, and his efforts to avoid giving her suspicion are most ludicrous and absurd, and, of course, operate against himself.

He dresses himself in most frightful fashion, and takes his best

clothes out with him in his lawyer's blue bag, and, of course, his wife gets it and shakes the parcel out of it. Then when any of the servants come in he makes signs to them if they say anything which he thinks liable to misconstruction. Of course his wife asks what they are making signs for. Then he bullies the fellow, and asks him what the meaning of his muttering is.

'Speak out,' he says, 'and don't stand muttering there.' Altogether he made the house roar with laughter.

Pray, dearest, write and let me know how Kate is, and be as loving as your last letter.

I am yours entirely, dearest Emma,

FORD MADOX BROWN.

Let me know if you had the two sovereigns and the silk safe.

It was not until the year was almost at its end that Madox Brown returned home. The change had not perhaps effected an absolute cure. Some of the sunshine of material prosperity was needed to drive away his gloomy thoughts. A certain tendency to exaggerated, almost incomprehensible, suspiciousness, that hardly ever deserted him, would seem to have been a legacy from that period of his life. But absolute 'melancholia' in its technically medical sense was a thing thenceforth unknown to him. Although never without a tendency to gloomy foreboding, he seems afterwards to have allayed it with a strain of pococurantism.'

1854 was another year of touchings-up and repaintings. The picture of *Work* was laid aside, that of the *Last of England* only worked at with that half-heartedness that the want of a commissioning purchaser sometimes engendered. Considering the

strikingly small recognition that had been, and was for some years to be, accorded to him, Madox Brown's output of work betokens wonderful perseverance. Although gigantic canvases like that of the *Chaucer* no longer filled his studio, the labour necessary for completing even the comparatively small one of the *Last of England* should not be under-estimated. But at this date a great deal of the energy that had carried him through such enormous works as the cartoons was expended.

One circumstance in connection with the delay in the completion of the *Last of England* should not be overlooked. It needed certain atmospheric effects; it had to be 'painted out of doors in grey, cold days,' and during a number of grey days rain would prevent painting altogether, and during others the right degree of coldness or of cloudiness was not present.

A great deal of the year was given to preparing work for a disastrous sale by auction which took place at Phillips' in July.

At this sale the picture of the *English Autumn Afternoon*, which had occupied three successive autumns in the painting, was knocked down for nine guineas. As regards the *Cordelia at the Bedside of Lear*, the artist's note runs: 'Four months' work on it at Finchley in 1854. Sold by auction at Phillips' for 15*l.* to J. P. Seddon. Had back in exchange for *St. Ives* and *Windermere*.'

The year saw the finishing of the *English Fireside*, of the cartoon of *Beauty*, begun in 1849, and of considerable alterations to the *Windermere*, as well as of first sketches for the *Last of England* and the *Parting of Cordelia from her Sisters*. The latter picture was destined to be unpainted. The design is identical with that of the etching in the 'Germ.'

At the Paris International Exhibition, of which Seddon had spoken in a letter of the preceding year, Madox Brown was represented by the *Chaucer* and the *English Fireside*, but their exhibition led to no results of any importance.

During the early days of February the Madox Browns moved from Hampstead to Grove Villas, in Finchley, but the change does not seem to have further benefited his spirits, and his circle remained as circumscribed as it before had been.

In May Rossetti writes, again upbraiding Madox Brown for his gloom of mind :—

> She sends her kind regards to you, and Emma, and Katey, both of whom I hope are all right, as well as what is left of you. But the intensely misanthropical state in which I found you last leads me to suspect that you may have been abolished by a general vote of your species. If so, I drop a tear to your memory, though your faults were many, your virtues few. I find I am still (trying to be)
>
> Yours affectionately,
>
> D. G. R.

And again :—

> I've been long 'meaning' Finchley, and shall turn up there (in an increased ratio of seediness) one of these days and make you crusty, and get crusty myself, about art, as usual.

In November Rossetti paid a somewhat prolonged visit to the family at Finchley, Brown sitting to him for the head of the drover in *Found*. About the same time Woolner returned and resumed his old friendship.

By that time Seddon had reached Egypt, and his letters, if not frequent, were lengthy and interesting :—

Old Hunt came to join me yesterday, for I have spent the principal part of the last two months in a tomb, just at the back of the Sphinx, away from all the petty evening bustle of an hotel. We began in a tent, but a week's experience showed that the tomb possessed in comfort what it lost in picturesqueness. It is a spacious apartment 25 feet by 14 feet and about 6 feet high. My end is matted, and I recline, dine, and sleep on a sumptuous divan consisting of a pair of iron trestles with two soft boards laid across them. . . . Since Hunt came I have not quite followed your advice, and have done no sketches here ; but at Jerusalem I intend to do so, and leave any parts which can be done in England to finish there. Poor Hunt is half bothered out of his life here in painting figures ; but, between ourselves, I think he is rather *exigeant* in expecting Arabs and Turks in this climate to sit still (standing) for six or eight hours. Don't tell anyone this, not even Rossetti. I think the thing is to be done easily if one were residing here and with patience. I hope both you and Emma are quite well, and the daughter. Remember me very kindly to them and to Rossetti, and send me a letter soon to Jerusalem, care of the Consul. . . .

If Mr. Holman Hunt was unsparing of his models and, presumably, of himself under the torrid Egyptian sky, Madox Brown, painting in the raw air 'to ensure the blue appearance that flesh assumes under such circumstances,' was almost more so. Indeed, it is remarkable that the artist contrived to hold his brush under the circumstances, and it is lamentably certain

that he sowed the seeds of subsequent illness by his conscientiousness in this direction.

For the subject of the *Last of England* I will again quote the Catalogue of the 1865 exhibition :—

This picture is, in the strictest sense, historical. It treats of the great emigration movement, which attained its culminating point in 1852. The educated are bound to their country by closer ties than the illiterate, whose chief consideration is food and physical comfort. I have therefore, in order to present the parting scene in its fullest tragic development, singled out a couple from the middle classes, high enough, through education and refinement, to appreciate all they are now giving up, and yet dignified enough in means to have to put up with the discomforts and humiliations incident to a vessel 'all one class.' The husband broods bitterly over blighted hopes, and severance from all he has been striving for. The young wife's grief is of a less cantankerous sort, probably confined to the sorrow of parting with a few friends of early years. The circle of her love moves with her.

The husband is shielding his wife from the sea spray with an umbrella. Next them, in the background, an honest family of the greengrocer kind, father (mother lost), eldest daughter and younger children, make the best of things with tobacco-pipe and apples, &c., &c. Still further back, a reprobate shakes his fist with curses at the land of his birth, as though that were answerable for *his* want of success ; his old mother reproves him for his foul-mouthed profanity, while a boon companion, with flushed countenance, and got up in nautical togs for the voyage, signifies drunken approbation. The cabbages slung round the stern of the vessel indicate, to the practised eye, a lengthy voyage ; but for this their introduction would be objectless. A cabin-boy, too used to 'laving his native land' to see occasion for much sentiment in it, is selecting vegetables for the dinner out of a boatful.

This picture, begun in 1852, was finished more than nine years ago (1855). To insure the peculiar look of *light all round* which objects have on a dull day at sea, it was painted for the most part in the open air on dull days, and, when the flesh was being painted,

'THE LAST OF ENGLAND'

(Painted 1855)

(From the picture in the Birmingham Gallery)

on cold days. Absolutely without regard to the art of any period or country, I have tried to render this scene as it would appear. The minuteness of detail which would be visible under such conditions of broad daylight I have thought necessary to imitate as bringing the pathos of the subject more home to the beholder.

This was the first picture of Madox Brown's to which anything approaching general praise was accorded. Several enthusiastic appreciations of it are among the artist's letters received at that date, and one of his correspondents, at least, embodied his letter in an article for the 'Oxford and Cambridge Magazine.' This was Mr. Vernon Lushington. More tangible appreciation, in the shape of a cheque for 150*l.*, came from 'Old White, the dealer, who sold it to Windus, who sold it by auction at Christie's for 341*l.* to Plint.' This must have been all the more cheering to Madox Brown since, just before this sale at Christie's, the prices fetched by the Pre-Raphaelite work owned by McCracken had been very far from encouraging.

The intermediate works of the year were the two landscapes of *On the Brent, near Hendon* and the *Hayfield.*

Regarding the former, little more comment is needed than that of the artist himself :—

Views near London so often become 'dissolving views' nowadays, that I can hardly affirm that this most romantic little river is not now arched over for 'sanitary purposes,' but ten years ago it presented this appearance, and, once embowered in the wooded hollows of its banks, the visitor might imagine himself a hundred miles away. As to the *Hayfield* : It was painted at Hendon late in the

summer of 1855. The stacking of the second crop of hay had been much delayed by rain, which heightened the green of the remaining grass, together with the brown of the hay. The consequence was an effect of unusual beauty of colour, making the hay, by contrast with the green grass, positively red or pink, under the glow of twilight here represented.

During this year, and that immediately succeeding it, Madox Brown lived in singularly unostentatious style at Grove End, Finchley. The neighbourhood was well adapted to his requirements ; not particularly difficult of access from town, and at the same time so far out towards the open country as to render such a paradise of leafage and verdure as Hendon then presented to the painter within a couple of miles' easy walk. If Hendon did not happen to afford the exact background that he desired, an easy stroll carried him well out into the home counties, where a day's painting was followed by a night at an inn.

An anecdote that he occasionally related had its origin on one of these expeditions, though one of much earlier date.

Into the bar of an inn, where Madox Brown, after the day's work, sat chatting with the host, a burly elderly man entered. He had all the air of an *habitué*, but spoke hardly at all, and then only upon indifferent subjects. After a time he took his candle and retired for the night.

On Madox Brown's inquiring the old gentleman's name, he was informed that it was also Brown, and that he was an artist, or something of the sort.

Turning the matter over in his mind, and ruminating over the artists of his acquaintance, Madox Brown remembered a story that was current at that day, that Turner had taken a house at Chelsea in order to be able to survey the fireworks at Cremorne Gardens without paying the shilling for entrance fee, and that amongst the watermen at the inns where he usually drank a glass of toddy Turner adopted the pseudonym of 'Old Brown.' [1]

Under these circumstances, the features of the Brown who had just passed from the room began to form themselves into those of the great R.A. as they remained in Madox Brown's mind from the portraits he had seen. On inquiring more closely into the habits of his namesake, Madox Brown learnt that it was the other Brown's habit to be called at the very break of day, and then to make a sortie from the inn with a large roll of cartridge-paper under his arm, after which he disappeared from the ken of the innkeeper. With almost pardonable curiosity Madox Brown determined to ascertain from personal observation as much as he could of the movements of the other Brown.

He arose betimes, not until the other had already gone out of the inn, but, tracing him circumspectly, he saw him seated on the dewy ground in front of an

[1] I give the story as Madox Brown told it. 'Puggy Booth' might be nearer the mark, and the house at Chelsea may have been hired with other views.

open gateway, through which a large herd of cows was being driven.

On the large sheet of paper, placed flat before him on the ground, Turner was making what Madox Brown styled 'extraordinary, hieroglyphic, shorthand notes' of the cows as they passed.

'What's more,' he would say, 'he was holding the pencil in his fists, downwards, as if it was a dagger, instead of in his fingers, as anyone else would have done.'

CHAPTER VII

1856

Gloominess of Madox Brown's financial outlook—Driven to pot-boiling—Works in hand—*Work*, *Stages of Cruelty*, and *Cromwell on his Farm*—Reasons for Madox Brown's unsuccess—Letter from Thomas Woolner—Madox Brown's circle—The Liverpool Academy—Letter from B. G. Windus—Letter from Mr. Plint about *Work*—Rossetti at that date—Mrs. Hueffer's reminiscences—Madox Brown's diary—A visit from 'Old White' the dealer—The 'manufacture of callow-types (*sic*) enlarged'—Rossetti's work in hand described—Drawing from a dead body—Hunt's *Christ in the Temple*—Millais' *Autumn Leaves* and the *Blind Girl*—Woolner's *Tennyson*—Appreciation of Rossetti's generosity—Royal Academy Exhibition—Hunt's *Scapegoat*—Localising Lord John Russell—Visit to St. Ives—Cromwell's county—His branding iron—Fresh subjects for pictures—Out-door work—W. B. Scott's 'Table-talk'—Alterations in *Christ and Peter*—Painting lilac leaves—'Dining at Hunt's'—An Academic model—Woolner's anecdotes—William Morris—*Christ and Peter* finished—Woolner's *Bacon*—Suggesting alterations—Praise of Rossetti—*Christ and Peter* gains Liverpool prize—Visit to Liverpool—Peter Miller—William Davis, of Liverpool—Visit to Browning—Browning's anecdotes—Carlyle's Music, &c.—Rossetti's five minutes—First appearance of gout—Mr. Plint—Commission for *Work*.

DURING this year and the two years immediately following it I have been able to avail myself of the diary of Madox Brown. Whether unposted or subsequently destroyed it remains a three-year fragment. I propose, therefore, after a rapid sketch of the year, to cite it almost *in extenso*.

The year opened somewhat gloomily for Madox Brown's professional, or, rather, financial prospects. His important works being laid aside for want of patrons, his only purchaser was the dealer named White, whose purchases were small and disbursements parsimonious. Of his private property there remained little save a life-rent of some 30*l.* yearly.

Thus, with indigence, if not with absolute poverty, staring him in the face, he was forced to resort to the aid of the avowed 'pot-boiler.' This consisted of 'helping at Messrs. Dickinson's portrait manufactory from callowtypes (*sic*) enlarged.'

The work was not actually degrading. Madox Brown's part was to 'pull the pictures together,' another artist doing the actual enlarging; and even in this species of work Madox Brown's individuality insisted upon recognition, if not approval, as was the case with the portrait of Lord John Russell, to which reference is made in the diary. The portraits were mostly presentation or memorial pictures, the individuals represented being either dead or too busy to sit to the artist. Many of them were people of considerable eminence, but that fact rendered the work by no means less distasteful. At the moment, however, he had no other resource.

His *magnum opus*, *Work*, was a picture calling for too much labour to be set out upon uncommissioned, and, having got it once on the easel, he was constrained to leave it for the time.

The same may be said of *Stages of Cruelty*, which, being laid by in this year, was not completed until 1891. This may be called Madox Brown's most Pre-Raphaelite work; individuality of the presentment of the subject, minuteness of finish, and absolute truth to Nature are forced to the uttermost. As will be seen in the diary, an enormous amount of work was expended on the painting of the lilac leaves, of which there are some hundred, each one carefully reproduced in the most minute detail. But the picture was severe and constrained in spite of its purposely sentimental subject, and the subject militated against its success among the purchasers of historic pictures. Thus it remained unfinished and unsold for thirty-five years, a monument of severe handling and patience. In the year 1891 it was commissioned and finished, a certain romance being to be found in the fact that the head of the little girl in the picture which had been commenced as a portrait of the artist's own daughter was completed as that of her child.

The most important and perhaps most characteristic picture of the year was that known as *St. Ives*, or *Cromwell on his Farm*, which had been commenced at Hendon three years before, and which has already been referred to. This, however, also remained unsold.

Admirers, and still more purchasers, of Pre-Raphaelite works were at that date few and far between, and Madox Brown's work of that date was altogether

Pre-Raphaelite. A quality even more disastrous, financially speaking, was his attitude of reserve and dislike of anything savouring of *réclame*. I quote from a letter of Woolner's of September the following apposite remarks (as will be seen, Woolner has been trying to procure a commission for Madox Brown):—

My dear F. M.,— . . . I saw Sir Charles Nicholson this morning, and, Ichabod ! Ichabod ! I asked if he had decided upon who should paint his portrait, and he said it was already half done. Some dreadful man named Philips has the job. The enemy triumphs once more. It appears that some friend of Nicholson's knew Philips, and strongly urged him to patronise that artist as a rising young man. Thus, you see, it is a mere matter of having been known to Nicholson's friends ; and I am convinced, unless an artist go somewhat into society, he can never get the opportunity to develop himself, the more particularly with a superior man, as his notions will be so much above the average comprehension. I think one owes something to himself in way of personal dignity, but I also think he owes something to himself and posterity, and should sacrifice himself a little and conform to what he knows (to be) trifling and paltry in itself for sake of the advantages he will derive in being able to unfold what is in him. To unfold what is in him is a man's first duty, and if he have to walk through miry ways to reach his goal, the fault is with those who made the ways foul, not with the traveller whose work is another kind. I am the last to find fault with one who joins not in the maypole dance of fashion, still I think to neglect anything that will help to bring forth the riches God has given a man will not leave him altogether guiltless. And what you should do is to live in London, some central place, and mix to some degree in society, even though it may be disastrous to you ; and in a year or two, if you looked back upon the difference between the now and the past, you yourself would be more astonished than any other person would be. This is the most valuable lecture you have had for years. I am glad to give it to you

in revenge for having found no holes to pick in your picture on Sunday, and therefore poke points into your daily life.

Ever yours,

THOMAS WOOLNER.

As may be gathered from Woolner's letter, Madox Brown's method of living had altered very little during four or five years. He still lived in an almost unattainable suburb, and, although he did not actually withdraw himself from all society, he saw hardly anybody who was not immediately connected with the artistic 'set' with whom he was intimate. These intimates were, first and foremost, the brothers Rossetti; in a lesser degree the Pre-Raphaelites Hunt, Woolner, Millais, and Stephens. These, with the addition of the brothers Seddon, Mark Anthony, the Dickinsons, Cave Thomas, and the distinguished surgeon, John Marshall, all of them friends of Tudor Lodge days, may be said to have made up the circle.

Such society, although more than adequate to stave off attacks of melancholia, did not introduce him into the moneyed class among which picture-buyers are to be found. Nevertheless, in spite of every one's advice, Madox Brown persisted in his method of living; and although, as greater prosperity came to him, his circle grew and he moved to Fitzroy Square, his friends remained chiefly members of the intellectual classes. At no period of his life was he a 'diner-out' or a frequenter of the fashionable drawing-rooms

which form the Tom Tiddler's ground of so many successful artists.

In September the first public recognition of Madox Brown's work was accorded, when the Liverpool Academy conferred its prize upon the picture of *Jesus Washes Peter's Feet*. This honour was the more valuable as coming from a body constituted entirely of artists, in which it differed from most provincial academies, which need, as a rule, the support of unprofessional moneyed men in their ranks. In a letter to D. G. Rossetti, which Rossetti forwarded to Madox Brown, W. L. Windus, the painter of *Burd Helen*, says :—

I have not sent it (*Burd Helen*) to the Liverpool Exhibition, as I heard there was an intention to write it down in the local press, which, although powerless for good in matters of art, possesses peculiarly the faculty of annoyance and irritation, and remarkable skill in discovering and rubbing upon tender places. My being a member of the Liverpool Academy, and, as such, one of the awarders of the prize, precludes me from being a candidate for it ; but had it been otherwise, I should not for a moment have thought of contending against such a picture as either of Mr. Madox Brown's. The *Last of England* is a noble picture, and would certainly have gained the prize had he not sent the *Christ and Peter*, or, probably, if the latter picture had not arrived at the last moment and carried us away by its simple grandeur and energetic colour. I am greatly delighted, as one of the few who have fought the good fight (this expression has scarcely been metaphorical) for Pre-Raphaelitism, by your and Mr. Holman Hunt's recognition of our efforts.

We have succeeded thus far, but more by our enthusiasm in the cause than by our numbers, and we require all the assistance that the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers can give by sending us pictures to maintain our position. You may judge how closely we are run in

the contest by the fact that the loss of my vote by my absence in Scotland last year was the reason of Millais' picture of the *Rescue* not getting the prize.

The comments of the local press upon the selection of the Academy were even more hostile than they would probably have been had the choice lighted on *Burd Helen*; and when, in the following year, their prize was awarded to Millais' *Blind Girl*, the battle spread further even than the local papers.

In the 'Athenæum' it was stated that the Liverpool Academy had purchased Pre-Raphaelite works, and merely awarded the prize to works of the same school in order to raise the value of their own possessions. This, it is needless to say, was a quite unfounded statement. But, although the calumny was confuted by letters from William Rossetti and Vernon Lushington, the Corporation of the city on these grounds determined to, and did, deprive the Academy of its grant from the city funds. In spite of this the Academy next year awarded the prize to Madox Brown's picture of *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.* Apart from the pleasure, the solid gain, and the congratulation of friends, the immediate result of the first-mentioned prize was the long-desired commission for the completion of the picture of *Work*.

This commission, which came in a letter dated November 17, and following a conversation of the preceding day, has a certain pathetic interest attaching to it. Plint, the giver of it, in addition to being one

of the earliest of a series of munificent patrons of Madox Brown, and indeed of the group, was a man of an earnest and religious turn of mind. He looked upon the picture as destined to effect an important moral, almost more than an artistic, revolution of thought. The closing words of his letter are: 'I hope we may both, in God's mercy, be spared to see it happily finished,' and he awaited its conclusion with anxiety, but was never destined to see it finished, dying almost two years before its completion. He entered very fully into the spirit of the work, and his letters are full of anxious queries and suggestions about its progress. I will cite one passage, interesting as showing how the idea contained in it was carried out :—

Nov. 24, 1856.

My dear Sir,—I have your most interesting letter. Could you introduce *both* Carlyle and *Kingsley*, and change one of the four *fashionable* young ladies into a *quiet*, *earnest*, *holy*-looking one, with a book or two and *tracts*? I want *this* put in, for I am much interested in *this* work myself, and know those who are. Now I wish you to be fully satisfied in your *own mind*. Think this matter over, and excuse me asking you

About the same time D. G. Rossetti was in the habit of coming daily to Finchley and working in Madox Brown's studio, a fact that exercised a very enlivening influence on Madox Brown himself. Rossetti was at that time, and indeed for many years after, a most excellent companion, with absolutely none of the affected æstheticism which is popularly laid to the charge

of members of the Brotherhood. His personality and tone of mind were singularly virile, if by no means wanting in idiosyncratic turns and twists.

Mrs. Hueffer, who was at the time sitting for the child in the picture of *Stages of Cruelty*, relates that whilst standing before his easel in the silence of the studio he passed the time uttering over and over again the words, 'Guggum, Guggum'—a pet name for Miss Siddall. His introduction to Mrs. Hueffer was, however, not calculated to give her a prejudice in his favour, for she relates that whilst walking in the garden she was startled by seeing a singularly hideous face peering at her through the glass door of the studio. This was Rossetti, whose powers of contriving amusement for a child do not seem in this matter to have equalled his control of the organs of his face. His recipe for the cure of nettle-stings, by rubbing them with loaf-sugar, did not raise him in her esteem for the moment, but his companionship, in addition to the commission for the picture of *Work*, rendered Madox Brown's outlook on life far more hopeful at the end than at the beginning of the year.

Having touched upon these one or two points, which the diary leaves somewhat doubtfully defined, I will proceed to quote it at length.

Madox Brown's Diary, 1856.

'*January 27th.*—. . . For want of a book I have omitted entries since the 6th inst. During this time I

have worked two whole weeks at the reduction of *King Lear*, besides one evening, also one morning, also one good day at the *Hayfield*. On Monday, White[1] called, but did not like the latter—said the hay was pink, and he had never seen such. He seemed doubtful about the *Lear*, said he would call again in a few days if I would make Kent's head and one of the officers' and Cordelia's hands less red. He did not seem to have his wonted *élan*, but ended by taking the pencil *King Lear* for 6*l.* 6*s.*, minus 25 per cent., which I always allow him on the price. I succeeded in taking him to see Tom Seddon's picture. He liked it very much but did not buy. After this he had not time to go to Woolner's, as he promised me ; moreover, he did not pay for the *Chaucer* picture, 45*l.* of which still owing he was to have paid on receiving it from Paris.

'*Tuesday.*—I did what he wished to the *King Lear*, and after called on the Rossettis, having a mind to try if Maria would undertake Lucy's[2] education instead of sending her to school. The room was too full to talk, and Bill,[3] with a man named Clayton, jawed so nauseously about Ruskin and art, that I felt quite disgusted and said nothing. On Wednesday, as I was debating what to begin, Robert Dickinson came in, and proposed that I should help at the manufactory of callowtypes (*sic*) enlarged, three days per week at one guinea a day, to be done at Lowes D.'s studio.

[1] The picture dealer. [2] His daughter's. [3] W. M. Rossetti.

I said I would think it over, and in the evening called on Lowes, and am to begin on Monday, to-morrow.

'*Thursday.*—White came, and after much moaning over my brick-dusty colour, took off *King Lear* for 20*l.*, also the study for the head of the Black Prince, which I painted in 1848 from Maitland, in sunlight (indoors). The face was done in half an hour, the hair and cap, from the wig of the lay figure, took, I think, two days; I afterwards worked on it about one hour at Hampstead in 1852, after it had been kicking about four years. For this he gave me also 6*l.* 6*s.*, minus quarter discount. Then he would have Rossetti's *Lovers on the Battlement*, which he painted in two evenings at W. B. Scott's, at Newcastle. I took it in lieu of a debt of 5*l.* 8*s.* At first I demurred at parting with it, but White offered 10*l.* and insisted, so I went off to Rossetti's, and told him if he had no objection I would part with it, paying him over 5*l.* and keeping the five for which I took it. He agreed, nothing loth to the five pun, but generously insisted that I should keep it in part payment of the 15*l.* he owed me, which I rejoined that I certainly would; so I took it to Old White, who requested me to call again in ten minutes, which I did, but then found Barlow, the engraver, there, so, after an hour's jaw, I left to dine with Gabriel off a lobster. He is at work on two drawings in water; as usual, both threaten to be admirable. One is a monkish missal-painter at work on his knees in his cell. A boy behind is teasing a cat

which has nestled itself among the folds of his habit, he having been so long motionless at his work. The other is a ladye and a knight praying before an altar. He offers his sword, and she fixes her sleeve on his basnet. Overhead, in the distance, is seen a "blacke tower," and beside it a blacke knight, mounted, waiting with his lance in rest for the combat. These two together form an admirable picture of the world of our fathers with its chief characteristics—religion, art, chivalry, and love. His forte, and he seems now to have found it out, is to be a lyrical painter and poet, and certainly a glorious one.

'*Friday*.—I called on White by appointment, but he was out, so I came home and set to work to think over my Christmas subject, which, along with *Cromwell on his Farm*, I have decided are to be my works for the next thirteen months. I forget whether I have mentioned as yet about this subject. It occurred to me on Christmas eve, as we were putting up holly in the parlour (or drawing-room) for——'

At this point four pages of the diary are mutilated, having been torn down the centre, so as to leave only half lines. From these I have been able to gather that the picture, which was never executed, was to have represented Mrs. Madox Brown seated in a chair surrounded by her children, who have just been admitted through the folding-doors of the drawing-room.

There are also fragments of a description of *Cromwell on his Farm*, but the words are too disjointed to

be very comprehensible. The next entry after the gap is on February 14.

'To Dickinson again. Painted at the chair, bonnet, and shawls. Came home and went with Emma[1] to the Rossettis to dine. After dinner we definitely agreed about Lucy. Mrs. R. consented to take 40*l.* per annum—a blessed thing for Lucy.[2]

'15*th.*—To Lowes D.'s before ten; the shawl and part of the "trenches before Sevastopol."

'16*th.*—The same. Painted lot of sandbags, two men, and a great gun. Gabriel off with Lowes to divers exhibitions. At dinner Gabriel called and stopped till 2 A.M.

'18*th.*—Somehow the day wasted, perhaps I worked a little at *Cromwell.* After play tickets, but was too late. In the evening Seddon and Fred Warren came to discuss the affairs of the North London School. As I would be glad to hit "low" the scoundrel——, I agreed to be on the committee again, if it were remodelled and the school rescued from the throttling grasp of Government.

'19*th.*—All day after the tickets for the Princess's Theatre. In the evening went there to the dress circle with Emma, and the two children, and William Rossetti; Gabriel, who had chiefly made up the party, decided that he could not go because he must go

[1] Mrs. Madox Brown.

[2] It is to be said that this sum was only the equivalent of the child's board, Mrs. Rossetti refusing to receive any payment for her instruction.

again that night to see a certain stunner. Katty, after the play, told William, who was alluding to the angels in Henry VIII., "that she once saw some real angels up in the sky."'

'*March 3rd.*—In the evening went with Emma to the Strand Theatre to see Miss Herbert, a discovery of D. G. Rossetti. She is lovely.

'*4th.*—Came home and found Dalziel here with a note from Rossetti. Wants me to do him a *Prisoner of Chillon* on wood. I will this evening.

'*5th.*—Called on Dalziel and saw Millais' woodcuts for Tennyson; they seemed to me admirable.

'*6th.*—Took a holiday—called on Gabriel with Emma. I saw a lot of his works gathered there from Ruskin's and others, as a bait to induce Old White to come and buy his works. We started Emma back and off to White's, where the plan (which I had devised) took perfectly. Rossetti told him that there were some drawings of his which he had finished for Ruskin and others, so White said he should very much wish to see them before they went, so he is to go. I believe Seddon wishes me to dine with him to meet Hunt and Rossetti. I half promised, but won't. He has taken the member for Cardiff to see Rossetti, and the altar-piece[1] turns out a fine thing for them. In the evening I designed but could do absolutely nothing, I kept thinking of Gilbert and his great facility. . . .

'*8th.*—At Lowes' again, repainting things Thomas

[1] For Llandaff Cathedral.

"The Prisoners of Chillon." 1856.

has done, to fit them for the snow effect. The worst of it is, people cannot be kept out of the studio, and so everyone will know I am daubing for them, which is horrid. Oh, money!

'13*th*.—Out shopping; then to University Hospital to ask John Marshall about a dead body. He got me one that will just do. It was in the vault under the dissecting-room. When I saw it first, what with the dim light, the brown and parchment-like appearance of it, and the shaven head, I took it for a wooden imitation of the thing. Often as I have seen horrors, I really did not remember how hideous the shell of a poor creature may remain when the spirit is fled. Yet we both, in our joy at the attainment of what we sought, declared it to be lovely, and a splendid corpse. Marshall really loves a thing of the kind. Home again by five in the evening—Bill, Anthony, Rossetti, and Stephens, also Seddon. All conversation seems used up, no more the genial flow of soul as in youth. How inferior middle-aged people seem!

'14*th*.—To the University till half-past ten. Got on quite merrily, and finished it two hours before it was obligate on me. As I was going, met Marshall, who could not keep away from the sweets of the charnel-house.

'15*th*.—Up late; to work about one till half-past three, then to see Stephens, and Hunt, and Halliday. Stephens' picture a progress evidently. Hunt's are, without doubt, the finest he has done yet. The *Christ*

in the Temple is one of the grandest works of modern times, and the *Lanthorn-maker* also is a lovely little work, but ill-drawn. Hunt has at length decided against private exhibiting again, so that is all knocked on the head after so much jaw. I don't know what to do. . . .

'*April 11th.*—. . . . I had an interview with Windus at White's, where it was decided not to send the *Emigrants*[1] to the Royal Academy. I have seen Rossetti's last drawing—*Love showing Dante Beatrice dead, in a Vision*—the finest he has yet done. I saw Millais' picture of the year, *Autumn Leaves*—the finest in painting and colour *he* has yet done, but the subject somewhat without purpose, and looking like portraits. He was in a very excited state, bullied Inchbold in earnest for looking at them disrespectfully—he, a young man. Inchbold, it seems, *was* very cheeky; Leward in a state of awe; Millais abusing everyone; Hunt, because he has waited his time (this was to Lowes); Rossetti, for getting an immense reputation, and having done nothing to deserve it; and me for not sending to the Royal Academy. What could anyone say against the Royal Academy? (this was to Seddon). His large picture is, I believe, sold to Miller *for a thousand guineas.* I don't like it much; the subject is stupidish and the colour bad, but some of the expressions beautiful and lovely parts. . . . The *Blind Girl* is altogether the finest subject—a religious picture and

[1] *Last of England.*

a glorious one. It is a pity he has so scamped the execution.[1] Woolner's bust of Tennyson is fine, but hard and disagreeable. Somehow there is a hitch in Woolner as a sculptor. The capabilities for execution do not go with his intellect.

'*Wednesday.*—I finished the drawing on wood of the *Prisoner of Chillon* . . . Robert D. wished me to go and see the portrait of Colonel de Bathe at Bond Street, where he had some alterations to suggest; and what should I see but the picture all daubed over with water-colour and pieces of newspaper stuck over it to get the proper effect with gradations and focus, &c. He wished me to alter it all according to his plan. I saw Millais again at Leward's on Monday. He showed me proofs of a dozen woodcuts he had done, most of them very beautifully drawn and full of beauties, but scarcely illustrations to Tennyson. He proposed that he should get Moxon to give me some to do, but this proposition was forgotten unfortunately. I found he was adverse to going to Rossetti's. He first said R. had shown him nothing for three years, and he thought did not want him to go. However, I got him to go to Chatham Place with me, and certainly I never witnessed a mortal man more delighted than he was with these admirable drawings, the last one particularly; also the *Francesca* one and the two lovers, set to two notes of music, regardless of rhyme or reason. He kept returning from one to the

[1] This is, I suppose, a P.R.'s objection.

other, and bursting into such raptures as only Millais can.

'*Monday*, 21*st*.—Directed Seddon nearly all the morning—then out with Emma. Called on Dalziel, who had sent me a cheque for 8*l*. Found that he wished me to put a slashed sleeve on the arm of the prisoner, to give him a more mediæval look. I worked at the block in consequence, but I think harmed it.

'*Wednesday*, 23*rd*.—Painted all day at Seddon's sky in the Pyramids. A rash thing, but I believe I did it some good, if on drying it does not spoil itself. Altogether, I think I have made him improve the general colour of the picture.

'*Thursday*, 24*th*.—To the Crystal Palace with Emma. Met, by appointment, Tom Seddon and Gabriel, and well looked at the tracings from Giotto, which, as I had seen the works in Italy, seemed to me very bad. However, they are glorious pictures. The kiss of Judas, the Virgin Mary, and the dead Christ strike me as the most complete in expression.

'*Saturday*, 26*th*.— . . . . . To-day I have bought ten penny cakes of water-colour, and have been all day and this evening colouring the pencil-drawing of *Cromwell*. It does *not* look well in its present state.

'*Monday*.—With J. Millais to the Royal Academy. He said he supposed the reason of Hunt's success was that before doing anything whatever he always held a sort of little council with himself, in accordance with

which he acted. This is very true, I believe. Millais is, on the contrary, the creature of impulse.

'*Wednesday*, *May* 14*th*.—Miss Siddall came here and stayed the night, and next day to Miss Siddall's, where, going along, met with Gabriel, who came thinking to find her here. It appears (from some freak or notion in his head that Emma sets Miss Siddall against him) he did not speak one word to Emma, either how d'ye do or good-bye. I did not notice this, but on Emma's telling me about it next day, I thought it would not do to put up with this, so wrote to him asking for an explanation, which is yet not come to hand. I put this down, not from any wish to be always giving the unpleasant side of him, but because I think him, as I hope it sufficiently appears in this diary, so great an artist that anything tending to give a correct insight into his character is, as it were, public property, and should not be withheld, but I will give some of the bright side here on this page to balance with.

'No one ever perhaps showed such a vehement disposition to proclaim any real merit if he thinks he discovers it in an unknown or rising artist. A picture in the Suffolk Street (exhibition) of a butcher boy, by I forget whom, struck him as good, and he not only tried to get Ruskin and Boyce to purchase it, but got Dallas to give it a good notice in the "Times," and would have done the Lord knows what for the man had it been in his power. The picture sold, owing, most likely, to his disinterested praise of it to Dallas. Again,

the picture by Windus now in the Royal Academy. He forced Ruskin to go with him to see it instanter, because he had not noticed it in his pamphlet, and extorted the promise of a postscript on its behalf. He would have made Boyce purchase it, but it proved to be sold. I could narrate a hundred instances of the most noble and disinterested conduct towards his art-rivals,[1] which places him far above (others) in his greatness of soul, and yet he will, on the most trivial occasion, hate and backbite anyone who gives him offence. The dislike he has taken to Emma is most absurd, and all on the grounds that she puts Miss Siddall up to being discontented with him, which she does not, for poor Miss Sid. complains enough of his absurd goings on not to require that sort of thing. In short, Emma was his very good friend till this sort of brutish conduct the other night, which it is difficult to overlook. Woolner was here to-night, and has brought me one of the two side groups of his Wordsworth sketch: *The Father Curbing the Passions of the Boy.* It is admirable, as a design for sculpture, beyond most modern works.

'*Sunday.*—Gabriel sent a letter of apology, and in the evening came with Miss Siddall.

'*Monday.*—Worked two hours at Lord,[2] and then took it home in a cab. Left Emma at Miss Sid.'s,

[1] An instance of this is to be found in Mr. Skelton's *Table Talk of Shirley.* In one of Rossetti's letters there published we find him enthusiastic in praise of Madox Brown's exhibition.

[2] A portrait of Lord John Russell.

and off solus to the Royal Academy. Went over it all, catalogue in hand, from No. 1 to the end. Very little good but three historical works, and they not very good—Leighton,[1] Cross, and Thomas. Hunt[2] and Millais[3] unrivalled except by Hook,[4] who, for colour and indescribable charm, is pre-eminent, even to hugging him in one's arms. A perfect poem is each of his little pictures. Millais' looks ten times better than in his room, owing to contrast with surrounding badness. Hunt's *Scapegoat* requires to be seen to be believed in. Only then can it be understood how, by the might of genius, out of an old goat, and some saline incrustations, can be made one of the most tragic and impressive works in the annals of art. In pictorial composition the work sins, however, the goat being right in the middle of the canvas, and the two sides repeating each other too much, which is always painful, and gives a studied appearance, a defect arising from the lack of study. The background also is, at present, hard in colour, and eats up the foreground. Millais' *Blind Girl* looked splendid. There is a little landscape by Davis, of Liverpool, of some leafless trees and some ducks, which is perfection. I do not remember ever having seen such an English landscape; it is far too good to be understood, and is on the floor. Supped at Guggum's. Gabriel has given

[1] The late President's *Triumph of Music.*
[2] *The Scapegoat.* [3] *Sir Isumbras at the Ford.*
[4] *Brambles in the Way*, *Welcome Bonny Boat*, &c.

three guineas for a superb Indian opera cloak, and they are for the Princess's, to sport her and it on Saturday.

'*Saturday.*—Out with Emma shopping; spent lot of tin. Met Robert Dickinson, in a way about Lord John, because I had made him sitting in a room. Everyone asks why and where he is sitting? and that it ought to be a generalised place. I told him I could not paint such, I never could. Came home and felt ill. Read Macaulay. I love Dutch William.

'*Sunday.*—Emma went to church with Lucy, looking like an angel in her new bonnet. I worked again at *Cromwell*, and in the evening to Woolner's, where I met Patmore and Allingham (intellect keen and cutting). . . .

'*Thursday, July 5th.*—Started for Huntingdon at two, to see the Cromwell localities. Saw the entry of his baptism when he was a small squalling baby and helpless. Lunched on bread and cheese and ale, and a pleasant walk to St. Ives through the field near the Ouse, on a lovely afternoon. Met a man lounging near the Ouse who was intelligent and obliging, and took me to the divers localities in the place. Slepe Hall has been pulled down, alas! but the farm where his men used to reside, most likely, exists—at least a house, or rather two, stand there, of modern build, with a noble buttressed barn of the period. There is also another "Cromwell" barn still older, but not so likely to have been his. This gentleman told me

his former partner was the farmer who still used Cromwell's branding iron to brand his sheep. He made me a drawing of it; it is thus: . This being used with hot pitch, is it possible that the iron might have lasted 200 years? Carlyle is evidently mistaken about the Cromwell fields, which he places to the south-east of the town, between it and the Ouse. This gentleman, who was well versed in the topography of the place, said that this part never belonged to Slepe Manor at all. Before Cromwell's time, and even to the present moment (they) were and are the property of another family. Slepe Manor, the fields which Oliver had, went round from Slepe Hall, which was on the N.E. of the town, and so right round to the N. bank of the river. I slept at the Commercial Inn, and next morning went to the farm and explored the land, but found that Huntingdon could not by any possibility be seen from St. Ives, and now certainly not on account of the growth of trees. Carlyle speaks much of the willow and alder; in reality, but for a good many of the former the scenery is much like any other, although more level than usual in England. However, to destroy this *levelling* tendency there is right between Cromwell's farm and Huntingdon a good-sized slope or hillock, which they term the Hough, which tends much to counteract the impression of flatness. The view of St. Ives from the Hough is very sweet and pictorial. The river, with

the picturesque old bridge (with house amidway on it), combine, with the church and a large factory shaft, to form a scene such as Turner has so often depicted with satisfaction to himself and others, of old England and new England combined. Behind all is the fen country stretching away into blue mist with Dutch-like suavity and breadth.

'I went to the farm, but the gentleman was away, and the stupid servant knew nothing, but sent me to a woman in the next house, who took me through the dungyard to find her husband; but after bawling for him in vain, left me to wait for him. As nothing of him appeared except some inarticulate human grunting from an outhouse outside of which two old sows were running about in a terribly perturbed state, uttering fearful squalls, which were replied to by unutterable squeakings from within, I made bold to open the door, when out rushed, furious as an old boar, my man. A most hideous looking fellow he was—all boils, like Job, and very bloody, with a knife in his mouth. He was, it would seem, slaughtering young pigs, and I had disturbed him at his art, for which he would appear to be an enthusiast. I left him and strolled over the ground, and secured a slight sketch of the barn, and then off by rail to Cambridge. There, wandered much about, but found my money running short, and the sight of so much wealth and comfort made me sulky by comparison. So I took no guide nor asked any questions, but came home.

'*Thursday, June 19th.*—Out to Old White's, who had sent for the sketch to see and show to Windus. The result was, that instead of buying it, he strongly recommended me not to paint it. Nothing that I do seems to please him now. I came home and debated what I was to do. By Friday night I settled upon two fresh subjects. One—in the garden, a young lady seated on the wall working, and a youth's head just visible on the far side, to be called *Stolen Pleasures are Sweet.*[1] The other—in my conservatory, with the beautiful vine in it—three figures—to be called *How it was.* A youth, quite a boy, home from the Crimea, with but one arm, narrating to a poor young widow "how it was," and a young girl, his sister, hugging him.

'*Saturday, 21st.*—After some bother and delays, began by three and worked till eight at the garden one; painted eight bricks and some leaves.

'*Monday, 23rd.*—Up at nine, to work by eleven, having fitted up my tent in the garden, for I find one thing very necessary when painting out of doors, and that is to shade off the too great light that falls on one's work, otherwise, when brought indoors, it looks flat and colourless, the colours showing more bright in the open air. Painted lilac leaves till four o'clock dinner, then toothache on the sofa till six, then work till seven, and toothache drove me in.

'*28th.*—W. B. Scott called. Talked about the heat making one feel like in Paradise; then about the

[1] Afterwards *Stages of Cruelty.*

changes that had come over him in twenty years, since the time when he believed in the efficacy of reason, the perfectibility of woman, and Mary Woolstonecraft. In the evening Woolner called, and told me about poor Howe reduced to beggary literally. . . .

'29*th.*—Cogitated over my *Christ and Peter*; decided on nothing.

'30*th.*—I made a list of what days then remained till the Liverpool Academy on a piece of paper, and allowing time to finish the leaves, which *must* be done (otherwise they would fade), I decided that I had time to clothe the Christ, then that His legs were of no use, then that it was a pity to scrape them out as they were good; so I cut them out, the picture being already lined, glued in a piece of canvas, and puttied it up.

'*July* 6*th.*—To church with Lucy; then worked at Peter's green mantle, improving the colour, for since 1851–2 I have improved at that, but Hunt, and Woolner, and William came in and stopped me. They two went off to Browning's, and Hunt stayed and told me about the B—— of Jerusalem, who seems to be one of the meanest scoundrels not yet in h——; then about his sale of the *Scapegoat* to White for 450 guineas at three months' date. . . . Painted at Peter's cloak till dinner; then the leaves. At eight last night I set to work on the proof of Dalziel's *Prisoner of Chillon*, and worked till three at it.

'9*th.*—Finished Peter's cloak; then scraped the

STUDY FOR "STAGES OF CRUELTY." 1856.
(Catherine Madox Brown.)
(*From original in possession of the writer.*)

leaves with razor and set them to rights *from feeling* indoors, then out at them again.

'10*th.*—Set the lay figure among the leaves, to paint those which touch the figure, and went on with it.

'11*th.*—Bad toothache at night. Began work. Found the lay figure would wet, as it rained, and if required for many days might be much deteriorated, so made a substitute out of a child's chair and some old cushions, with the head of the lay figure. This does quite as well, and remains on the wall.

'18*th.*—The leaves again.

'*Saturday*, 19*th.*—A great deal of trouble in arranging the leaves at the side of the head, pinning on fresh ones where they are blighted, and placing the branches where they are pressed to one side.

'*Sunday*, 20*th.*—Church with Lucy; worked at designing the two lovers from self and Lucy in a glass, Lucy being atop of the piano.

'24*th.*—The leaves again; a bad day's work. I don't know why, but I feel restless and unhappy. Christina Rossetti called; she is reading Carlyle with her mother. Tom Seddon called with his little picture to show me. This evening wrote Hunt, who has been sent away to Hastings with Syrian fever. Poor fellow! he works too hard.

'*Monday*, 28*th.*—Seddon took me away to Hunt's, to go boating, by agreement; but dinner was laid, and Hunt made no mention of the boat, and Seddon was

afraid to remind him. Saw Hunt's *Lanthorn Maker*, which is lovely colour and one of the best he has painted, but, like much he has done of late, very quaint in drawing and composition, but admirably painted. —— was there, looking most syren-like. Hunt went off to put her on board the boat to go home to Chelsea, and I with him, not understanding the dinner was served. When we came back Halliday and Seddon had begun, as it appears Hunt makes a rule of running out for something just as dinner has been waiting ten minutes, much to Halliday's disgust.

'29*th.*—Finished *Peter*; in the evening fetched a model.

'30*th.*—The brute of a model—a huge Academician, with a beard and muscles all over, like all Academy models—was too stiff to take any pose but the Apollo Belvidere. Sent him off after seeing how Seddon's Arab shirt (*gulla*) looked on him as Christ kneeling.

'*August* 3*rd.*—Painted from eleven to eight at the shirt, as before. I now find I have made the legs under it too long from the knee downwards, having begun it without drawing them in from Nature. I have only got 220*l.* in all now, that is if —— does not cheat me out of part of the 44*l.* owing to me, and including 10*l.* owing to me by Gabriel. . . . I trust fortune will favour me in the affair of the Liverpool prize, or I fear it will go hard with Emma and the chicks.

'*5th.*—I spent the whole day thinking of the general colour of the picture, and trying it with patches of ribbon, &c. Very much disgusted. Painted the *gulla* green, and scraped out the part of the body where the body of the dress comes. Seddon brought me his little picture finished. It is really very beautiful. Then Tommy Woolner entered, and we spent the evening smoking, tea-ing, chatting, and supping. It seems that all hope of the 300-guinea portrait is not used up yet, but it wanes. The man, it appears, dislikes Pre-Raphaelites and smells a rat. Tommy Woolner entertained us with many highly wrought anecdotes, one of which I had witnessed myself, although he did not seem to remember, and I had an opportunity of testing the quantity of colouring matter superadded, which seems to be considerable. To another, I declare, he superadded comments which I remember myself having made at a former hearing of the narration as part of the tale as it was told to him.

'*August 24th.*—Yesterday Rossetti brought his ardent admirer Morris, of Oxford, who bought my little *Hayfield* for 40*l.* He has also brought Browning round, who, it appears, is a great admirer of me. This was kind of Gabby. I have been all this time hard at the *Christ and Peter.* It must be done by next Saturday, as I promised. I have sent to Liverpool five pictures: The *Last of England, Mother and Child,* small *King Lear*, sketch of *Cordelia*, and the *Brent.*

'*September 1st.*—This morning I have finished sending off the *Christ and Peter*. It was completed on Saturday. Packed it Sunday night, and, it being wet, covered it with calico, which I bought for it. "Bought, my dear sir!" as Old White says. I nailed it up tight, and pasted paper over the edges to keep out the dust, so careful am I! Since the 24th I have been hard at the *Christ and Peter* day and night too, quite exhausted, and obliged to take wine to keep me up. Two days I was interrupted by going to Woolner's to see his statue of Bacon, which was very fine in design, but looked too short. The first time I hinted to him pretty plainly what I thought, and got him to alter it slightly; but, fearing he would not sufficiently, I proposed to Gabriel that we should go together, and insist upon the head being made smaller and the body longer. Rossetti said he would come, but I must be spokesman, as he funked it.[1] However, while I was looking at the statue and thinking how to begin, Rossetti, who, by the way, had all along before sworn the statue was perfect, blurts out, "I say, that chap's too short, I certainly think." In this delicate way he broke the ice, and we began in earnest. At last

[1] As a confirmation of Madox Brown's statement that it was his own courage that was mainly to be relied on, I subjoin Rossetti's letter on the subject :—

MY DEAR BROWN,—I'll come to you to-morrow at two, or rather before (if practicable), to go to Woolner's. If I am prevented, can't help, but I expect to come. I believe some siege ought to be laid to Tommaso, as you say, but I shall be merely your supporter, as I rather funk the job.

Woolner was convinced, and agreed that it was better to lose some of the individuality and truth than to risk offending the prejudices of the multitude, who certainly never consider Bacon in the light of a dwarf. To-day I have been to see it again, and it is all right. Then we went together to the National Gallery and saw the new pictures. Two *Virgins and Children* are delicious, the *Perugini* is fine in tone and truthful as out-door effects, but absurdly drawn, as usual.

'8*th*.—All this last week I have been gloriously idle, doing scarcely anything but touch up one or two photos and make calls. Gabriel got Elliot, a parson, who writes on the "Daily News," and the editor to come and see my pictures, and has been at the trouble of writing a long article on them for that journal. It is to be in to-morrow (Saturday). I called on him, and found him at it, and was so ungrateful as to poke fun at his self-inflicted labours, so that he could not go on with it for fooling, and came home and dined with us, after which no writing was possible for repletion. On Sunday, while I was out, Gabriel called with his friend and client, Miss Heaton, of Leeds. But they were gone before I came back. Really Gabriello seems bent upon making my fortune at one blow. Never did fellow, I think, so bestir himself for a rival before; it is very good and very great to act so. Ever since he felt he had hurt me some little time ago he has done nothing but keep on making amends to me, one after another. As Carlyle says of Mirabeau, how much easier it is to

note the flaws in a circle than to grasp the whole sweep of its circumference!

'11*th*.—Before getting up, a letter to say I had the prize. Out with a bad cold to tell White and the Rossettis.

'12*th*.—White called to see my *English Autumn Afternoon*. Rossetti here; I in bed, sweating, but got up at the call of duty and Old White. Asked him 180 guineas. He nearly bought it for 150, but not quite. We showed him some unfinished sketches of poor Deverel, which he bought for 9 guineas the ten.

'13*th*.—Out of bed again with a bad cold to meet White at Woolner's (Woolner away with Scott). White was very pleased, and wants to have the three medallions of Tennyson, Browning, and Carlyle.

'22*nd*.—Went to see if Hunt would go to Liverpool with me, as there seems no chance of Gabriel. Found he had just started for Manchester and Liverpool. It rained, and I stayed and dined with Martineau, who played to me. He is self-taught, and does not even know the notes by name.

'23*rd*.—Made up my mind to go and try my luck at Liverpool. Kissed Emma and started to go by 9 o'clock train. Found it was an 8 o'clock one; so slept at a coffee-shop, and then next morning missed the fast train, so did not get to Liverpool till 3. Read Emerson's "English Traits" all the way, and found it a most surprising trait of Americanism and a delightful book. On arriving I went first to the Exhibition, then

to Miller's office and got Hunt's address ; met him at his hotel, and to the Exhibition again, and left him going to dine with Miller. Then I went across the Mersey and whiled away the time till dusk. On returning I found a note from some person unknown, asking me to Miller's. I went there, and was most cordially received. Hunt spoke up well for Woolner. Miller insisted that I should take up with him, but on going off with Hunt to sup at his hotel we talked so long about dreams and other things that the boots put out the gas and locked us in, so I was obliged to take the first empty room.

'25*th*.—. . . Went with Miller to see the pictures of a certain . . . a lawyer and a money-lender, who buys largely. Found him a regular brute and his pictures daubs. Went then with Windus and Pelham home to Miller's, and talked and smoked with him till 12. This Miller is a jolly, kind old man, with streaming white hair, fine features, and a beautiful keen eye like Mulready's ; a rich brogue, a pipe of Cavendish, and a smart rejoinder, with a pleasant word for every man, woman, and child he meets, are characteristics of him. . . . His house is full of pictures, even to the kitchen. Many pictures he has at all his friends' houses, and his house at Bute is also filled with his inferior ones. Many splendid Linnells, a fine Turner, a good Constable, and works by a French artist, Dellefant (?) are among the most marked of his collection, plus a host of good pictures by Liverpool artists—Davis, Tonge,

and Windus chiefly. . . . I was very ill there, chiefly through having fed all the time on salt meat, ham, and pork pies; and last night, to crown it all, Miller gave us a huge round of salt beef. Now, on the subject of Miller's dinners, I may notice that his hospitality is somewhat peculiar of its kind. His dinner, which is at 6, is of one joint and vegetable, *without* pudding, bottled beer for drink—I never saw any wine. His wife dines at another table with, I suppose, his daughters when at home. After dinner he instantly hurries you off to tea and then back again to smoke. He calls it a meat tea, and boasts that few people who have ever dined with him come back again.

'26*th*.— . . . In the evening a party of artists was at Miller's, and I met Davis, who brought a little sketch from Nature, very beautiful. Miller asked me as a favour to purchase it, which I could not refuse him, though it put me in the awkward position of patronising a man I think far too well of to attempt the like with. This Davis, who has been one of the most unlucky artists in England (now about forty, with a wife and family), is a man with a fine-shaped head and well-cut features, and his manners are not without a certain modest dignity, though crushed by disappointment. Miller is the only man who buys his pictures. Very sad; we must hope his turn will come. Miller bought my little picture of Emma and the boy for 84*l*.,[1]

[1] This was, perhaps, the never-finished picture of *Take your Son, Sir*.

and a commission looms in the distance from a Mr. Langdale.

'28*th.*—Home by rail.

'30*th.*—Went and laid out a lot of money for Emma and the chicks. Gave Emma a 4*l.* dress for having sold her and the child.

'*October 7th.*—Dined with Bill Rossetti, and afterwards to Browning, where was a woman with a large nose. Hope I may never meet her again. Browning's conversational powers very great. He told some good stories, one about the bygone days of Drury Lane. One was the advice that a very experienced stage-carpenter of about fifty years' standing gave to a young man who wished for an engagement there, but had not, it was objected, voice enough. This was to get a pot of XXXX and put it on the stage beside him, and, having the boards all to himself, he was first to drink and then to shout with all his might; then to drink again, and so on; which the aspirant literally did, remaining, of course, a muff as he had begun. However, I spoil that one. Browning said that one evening he was at Carlyle's, and that sage teacher, after abusing Mozart, Beethoven, and modern music generally, set Mrs. Carlyle to show Browning what was the right sort of music; which was some Scotch tune on an old piano, with such bass as pleased, or rather, as Browning said, *did not* please Providence. An Italian sinner, who belonged to that highest order of criminality which requires that some very exalted

dignitary of the Church be resorted to before absolution be obtained for atrocities too heinous for the cleansing powers of the ordinary priest— Browning likened to a spider who, having fallen into a bottle of ink, gets out and crawls and sprawls a blot over the whole of God's laws.

'*8th.*—Painted at William from 8 at night till 12. Gabriel came in, and, William wishing to go early, Gabriel proposed that he should wait five minutes, and they would go together. William being got to sleep on the sofa, Gabriel commenced telling me he intended to get married at once to Guggum, and then off to Algeria! and so poor William's five minutes lasted till half past 3 A.M.

'*November 9th.*—As I was painting at Woolner's brother (for *Stages of Cruelty*) my wrist gradually became so painful that I was obliged to leave off after three hours of the worst painting I ever did in my life. On Monday, after a day and a half of agony, I went to show it to Marshall, who ordered leeches, &c., and said it was rheumatic inflammation on an old sprain. At Finchley, I remember that, whilst putting the *Last of England* in its frame, I made something crack in the back of my hand as I was breaking a piece of wood in two. . . . This has kept me till the day before yesterday, when I got some of the last lilac-leaves of this year and painted them under the lay figure's arm and worked on them yesterday. I have become fearfully idle, one stoppage after another having operated

in a most prejudicial manner on a constitution already deficient in energy.

'*Wednesday.*—Mr. Plint called here, inveigled here by Gabriel. He did not fancy landscape, nor bite at the *Baa-Lambs*, and the *Christ* picture was large and had no woman in it; for the same reason the *Cromwell* was unsatisfactory. At length he commissioned me for something for 100 guineas, but on seeing the sketch and background of the large *Work* begun at Hampstead, he almost agreed to have it gone on with for 400 guineas, but said he would write. How I hope he will! This is, perhaps, the only thing that can snatch me from the state of apathy into which I have fallen. . . . Rossetti has been here nearly a fortnight, coming about 12 and working or not working at his drawing on wood for Moxon, of *St. Cecilia*. It is jolly quaint, but very lovely. Also Plint, who has already paid Gabriel down 100 out of a 400-guinea commission, gave him here, on seeing it, an order for a 40-guinea drawing of it. We have been to the theatre twice, and altogether very extravagant.'

CHAPTER VIII

1857-1858

Work during 1858—The Russell Place Exhibition—The American Exhibition—Letter from Mr. Hunt—The Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition—Mr. Frederick Shields—Visit to Oxford—Madox Brown's diary, 1857: Work upon *Work*—Death of Thomas Seddon—Committee meeting at Ruskin's — Ruskin at W.M.C. — *Work*—The Manchester Exhibition—Work during 1858—The American Exhibitions—Letter to W. M. Rossetti—*Chaucer* gains Liverpool Prize—The Hogarth Club—The Working Men's College.

As an immediate result of the commission for the picture of *Work*, the number of pictures painted in 1857 sensibly diminished. The only one commenced (or rather, recommenced[1]) was that of *Take your Son, Sir*, which was destined to remain unfinished. This is the picture, the double enlarging of the canvas for which is mentioned in the diary for March 16. For Messrs. Powell & Co. he made the first design of a class of work to which he subsequently devoted much time—a coloured cartoon of the *Transfiguration*, for execution in stained glass.

With these exceptions, the rest of Madox Brown's time was devoted to organising the private—or semi-private—exhibition of Pre-Raphaelite work which had

[1] It was commenced in 1852.

its being in Russell Place. To it most of the Pre-Raphaelites contributed, and several other artists were represented.

The idea of the exhibition was the comparatively simple one of attracting purchasers amongst possible visitors, rather than of relying on the sums paid for admission. As far as Madox Brown was concerned, the exhibition was scarcely a financial success, and so late as the following year we find him lamenting that certain of the subscribers had not yet paid up their ten pound shares.

Madox Brown's own works contributed to the exhibition included the pictures of the *Last of England*, and the first sketch for it; the *English Autumn Afternoon*; the *Beauty*, and the *Parting of Cordelia from her Sisters*; the landscapes, *Carrying Corn*, the *Brent*, and the *Hayfield*; and the pen-and-ink drawing for the *Prisoner of Chillon*, the drawing of which was chronicled in the last chapter, besides a pencil drawing of *Nolly as an Infant* for *Take your Son, Sir.*

The worry and trouble of getting the exhibition ready were by no means inconsiderable; the correspondence with picture owners alone is portentous even in its remains. Mr. Miller, of Liverpool, who, on account of the numerousness of his pictures, could afford to lend and yet have no gaps on his walls, was not only a complaisant furnisher of pictures, but also an indefatigable recruiting sergeant.

Mr. Peter Miller to Ford Madox Brown.

Being confined to the house by a cold, I am unable to make the exertions I otherwise would to secure the pictures you mention, but I have sent to Mr. Heywood, Mr. Luard's friend, to inquire as to his, and written to Mrs. Wilson, asking her for the loan of Mr. Hunt's *Haunted Manor*. How to get Mr. Watson's [1] little picture referred to by you, I do not well know, as I do not think it is now in Liverpool; but if I do not, the little girl will be a good substitute. You do not say whether you wish me to send your own beautiful *Wife and Child*, and I will probably defer sending off the Hunt, if procured, and Millais' *Wedding Cards* and *Broken Fountain* (or whatever he calls it) until I hear from you again. . . . One thing I advise you, and that is to hang nothing whatever but what is first rate, and passed as such by your select committee. You may thus make your little exhibition extremely attractive—it will be the reverse of the Royal Academy both in quantity and quality. We have not yet got Ruskin's pamphlet down here, but see that he is this year as severe as he was laudatory last on the works of Millais.

The exhibition, from its private nature, was not—nor indeed was it intended to be—a rival to that of the Royal Academy. Nevertheless, the idea [2] of some exhibition directly and ostensibly in opposition to that of the Academy was vigorously discussed at nearly every meeting of the Pre-Raphaelites. At the same time, Madox Brown and others of their number still meditated putting down their names for election to the ranks of that august body.

Another exhibition, which was fruitful of little more

[1] J. D. Watson, a 'figure painter' of considerable merit of a more or less melodramatic order, for whom Madox Brown had a certain admiration.

[2] The suggestion was originally made by Mr. Ruskin.

than vexation and worry, was that held later in the year at New York. Madox Brown for a time entertained ideas of going with the pictures sent to America, where he was to have acted as hanger, but for various reasons the scheme was dropped. It was at best a somewhat impracticable one, and his friends from the first endeavoured to dissuade him from it. Madox Brown also entertained ideas that intrigues were working against him, and he abandoned the scheme, which at one time had included that of a permanent residence in the New World.

'I am really very glad,' Mr. Holman Hunt writes, 'that you have given up the task of hanging the pictures in America. It would have lost you much time, and an artist in the unavoidable troubles of life has quite enough interruption to his work. I often think of the game of success as dependent on *production*, regular production, *as much* as on any other card, and in your case as requiring it particularly at this time. I say this because I think that another may occasionally see the position of a man in whom he is interested better than himself.' A little later, namely, in September, the same friendly monitor writes, strongly urging and advising Madox Brown to visit the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, saying that any artist who missed it would certainly regret the fact for the rest of his life.

For some inscrutable reason Madox Brown, who accordingly paid the visit to Manchester, seems to

have thought very badly of the wonderful collection that was there exhibited. This unfavourable view of the exhibition as a whole may have been due to the fact that the *Christ and Peter* was ill-hung, or still more probably to some entirely temporal matter, such as a prosy companion or the 'cheating of the waiters.'

In any case the *Christ and Peter* was sold out of the exhibition for the somewhat small sum of 200*l.*, the purchaser being Mr. Plint. An interesting fact with regard to its sojourn there is that it drew the attention of the artist's later very—I am almost tempted to say most—intimate friend, Mr. Frederick Shields.

I quote from a lecture delivered by that artist to the Manchester Literary Club. After referring to the *Cordelia at the Bedside of Lear*, he goes on :—

> Year after year passed by with its annual show of pictures, but no work by this man's hand crossed my sight till 1857 ; then, at the Art Treasures Exhibition in Manchester, enthusiastic in admiration of such works as I there saw, for the first time, by the so-called Pre-Raphaelites—the *Claudio and Isabella*, the *Hireling Shepherd*, and the *Return of the Dove to the Ark*, I was attracted to the work hung at the very roof, with a justice such as was meted out to Dyce's noble cartoon of the *Conversion of the Gentiles*, which formed, as Madox Brown remarked, the background to the umbrella-stand, and fares little better at the Kensington Museum. . . . Well then, I say, hung at the very roof was a picture of such power that, unobserved as it was by the mass who judge a picture by its position on the wall, it held me riveted—large and simple in the composition of its masses as Giotto, brilliant and forcible, yet true and refined in its colour and lighting, and wonderful for its grasp of human character and passion. The subject was manifest, *Christ Washing Peter's Feet.*

But by whom? The catalogue replied: 'Ford Madox Brown.' So he had found me again, and seized and held me amid the myriad of competitors for admiration; and, ere I saw the last of it, the picture had brought me to seal my first impression that, among all the English pictures of sacred subjects there, this only was worthy to rank with the great Italians on the walls of the opposite galleries.

Another visit of interest that Madox Brown paid during the same year was that to Oxford, where he made the acquaintance of Rossetti's admirers, William Morris and Burne-Jones, as well as of Swinburne. The distemper paintings that have now sunk into the walls of the debating hall of the Union Club were then in the course of painting.

Unfortunately Madox Brown, whose want of application is most fully displayed in the remissness with which his diary was kept, has there left no trace, other than a mere record of the visit. The only tangible vestige that I have secured is a letter bearing date November 1, written with a somewhat Bacchic hand at 1 A.M. :—

Ford Madox Brown to Emma Madox Brown.

November 1.

DEAREST EMMA,—I write at this late hour, past one, so that the letter may go by the post to-morrow morning. I am quite well, and will come home by 10 or 11 to-morrow night. We are very jolly here, and they much want me to do one of the works, but as it would not pay, I think there is small chance of my consent being obtained. The Oxford Museum is very fine, which Woodward is building. I have been up ladders this morning eighty feet high, making me feel quite giddy.

Neither William nor Hunt have come, but there are lots of good

fellows of all sorts here. God bless you, dearest, and kiss Lucy and the brats for me if this come first to hand.

In later years Madox Brown was wont to relate weird tales of how they worked at Oxford. If they may be believed, the daily fare was roast beef, plum puddings, one to each man, and old ale. Enormous sums were spent on the mere colours for the paintings that have now disappeared beneath the dust. Rossetti, after upsetting from the top of a ladder a painter's pot full of priceless lapis lazuli ground into real ultramarine, was said to have said: 'Oh, that's nothing, we often do that.'

I insert here the remaining fragment of Madox Brown's diary:—

Continued from November 1856.

'*March* 16, 1857.—Since last entry Plint gave me the commission for the picture of *Work*, and I sent it to be lined by his directions. Then I began upon the naked baby from Arthur, made a drawing of it, then painted it on the enlarged canvas on which I had painted a study of Emma's head one evening in Newman Street. I have now sent it to be enlarged a second time, having made an error. After this Emma was taken ill again, and had to go to Hastings for five weeks, during which I did little more than make a cartoon for a stained-glass window of the *Transfiguration*, for Powell, of Temple Street, for which I charged sixteen guineas. Then I finished

William Rossetti's portrait, did a good bit at the design for Plint's picture, which, however, is not yet done, and these last four or five weeks I have been at work on the picture itself, drawing in the figures in pencil without nature. Tuesday last I went into Gray's Inn Lane to look for Irish people, and after some prowling about, found a poor woman and baby in Holborn. Next day she brought me a young man, and in six days I painted these three into the picture, pretty satisfactorily, although I can scarce make sure of what I am about as yet. For two days I painted at the head of the man mixing mortar, from the young Irishman, and to-day I painted in the man leaning against the tree, but I see to-night it has been done too quickly to be good.

'Yesterday, a young distiller, who buys pictures, called to see the *Christ and Peter*: sent by Halliday, who is therefore a brick. I devoutly wish this distiller may distil my picture until nothing remains but the pure spirit in the shape of a cheque for 262*l.* 10*s.* He promises to call again with his wife, and if he buys, I make a vow to purchase Nolly a perambulator and myself a glass-house with a revolving floor, and two chairs for the parlour, item, a table-cloth for my new table, which, by-the-bye, I have designed among other works.

'Since my last entry poor Tom Seddon's death has occurred, which was rather a startler to me, I must say. It makes one think of spirit-land with a ven-

geance when suddenly informed of the death of an old and dear friend. Poor Tom Seddon! I suppose plenty of history will be made about him, so it is scarcely worth while for me to say much now, particularly as what I am now writing wants the freshness and force of incidents noted down diurnally, while at the same time it is too hasty and careless to be readable history. I went to a meeting of the sub-committee about the testimonial (to Seddon) at Ruskin's. He noticed my absence from the previous one with regret.

'Ruskin was playful and childish, and the tea-table overcharged with cakes and sweets, as if for a juvenile party. After this, about an hour later, wine and cake were again produced, of which he again partook largely, reaching out with his thin paw and swiftly absorbing three or four pieces of cake in succession. At home he looks young and rompish, but his power and eloquence as a speaker were Homeric.

'Old Miller was here, and dined with me. While here I took him to Lowes Dickinson's party and to see Woolner's statue of Bacon.

'By-the-bye, the Tennyson is finished, and is a very noble work, and I hope will do Tommy good. No one deserves it more. Miss Siddall has been here for three days. She is, I fear, dying.

'*Sunday*, 17*th*.—Worked again at the man against the tree, and all day with Gabriel, who is so unhappy

about Miss Siddall that I could not leave him. In the evening I went to fetch Emma from Miss Sid.'s at Hampstead.

'*Tuesday*.—Wasted the greater part of the day in writing to old Miller, then to Hampstead with Emma to see Miss Siddall. Coming back I bought a very dirty old wideawake off the head of a man we met, and went home and painted it. . . . At night went with Gabriel to the Working Men's College. There was a public meeting, and we heard Professor Maurice and Ruskin spouting. Ruskin was as eloquent as ever, and as wildly popular with the men. He flattered Rossetti hugely, and spoke of Munro in conjunction with Baron Marochetti, as the two noble sculptors of England whom all the aristocracy patronised.

'*March 21st*.—To see Old White, having come down to that again. Met Windus there; he and White had some grand secret between them about me. After he left Old White showed me the study of heads which I sold at the Winter Exhibition for ten guineas, and which he had bought at the Pocock sale for 6*l*. I forgot to ask if that was what was to please me so. Thence to John Seddon's, to see his Government Office drawing for the competition; called on Thomas; then to Hampstead to Miss Siddall's, where we dined. Came away, leaving Emma, and sent baby from here to her.

'*22nd*.—Up at ten to work at Christ's Head after some time spent in cogitating.

'*January* 17, 1858.—I must now endeavour to fill up this hiatus after some fashion or I shall never be able to proceed satisfactorily, the thought of having to do it having prevented me all this while.

'After last date I finished the Christ's Head with much difficulty, as usual, but it seemed to be successful, for it was much liked at Lowes Dickinson's conversazione, where I sent it. There I was introduced to Professor Maurice, who promised to sit for the *Work* picture. About this time I painted in the swell from Martineau and his horse, also the little girl on her pony. Then, till July 13 (when our poor little Arthur sickened and died in one painful week), I was occupied on four things—first, the little water-colour view of Hampstead from studio window (four weeks); secondly, got up the collection of Pre-Raphaelite works in Russell Place during the month of June. On this I must have wasted at least four weeks. All that came of it was that Ruskin's father bought the charcoal of *Beauty* for ten guineas. Thirdly, painted the body, arm, and leg of the man mixing mortar in the *Work* picture, also painted the dog, loose earth, lanthorn, and the pony of the little girl, and drew in poor little Arthur's head for the baby, and began painting it the day he was taken ill, and had to rub out what I had done. After poor baby's death I was very hard up, the Russell Street Exhibition, which I paid for at first all out of my own pocket (42*l.*), came back to me but slowly (and at

this date some of them have never paid their shares), and I was obliged to ask Plint[1] for the money to bury him.

'But I painted in the young working man, the hero of the picture, all but his legs. Also, while Emma was ill, I painted at some old studies. One head of a humpback I painted in 1836, when I was fifteen. This is not altered. Then one day I looked up a slight sketch I once made for a Chaucer, also an old study for Mary Stuart, and other rubbish.

'During this time Plint offered me 200*l.* for *Christ and Peter*, still at Manchester, which, to avoid poverty closing in on me fast on all sides, I was fain to accept in the shape of guineas.

'All this while the American Exhibition had been going on. I was to have gone over to hang the pictures; however, the scoundrel —— put a stop to that, and all I had was the trouble of going to select the daubs.

'At the end of August a letter came from Plint, enclosing 38*l.*, without stating why. However, I took it, and started off to Manchester as a great relief, with Emma and Lucy, and stayed there a week, for we were all of us getting terribly hipped. But it was the first week in October by then. . . .

[1] This means that Madox Brown asked for an advance of the money which Mr. Plint was paying, in monthly instalments of 25*l.*, for the picture of *Work*.

'After Manchester, Hunt held out some prospect of Fairbairn's coming to buy the lilac-leaves picture. I set to at it, and painted the convolvulus out in the open air, composed and drew in the child, painted in the love-lies-bleeding, worked at the lover's head and then at the girl, in all I suppose three weeks.

'Then I worked at the legs of the hero in the large picture and the figure of the man with the hod, chiefly in the open air from a navvy I had met in the streets.

'Since about the third week in November I have been making a copy of *Christ and Peter* in water-colours. This I finished yesterday, also four designs for chairs.

'To-morrow seriously to work. . . . Two other things of importance require some mention, a visit to the Union Club, Oxford, and one to Carlyle, in company with Woolner. Total of hours' work for 1857—2,626.

'*January* 27, 1858.—All last week spent in trying to compose Carlyle and Maurice. I called on Rossetti to see about Maurice, and saw Woodward's Crown Office. I think it the most exquisite piece of architecture I have seen in England. Then on with him to Jones'. Saw there Fanny, their model.

'I called on Maurice and arranged with him for Monday. Plint has commissioned Jones for another picture for 350 guineas, and bought Topsy's (Morris) *Tristram and Isult.*

'*Saturday.*—Spent a great portion of the day in contriving a rail for Maurice to lean against, and to the play with Emma and Lucy.

'*Sunday.*—Had to work at the rail, and Monday and yesterday had short sittings from Maurice, and made an outline cartoon of him. Saw Miss Sterling, John Sterling's daughter, and she is a jolly girl, and would do to paint.

'At Manchester (to give one recording line to it) all that I remember is that an old English picture with Richard II. in it was the only really beautiful work of the old masters, and Hunt and Millais[1] the only fine among the new. Hunt, in fact, made the exhibition. The music was jolly, and the waiters tried very hard to cheat.

'*Sunday, 31st.*—Coloured at one of my lithographs of Windermere to give John Marshall. At night drew in Maurice into the picture. But, drawn exactly from himself, it looks ridiculously stumpy, and the head enormous. I must either falsify it or make the navvy's head bigger. Out to see about a photographer for Maurice. To-night letters and accounts.

'*February 1st.*—Bothering all the morning about some frames that came home wrong size. Coloured

[1] Whilst correcting these sheets for the press I receive the news that the great P.R.B. and P.R.A. is no more. In this Diary Madox Brown speaks occasionally with some acrimony of Millais, and although the latter made no objections to my publishing these remarks, I now feel some compunction about doing so. But, since Madox Brown also speaks with the admiration which he really felt for Millais' work, it would be impolitic to suppress the one without the other. The fact is the two artists were at that time very intimate, and that being so, Madox Brown allowed himself to 'slang' his friend's work in private, but would certainly have belauded it in all public places and balanced judgments.

at the lithograph. Cough still bad. Could not go this evening to Munro's.' *Cetera desunt.*

For the sake of convenience I have grouped together with the diary for 1857 the fragment concerning the months of January and February of the year following.

In this year, as in the one preceding, titles of new works are conspicuous by their absence. *Work* continued to swallow up its painter's daylight hours, and exhibition projects his leisure. Otherwise there were a few old studies retouched, and others, such as the landscape of *Southend*, finished. At the suggestion of its purchaser, Mr. Plint, some alterations were made in the *Christ and Peter*. In the latter part of the year the same gentleman commissioned Madox Brown to paint a companion to the small water-colour of the *Prisoner of Chillon*, a little work that he had purchased the same year. The subject of this, however, was not settled.

The amount of work bestowed on the picture of *Work* this year was as considerable as in 1857. To what an extent it filled its painter's thoughts is very visible in the diary. To fall in line with Madox Brown's methods everything must be—and accordingly was—where possible, painted from Nature. Workmen in pits must be painted in pits, and pits must be dug out or sought; mortar must be turned again and again to get the requisite soiling of a spade. Of each implement studies must be made in just the right shade or just

the requisite glare of sunlight. Thus it is scarcely to be wondered at that lists of pictures and bank balances fell away before this almost ceaseless work. The picture was paid for by instalments during its painting—25*l.* a month until 400*l.* was paid; but the sixteen months passed away, as did nearly four times that time, and the picture remained unfinished. As far as its finances were concerned it was, as the sequel will prove, a very white elephant among pictures.

In the exhibitions of the year Madox Brown's pictures met with varying success. Those sent to the land of the almighty dollar brought back no more than thirty guineas, the price of the *Hampstead from my Window*, which was purchased at Philadelphia. Otherwise the experience of the New World was productive of much vexation; rain-storms destroyed water-colours, and porters contrived to lacerate pictures in oils, as happened to the cartoon of *Oure Ladye* and the *King Lear* at Boston. Finally, the pictures were returned too late for various English exhibitions, and owners who had lent them remonstrated. Madox Brown wrote an angry letter to W. M. Rossetti, who was officially connected with the American exhibitions. Mr. Rossetti's answer was calm, and extorted an apologetic response, which I insert rather as explicatory of Ford Madox Brown's character than as displaying any new facts of importance:—

My dear William,—I very much fear, from the long and serious toned answer you have so kindly given me, that much more irritation

must have shown in my letter than I was aware of, or at all intended. I suppose being disappointed in getting the pictures for the periods I most required them, and then at length getting the *King Lear* back with part of the stretcher torn away and a great bump in the centre of the canvas put me in a fluster, and I wrote off without well weighing what I put down. But whatever comes of it all (although I may feel little disposed to have anything more to do with America in future), yet I feel it my duty in the present instance to make the best of it all, and rather smooth things down than lead the way in recriminations at what can't be helped.

The 50*l.* prize of the Liverpool Academy was this year again awarded him for the picture of *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.*

Towards April, and indeed earlier in the year, the question of an exhibition in opposition to that of the Royal Academy once more became a burning one, and a number of meetings led to the founding of the Hogarth Club, which united the functions of a social resort and of an exhibiting society. It was, of course, in the full sense of the word, tentative. The exact originator of the scheme it would be an almost impossible task to discover, but that Madox Brown took an important part in organising and finding members for it may be safely advanced. Especially when things went wrong was there a tendency among members of the club to assign to him the chief place among its founders. In its embryonic stages it was discussed by its members at their various dwellings, including those of William Morris and Burne-Jones, whose names had now become household words amongst Madox Brown's friends.

The membership of the club was fairly wide, including, with the Pre-Raphaelites and their disciples, many of the Liverpool artists, such as William Davis, Bond, and Windus, and picture-buyers like Mr. Miller and Mr. Plint.

Later in the same year the first exhibition was held, Madox Brown being represented by the duplicate of *Christ and Peter*, the sketches *Out of Town* and *St. Ives*, the landscape *Southend*, and the cartoon of the *Transfiguration*.

Towards November, Madox Brown took over Rossetti's class at the Working Men's College.[1] Rossetti found the work or the responsibility too tiresome: 'I have been asked on all sides,' he writes, 'whether I could find a substitute, and, on Ruskin's last asking me, I mentioned you as barely possible, and he wished I would find out whether you would come. Of course my class is a perfectly independent one there, neither R. nor anyone but myself being heard of in it, and the same exactly would be the case with you.'

The Hogarth Club was the cause of a great falling off of interest in the correspondence of Rossetti and Madox Brown. The poet's letters are nearly all requests for loans of colours or model-properties, and end tantalisingly, 'We will discuss such and such at the Hogarth on Friday.'

[1] To Mr. J. P. Emslie I am indebted for the interesting account of Madox Brown's connection with the Working Men's College which will be found in Appendix A. Madox Brown taught at the college during the latter part of 1858, the whole of 1859, and the greater part of 1860.

CHAPTER IX

1859-1861.

Work during 1859—Duplicates—Quarrel with Hogarth Club—A new Patron—Letters from Carlyle—Portrait of Carlyle—Ugliness of P.-R. Women—Madox Brown and Volunteers—Rossetti's Shooting—Music—Work during 1860—*English Boy—Irish Girl*, &c.—Prosperity—Hospitality—Liverpool Artists—Rossetti's Marriage—Soup Kitchen—Work during 1861—Finances of *Work*—Letter about Artists and Commissions—Founding of Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Falkner & Co.—Origin of the '*Firm*'—Madox Brown on Exhibitions—His attitude towards the R.A. and Academicians—Mr. George Rae—The Amenities of Volunteering in 1861—Symposia—Letter from Rossetti—Rossetti and Friends—Decease of Hogarth Club.

During 1859 there was much touching up of pictures that had found purchasers or had changed hands. These included the *Pretty Baa-Lambs*, a duplicate of *Christ and Peter*, the *Last of England*, and the *Wickliffe*, &c. Besides these an autumn landscape of *Walton-on-the-Naze*, and a characteristic and poetic drawing for Victor Hugo's 'Traveller,' which, with a translation of the poem, also by Madox Brown, was published in 'Once a Week' in August of the year.

Chalk heads, particularly those of the artist's daughter Cathy and Miss Louie Jones, occupied a certain amount of time, and the same may be said of

"The Traveller." 1860.

designs for furniture. In this Madox Brown was quite as much the herald of a new 'movement' as he had been in the case of the Pre-Raphaelites. He had designed his own furniture long before the firm of Morris & Co. was thought of, and subsequently he designed a great many household articles for his friends. That his designs were, to a certain extent, in demand, I am led to believe by the fact that, in the year preceding (1858), Mr. Holman Hunt, in a letter, mentions incidentally a number of articles of furniture for which he would be glad to receive sketches. The table made to his own design is mentioned by Madox Brown in the diary, and is a characteristically substantial piece of furniture, with a top in shape like a vertical section of a barrel, and with pierced lockers beneath.

These designs for furniture led to Madox Brown's first open rupture with the Hogarth Club, to the summer exhibition of which he this year sent them, with the idea of rendering the exhibition a sort of precursor of those of 'arts and crafts' that are now a sufficiently familiar feature of art-life.

The committee of the club, probably regarding the designs as not specimens of fine art proper, rather than as defective examples of their kind, rejected them, whereupon Madox Brown immediately resigned his membership, as he had before done his seat on the committee. As a matter of fact, the membership of the club was a somewhat heterogeneous one. The

more distinguished members, however cordial friends, were all of too marked individuality to run together in the reins of definite rules and regulations without the natural result of factions and dissensions.

Some of the members were for rendering the club a close preserve for artists of a certain kind ; others, and Madox Brown amongst them, for a more catholic interpretation of the membership qualification. This naturally resulted in a great deal of black-balling and a certain amount of friction. The points of discussion multiplied themselves indefinitely over such subjects as the desirability of billiard-rooms or of Sunday opening, and in the end, at the beginning of 1862, the club died a quiet death.

Madox Brown, in the case of the rejection of his works, was induced by the representations of the committee to withdraw his resignation and to return his pictures for exhibition, but the ultimate result of his experience with the club was a determination to have nothing to do with societies in the future.

In the meantime a new purchaser, who was destined to become the possessor of several of Madox Brown's finest works, had made his appearance. I refer to the late Mr. Leathart,[1] of Newcastle, who in July pur-

[1] In connection with the sale of *Christ and Peter*, D. G. R. says :— 'I am really glad to hear of Leathart's buying the *Christ and Peter*, not only for the immediate sale, but because I think it shows a steadiness in him viewed as a victim to Art in the future. Who knows that he may not even pair with Plint as a twin lamb on the altar of sacrifice ! He already courts the unsparing knife of the Druid Jones.' Although flippantly phrased, this extract is sufficiently appreciative of Mr. Leathart's very excellent selective faculties in the matter of picture-buying.

chased the *Pretty Baa-Lambs*, in August the duplicate of *Christ and Peter*, and in November commissioned Madox Brown to execute a smaller *replica* of *Work*. The large picture was beginning to show signs of repaying the care that had been bestowed upon it.

The year before Carlyle had promised to sit for a photograph, which was to be used as the basis of the portrait of himself in the picture, and Madox Brown's reminding him of the fact produced the following characteristic replies :—

DEAR SIR,—I think it a pity you had not put (or should not still put) some other man than me into your Great Picture. It is certain you could hardly have found among the sons of Adam, at present, any individual who is less in a condition to help you forward with it or take interest in it, active or passive. I was never in my days so overwhelmed and buried miles deep in the belly of an ugly Enterprise ; *too* heavy in sad truth for the strength I have left, as, even now, Jonah in the Whale's Belly is but a type of me in these sad months and years.

I very well remember your amiable request, and the promise I made you, to 'sit for some photographs.' That promise I will keep ; and to that we must restrict ourselves, hand of Necessity compelling. Any afternoon I will attend here, at your studio, or where you appoint me, and give your man one hour to get what photographs he will or can of me. If *here*, the hour must be $3\frac{1}{2}$ P.M. (my usual hour of quitting work, or, to speak justly, the chamber of work) ; if at any other place, attainable on horseback, it will be altogether equally convenient to me ; and the hour may be such as enables me to arrive (at a rate of 5 miles *per* hour we will say !)

Yours in great haste,

T. CARLYLE.

And following :—

DEAR SIR,—I propose coming to Mr. Thompson's Photographic Establishment on Thursday (day after to-morrow) as the first part of

my afternoon's *walk*—if you will meet me then and have the job in readiness for my appearance there. I set forth at $3\frac{1}{2}$ P.M.; if we give half-an-hour for the journey we may appoint 4 P.M. as the hour for beginning business. If the day is actually rainy—that is to say, rain *without* interval—I shall understand it will not do, but that I must return on the morrow. You will have to tell me, however, where the place specially is. I vaguely understand it to be at or in what they call 'the Brompton Boilers,' but I never was within the circuit of that establishment; and should like to know what door, &c., and whether simply asking for 'Mr. Thompson, Photographer,' will suffice. Please, a word upon this in the course of to-morrow (Wednesday); and for the rest, consider *settled* as above on my part, the hour 4, the &c., &c.

I remain, yours sincerely,
T. CARLYLE.

With regard to the resulting portrait in the picture of *Work* a great deal has been said, the general opinion being that the portrait is a caricature, or at least verges upon that method of portrayal. Without being at this moment concerned to defend it, I propose to say a few words on the subject before passing on.

A few days before the letter above quoted arrived, Madox Brown wrote to ask Mr. Holman Hunt's help in the matter of soliciting Carlyle's sitting. In the course of a lengthy reply, setting forth the difficulties that lay in the way, Mr. Hunt says:—

Apart from this, would not you stand more chance of getting him if you designed him with his face in a more dignified state of composure? I should not like it to be painted with my mouth wide open in horrid grimace—neither would you, I think. And really such fitful contortions in a human face seem to me very painful when for hours, years, and ages they remain the same—as in a picture.

Madox Brown, however, was not to be moved

from what seemed to him to be the dramatic truth of the picture as he had conceived it; and as Carlyle's face had appeared to him in a moment of animation he painted it. The picture was not to be, and should not be regarded as, a work of generalisation or allegory, but as an actual moment, caught and recorded.

On the other hand, in a letter full of Carlyleana, written to Madox Brown in the year 1866, Mr. T. Dixon[1] says :—

> Well, lastly, I saw Mr. C. [Carlyle] lately, and, strange to tell, he had that singular expression that you have given to him in your picture of *Work*. I *never liked it*; in fact, it used to haunt me, and since I have seen it in reality I feel sad withal.

—an unwilling, if not ungrateful tribute to the truth of the portrait.[2] A rather amusing passage anent the ugliness of heads in pictures of the Pre-Raphaelite school is the following from a letter of a patron :—

> Our pictures seem to come out badly in the Reviews this year, and it is owing to nothing but the ugly female faces in the bulk of the Pre-Raphaelite works. Rossetti has much to answer for for this, for he has constantly *red hair and the same type of face* in his models. I feel sure that this is the great obstacle to the popularity of the Pre-Raphaelite works. I consider *you* are not liable to this charge, but those who follow Rossetti are. Stanhope has spoiled his pictures by this defect. Even the 'Saturday Review' and Ruskin have

[1] Thomas Dixon was the working-man friend of Carlyle to whom 'Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne' was addressed.

[2] The result of Carlyle's sittings seems to have been a considerable alteration of his head. Witness, D. G. R., June 22, 1859 : 'Your new Carlyle is a vast improvement, I think. The whole picture seems growing together into thorough satisfactoriness.'

turned against the Pre-Raphaelite pictures this year, and so has the 'Times,' and on this ground I do indeed hope that Jones will not get into it, or Morris and Prinsep in the work they have for me. I am sure you will get two or three pretty models for the young ladies in my picture, and don't have red hair, please ! !

Towards the end of September, Madox Brown visited Mr. Miller, and from there went to the W. B. Scott's at Newcastle. Of the road-haps thitherward I have discovered no trace, but, whilst returning by sea from Newcastle, Madox Brown was nearly wrecked, the engines of the steamer breaking down, and the ship drifting almost at the mercy of the elements, to arrive three days late in the Thames.

Late in the year—in November—Madox Brown joined the Volunteers, the Artists' Company of which was raised and organised by Mr. Cave Thomas at about that time. Although he never achieved any distinction in his amateur military capacity, Madox Brown remained in the company for several years and attended the drills with some regularity, whilst he induced several of his friends, including D. G. Rossetti, to be of the number.

His own account of their exploits in the use of the rifle was somewhat as follows: His own first shot was not registered on the target, but injured his dog, which was viewing the attempt at some yards to the right. Rossetti's, however, was marvellously successful, the bullet striking the very centre of the bull's-eye, on the spot where the foot of the compass was placed to describe the circle. The instructing

sergeant was in ecstasies, imagining that Rossetti was a Queen's Prize-man in embryo; but, 'From that day to this,' Madox Brown was accustomed to say, 'D. G. R. never hit the target again.'

Madox Brown, by dint of practising with Morris tubes in his own back garden, succeeded in becoming a marksman of some distinction at and below 500 yards range. Beyond that, however, he does not seem to have had any certainty of aim.

Further distraction was afforded him by his devotion to music, in which pursuit the Madox Browns were aided and abetted by many of their friends. At that date Madox Brown, whose admiration for German music was of later growth, still 'sang a very good song' of an old English kind.

Recollections of a somewhat later day allowed the artist's daughter Cathy, whose performances on the piano were both precocious and considerable, to furnish the writer with a sufficiently vivid sketch of the horrors of being set on the piano-stool to accompany either Madox Brown's solo, ''Tis jolly to hunt,' or a duet of the '*Là ci darem*' order, in which Mr. and Mrs. Madox Brown took part. If mistake marred the concord, it would be :—

'My dear, you are wrong;' or, 'Ford, that note is F sharp'—to end in a huff, at which Mr. Madox Brown would leave the room by one door and Mrs. Madox Brown by the other. Upon this a meeting and reconciliation in the hall of necessity ensued, and

a return to the room to discover that the mistake was due to the unfortunate accompanist. . . .

The year 1860 saw the beginning, on Madox Brown's part, of a slight return to the domain of new works of importance; one, indeed, of the works executed in this year was, up to a comparatively late period, one of the painter's most popular works, so far as popularity can be said to have been vouchsafed to Madox Brown.

I refer to the picture of the *English Boy*, which, with the slightly smaller companion work, the *Irish Girl*, was painted for Mr. Plint towards the end of 1860.

The *English Boy*, a work of the highest finish, represents the artist's son Oliver, then about six years of age, in the full flush of boyish health. The extreme care with which it is painted, the vividness of the colour, and the redness of the flesh tints, render it one of the most representative, whilst the brightness of expression makes it one of the most agreeable of Madox Brown's smaller works of this period. Not quite so bright in colour, nor so careful in execution, the smaller picture, the *Irish Girl*, remains an eminently pleasing little portrait of a dark-haired, dark-eyed, red-cheeked, and red-lipped Irish girl of about the same age. The model was a little orange-girl from the sister-isle, whom Madox Brown came across during his search for Irish models for *Work*. A number of works were retouched and

worked over, including the reduced duplicate of the *Last of England*, whilst a certain amount of work was devoted to the unfinished *Stages of Cruelty* and *Take your Son, Sir.*

At about this time Madox Brown began to fight shy of exhibitions. At the Hogarth Club he was unrepresented, though, by the representations of William Rossetti, he was induced to return to the committee of the club. He contributed to the Liverpool Exhibition, and, by special invitation, to the Edinburgh Exhibition, where the favourable notice of the Press was accorded to the pictures of the *Last of England* and the *Lear*, and induced him subsequently to repeat his contributions to the exhibitions. All idea of sending pictures to the Royal Academy he had, however, abandoned.

In the meantime a new patron had made his appearance in the shape of Major—now Colonel—Gillum, a Crimean officer, and an amateur artist, who for some time took lessons in painting from Madox Brown. His acquisitions included the reduced duplicate of the *Last of England*, the *Hayfield*, and *Walton-on-the-Naze*, whilst, in spite of the commercial panic of the year before, the purchasers in the North of England continued to give commissions for varying sums.

Thus Madox Brown's worldly position began to seem moderately assured, or, at least, to be reasonably maintainable by means of the utmost hard work. At

the same time, the expenses of his household had materially increased with the growth of his children.

In accord with this access of prosperity, Madox Brown's scale of hospitality increased, and an occasional party began to have a place amongst the fixtures of the year. These gatherings, although perhaps not as widely attended as later ones in Fitzroy Square, were not wanting in their attractions. Of one of them in particular, the fame spread at any rate as far as Liverpool. 'I heard of your party,' William Davis writes, 'and what a splendid treat to those who had the pleasure of enjoying it! Excuse my mention of it.'

Certainly, Madox Brown's faculty of taking an interest—or finding one—in almost every subject rendered him an excellent host in any but the most unsympathetic society, and his chosen friends were almost all men of individual interest of an intellectual order.

In the letter quoted, Davis gives a short sketch of the position of art and the doings of artists in Liverpool, which I may be forgiven for quoting, as being a slight light on a phase of art history and on a set of men in whom Madox Brown took a special interest, and of whom very little is generally known :—

> With regard to our Academy, I can say it is intended to have another exhibition, because Mr. Booker, the landlord, has agreed to take the rooms off our hands at short notice. This he at first refused. As it is, we may go on as long as there are funds ; some think that per-

haps a favourable change may occur, and that it may go on longer, but it is very doubtful, I think.

The opposition fellows are going to have an exhibition *à la* Manchester on a small scale, some time about April, intending to collect together all the pictures to be had in Cheshire and Lancashire private collections, and sent a circular to Mr. Miller, soliciting him in vain. However, it is possible they may succeed in getting up an attractive affair. They are fearfully wideawake ; we have no chance with them in that respect.

Windus is painting his picture over at Rockferry, at Mr. Lee's. No one knows the subject, but one head which I saw was admirable. Campbell is progressing with his picture. He has all his figures almost finished, and I think, when it is finished up as highly as he is capable of doing, it will do him credit.

Bond has sold some pictures to a Mr. Rochet, of Preston. I think that's the name. P. P. Marshall, of London, whom you may know something of, introduced him.

You always send me good news, but I never have any to send you, for this Liverpool is a barren desert as respects Art news, but your letter has been very cheering, and I will be very glad to stir myself and get the picture done [this last in allusion to one of several small commissions that Madox Brown had been enabled to secure for Davis, for whose work he entertained an especial and very comprehensible admiration]. I saw Alfred Hunt's picture the other day, and I like it much. It is a view of Snowdon, the top enveloped in a mist and part illumined with sunshine. It is very clever, but I think I almost prefer his water-colour drawings.

On May 23 Rossetti was married to Miss Siddall, after a period of extreme anxiety about her health, and meetings were subsequently frequent :—

DEAR BROWN,—Lizzie and I propose to meet Georgie and Ned [Mrs. and Mr. Burne-Jones] at 2 P.M. to-morrow at the Zoological Gardens—place of meeting the Wombat's Lair, &c.

The only other point worthy of mention in the occurrences of the year was the starting by the Madox

Browns of a soup-kitchen in their own house during the winter months of exceptional distress. The treatment and solution of problems connected with the relief of distress were subjects to which, at various periods of his life, Madox Brown devoted much attention. In later years he was more inclined to regard the matter as one too far-reaching to be solved by such means as individual or even organised charity. But these more advanced theories had no effect upon his purse-strings, and his tendency to give monetary, as well as monitory, assistance to all and sundry askers materially straitened his circumstances and occupied his time.

The year 1861 saw the finishing of two important early works—the cartoon of *Harold*, now called *Wilhelmus Conquestator*, and that of *Oure Ladye of Saturday Night* [or, *Of Good Children*]. The colour was now added to them at the instance of Mr. Plint, and upon that gentleman's death the commission was taken over by the late Mr. Leathart. The *Oure Ladye of Good Children* was the picture that had undergone such maltreatment during its Transatlantic voyages; having experienced the full force of a rainstorm of tropical violence that 'came on without any warning at Washington Depôt.'

Besides these, there were the usual amount of retouchings before sales, and one duplicate, that of the head of the artist's daughter, Lucy, the original of which was painted in Paris, *circa* 1844.

As a matter of fact, it was only by dint of these retouchings and replicas that Madox Brown contrived to support himself during the painting of works demanding so much time and labour as the picture of *Work*. A mere consideration of the time consumed and the price paid will amply show this.

Work was a picture the painting of which extended over eleven years, and which, either in the stage of studies or in itself, was hardly ever out of the painter's hand for any length of time between the years 1856 and 1863. The price stipulated for it was 400*l.*, and although, in the event, the sum paid for its copyright was considerably in excess of the first sum, it is sufficiently evident that 400*l.* was quite insufficient to compensate for the time spent on the picture, and certainly to reward or maintain its artist.

It therefore seems obvious that only by at least such work as the smaller replica of *Work*, which occupied a share of four years, and was sold for 312*l.*, and still more by the restoring and colouring of such works as the *Oure Ladye*, which occupied three weeks, and was recompensed with 180 guineas, or the duplicate portrait of his daughter, which took only four days and fetched 40 guineas, that life was to be supported.

These facts seem to have been brought home to Mr. Plint, for in the beginning of March, impatient to gain possession of *Work*, he gave Madox Brown a new commission, which substantially took the place

of these extraneous modes of subsistence. The terms of Madox Brown's proposal were that Mr. Plint should give Madox Brown a new commission for 400 guineas, payable by monthly instalments of 40 guineas, and that during the continuance of the payments Madox Brown should work exclusively upon the picture of *Work*. The extra payment was to be compensated by a replica—the proposal was for the *Wilhelmus*—which was to be finished at Madox Brown's leisure. To this proposal Mr. Plint acceded, writing, however, a somewhat tart letter upon the subject of the dilatoriness of artists, from which he was certainly a sufferer. To this letter Madox Brown penned a reply, which I insert :

Ford Madox Brown to Mr. Plint.

April 23.

My dear Sir,—. . . As an answer to what you say respecting the shortcomings of artists as compared with dealers (and I can only answer for my own) I will imagine a case. For instance, that you should have commissioned Holman Hunt for his picture of *Christ in the Temple* six years ago, and paid him 400 guineas for it in two years, expecting, as he did, that the picture would be done in that time. Now, supposing it had taken him six years, as in fact it did, would you have gained by hurrying it, and do you really think your present bargain with Gambart better? I don't know what the bargain is, nor will I mention the sum report makes it out to be, nor the time which report declares you are to wait for the picture. I only put it to you conscientiously, would it not have been a better bargain to have paid the artist 400 guineas four years ago for the picture and the copyright, and then to have waited while he was making the picture what it is?

I trust you will not misunderstand this as intrusively commenting

on your affairs. I only point to it as a parallel to my own case. As to the new commission for 400 guineas which you have given me to facilitate the speedy completion of *Work*, I do not think it at all to your prejudice.

Seeing that all my pictures are by far the greatest bargains you have ever made (as I believe you will find one day), I am certainly gratified by it, chiefly considering the spirit in which I believe you do it (for I can well understand that, just after buying the *Christ in the Temple*, you must not be much in a mood for fresh purchases). I certainly am desirous of finishing the *Work* picture off. But, had you not done so, the result would have been that I should have had to set to work at other pictures which are as good as sold, if done. In fact, binding myself, as I do, voluntarily to you in this matter, may cause me to lose other commissions. *Oure Ladye* is still in hand, and I do not fancy you would wish to hurry it. In fact, I never can either shorten or lengthen the duration of any work, however much I may desire it.

With respect to other artists, I will write to Morten. I certainly thought you had that picture before.

Morris I have spoken to. His picture is now in my house, and at my suggestion he has so altered it that it is quite a fresh work. There is still a figure in the foreground to be scraped out and another put in its place.

It is this sort of work which makes it so difficult for a real artist to say when a painting will be finished. I take as much interest in Morris's picture turning out good as though it were my own, for, though it was not commissioned at my recommendation, I have repeatedly since told you that Morris is a man of genius.

This rough-and-ready reply does not seem to have irritated Mr. Plint to any appreciable degree, and it will probably remain a problem whether it is more politic to approach a patron cap in hand, or to adopt a somewhat high and overbearing tone towards him.

It remains a fact that Madox Brown, although the

most courteous and genial of men under ordinary circumstances, repeatedly damaged his prospects by resenting over-hastily and answering unguardedly slights that were frequently imagined.

To dismiss the subject of the commercial transactions that took place in connection with *Work*. In July of this year Mr. Plint died suddenly, leaving his affairs in a slightly involved condition. Under these circumstances his trustees thought fit to repudiate the second 400*l.* commission. In consequence, *Work* proceeded by slow stages towards its completion, which did not occur until August 1863.

Even then, although virtually out of his possession, it did not cease to be fruitful of annoyance to Madox Brown. He endeavoured in vain to find a purchaser on behalf of the trustees of the Plint estate; the picture then fell into the hands of dealers, commission agents, and auctioneers, and at last passed out of Madox Brown's ken altogether. It would be easy to dilate at some length on the vicissitudes that it underwent; it is sufficient to say that it now finds a permanent resting-place on the walls of Manchester Fine Art Gallery, and that its painter had the gratification of seeing it there.

In the meantime an event of no little importance had taken place, which opened a new field for Madox Brown's inventive genius. I refer, of course, to the

founding of the 'Firm' which received the name of 'Morris, Marshall, Falkner, & Co.'

As to who was the actual originator of the 'Firm' there is some little doubt, and the matter is, perhaps, of small importance. To Mr. Watts-Dunton I am indebted for the information that Rossetti [1] laid claim to having made the generating proposal in a company including himself and Messrs. Morris, P. P. Marshall, Falkner, Burne-Jones, Webb, and Madox Brown. It was to the effect that with a view to starting a sort of co-operative agency for supplying artistic furniture and surroundings primarily to themselves, but also to the general public, each of those present should lay down a stipulated sum. The idea was at first proposed and received in a semi-jocular manner, but upon further consideration the scheme took shape and became practicable. The rules of incorporation were, briefly: that each member should contribute designs for the various articles of use and ornament for which demand arose, and should be paid for his work in the usual course of events, before the profits, if any, were shared.

With the general history of the Firm the present writer is not further concerned. As has already been said, it opened up an almost entirely new field for Madox Brown's energies, that of the cartoon for stained glass. Although three years before he had

[1] Mr. William Rossetti informs me that the suggestion was made to D. G. R. by Mr. P. P. Marshall.

designed a single window for Powell & Co., that work did not lead to more, whereas the designs for Morris & Co. must have exceeded 150, and were many of them works of considerable importance.[1] . . .

In 1861 Madox Brown's dislike to exhibiting was in nowise altered, although he was actually represented at three exhibitions—that of the Hogarth Club, of the Royal Society, and at Edinburgh.

In this connection frequent remonstrances were addressed to Madox Brown by members of his circle.

The answer to one of these I print, although it remained unsent, and consequently to a certain extent repented of. It represents Madox Brown's feelings in a somewhat exaggerated way, and puts the position in a light which was possibly only partly justified :—

Madox Brown to ——.

My dear——,—Thanks for your kind solicitude. You know I said I had not made up my mind,[2] nor have yet; however, all I can promise you is that I never in the least important circumstance act without much consideration, and systematic care and circumspection, and I generally find it answers. This is a maxim with most business men, and in business matters we should take them for our guide.

The whole drift of your advice has been, for some years, something to the effect that it is best and necessary to put oneself somewhat in the power of Academicians, and keep to the beaten track.

[1] A list of Madox Brown's designs for Morris & Co. will be found at the end of the book.

[2] The matter under discussion was whether or no Madox Brown should allow himself to be represented at the International Exhibition of 1862.

Now, I have never found anything but disaster from the Academicians, and the beaten track has been to me barren as well as beaten; and, although provisionless, suffer me therefore to make my own tracks. Your friends are not my friends, nor is it necessary they should be.

It is quite unimportant what Egg [1] thinks of my works, but it is very important that neither he nor anyone else should have the chance of hanging them *ill* again, *which is a ruinous thing*.

Did Anthony's two pictures come late also, or was his picture late at the Academy this year?

What good came of your earnest wish that I should be one of the candidates? Would it not have been more profitable (from a business point of view) to have informed everyone that the last thing in the world I would do would be to join them than to let it be known that I *would* and *they* wouldn't?

Can you assure me that ——,[2] who is one of the chief men, is an enthusiastic friend of mine, and will see justice done in spite of all hangers? Three or four friends of this sort, the ones to hang one's pictures high, the others to send them back after asking for them, would ruin a poor artist whose reputation is always of the most gossamer sort.

The long and short of this rigmarole, you see, is that I am very pig-headed, and never take anyone's advice now; but I like my friends, and old friends (like yourself) best, and men of genius best of all, so I trust to be ever friends with you though I won't take your advice.

Ever sincerely yours,
F. M. B.

[1] This passage refers to a fact stated in the letter to which this is the answer. Since the year 1852, when the picture of *Christ and Peter* had been 'skied,' Madox Brown had refrained from sending to the Royal Academy Exhibitions. The Academician referred to had been on the Hanging Committee, and had acknowledged himself responsible for this treatment, pleading the picture's late arrival, and the fact that, although substantially an admirer of Madox Brown, he did not extend his approval to this particular work.

[2] A gentleman of influence who had repudiated a commission given to Madox Brown.

If somewhat violent in its tone, the letter is, perhaps, not absolutely unnatural. It must be remembered that Madox Brown's *rencontres* with Academicians were generally unfortunate. I have already quoted the vulgar critique upon the *Christ and Peter* which appeared in the 'Athenæum,' whose accredited critic in those days was Frank Stone, A.R.A.; and when the past masters of the day descend to weapons of critical Billingsgate, it is only to be expected that the younger generation will deal somewhat over-hard knocks on the door, or even imagine themselves victims of an ill-feeling that does not exist in the exactly suspected form.

In the course of the year the death of Mr. Plint, with its disagreeable attendant circumstances, was to a certain extent compensated by the appearance of a new purchaser, Mr. George Rae, who, in the course of time, became not only a source of income, but a warm personal friend of the artist.

His first purchase was, on November 23, the landscape of the *English Autumn Afternoon.* During the same month Mr. Leathart purchased the *Wilhelmus*, the commission for which Mr. Plint's trustees had repudiated.

Madox Brown's life during the year was as uneventful as of yore. The company in which he most particularly mixed was that of the members of the 'Firm.' Visits to the Morrises at Upton on the part of all the members of the family were not infrequent,

and the visits were returned, formally and informally. A picture of the amenities of volunteering and of divers other small matters is presented in the following letter to Mrs. Madox Brown, who was recruiting from an illness at Ramsgate :—

Mr. to Mrs. Madox Brown.

Cathy has been at Mrs. Stund's this afternoon, and was at the Joneses Saturday, while I was gone to Leatherhead with my corps. At Leatherhead we had the most lovely weather, and the scenery also was magnificent, but I did not get home here till past two. Morris got here about an hour before, and was waiting for me (asleep on the rug). He had been there also ; we were both much tired. W. B. Scott was in London, also his wife, I believe. He slept here Friday night and dines on Wednesday. Of course Hunt came yesterday to find us all out, but left a line asking me to dine to-day, but I have other things to do. I have been working hard all day and got the picture done all but the robins, so to-morrow I mean to write and ask people to see it. I have written to Old White, but he has not turned up. God bless you, dearest. I am very sleepy, and must go to bed, having been very late three nights running. Just struck twelve.

That these symposia were not of the most quiet description, the following extract from a letter of D. G. Rossetti's may suffice to show :—

Rossetti to Madox Brown.

I could not mention about Lizzie's leaving before Mr. Rae. She tells me she felt unwell after you left yesterday, and finding the noise rather too much for her left before your return lest she should be feeling worse. Many thanks, all of you, for care of her during her illness. I hope if she comes again she may be better and give you less trouble. I write this word, since her departure must have surprised you, as her return did me.

A bevy of names, some of which are interesting, occur in an invitation of Rossetti's of the same year:—

The same to the same.

DEAR BROWN,—A few blokes and coves are coming at 8 or so on Friday evening to participate in oysters and obloquy. Will you identify yourself with them and their habits? The names of them may probably be Gilchrist,[1] Rose,[2] Sandys, Meredith, Val [Prinsep], W. M. and D. G. Rossetti.

The only other fact that remains to be chronicled in 1861 is the tranquil decease of the Hogarth Club, which, to the relief of nearly everybody concerned, dissolved on December 29.

[1] The author of the *Life of Etty* and *William Blake*, who died three days later.

[2] J. A. Rose, a picture buyer.

THE EXPULSION FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN. 1869.

(From the stained-glass cartoon in possession of Mrs. Hueffer.)

CHAPTER X

1862–1865

Work during 1862—*Work*—Stained-glass Cartoons—The Cotton Famine—Subjects connected with it—Exhibitions—The International Exhibition—Madox Brown's Pictures there—Madox Brown and H.M. Commissioners—Last appearance of Madox Brown's Pictures in London—Death of Mrs. D. G. Rossetti—Moving—Domestic Matters—Work during 1863—Completion of *Work*—Description of the Picture—The Carlyles' admiration of the Picture—Other Designs—*King René's Honeymoon—Death of Sir Tristram—Elijah and the Widow's Son*—The R.A. Hanging Committee—Work during 1863—*Ehud and Eglon—Jacob and Joseph's Coat—Oswald* Cartoons—*Piccadilly Exhibition*—Rossetti's and Swinburne's suggestions for Advertisements—Private View, &c.—The Press—Results—Diary—Friends' Work—'Thomas Bullion'—Garrick Club—Moving—Children's Talent—Brighter Outlook.

During 1862 the two *Works* dragged along. A very considerable portion of the latter part of the year was devoted to them—twice, indeed, in July and in October, he writes to Mr. Leathart that for some weeks he has been engaged on them alone.

Otherwise, the year was devoted to the production of designs for the 'Firm.' These included sixteen for stained glass, amongst which were the beautiful *Christ Blessing Little Children*, the *Nativity*, and an *Adam and Eve*, and several designs for furniture.

As far as sales went, the year was disastrous, as indeed it was for almost all artists, and Madox Brown

was not the only one who did not sell any picture of importance.

To a large extent this was caused by the Cotton Famine that was at that time desolating Lancashire weavers' homes and paralysing almost every branch of industry and trade in that county.

The fearful misery endured at this time seems to have made a considerable impression on Madox Brown. Besides contributing sums of money and the picture known as *Mauvais Sujet* to the Mansion House Relief Fund, which was opened in the fall of the year, he was active in inducing his artist and other friends to do the same. Amongst the pictures that he intended to paint, but for want of commissions was compelled to renounce, was one representing the arrival of the first bale of cotton at the end of the famine. The weavers, assembled in enormous numbers, struggled to have a hand in pushing the railway truck on which it was placed, and the bystanding men and women by one impulse began to sing the 'Old Hundredth.'

Curiously enough, another unpainted picture that he contemplated for several years had in its subject a certain connection with the war in the United States, namely, *John Brown Assisting the Escape of Runaway Slaves.* It is a matter for some regret that neither of these subjects, both of which must have been singularly congenial, was destined to be executed. The episode from the cotton famine would, indeed, have

seen the light on the walls of the Manchester Town Hall, had not the subject seemed wanting in dignity to the Committee who superintended the frescoes in that building.

It was replaced by the somewhat unfortunate and singularly unpaintable subject of the opening of the Bridgewater Canal.

In the absence of more legitimate purchasers Madox Brown was again forced to fall back upon painting for the firm of Dickinson Bros.

However convenient the work might be as a means of supplementing a none too easy livelihood, the remarks that the public of peers and general officers, whose portraits he worked at, seem to have remained a source of some annoyance to him, though his work, to judge from its continuance, seems to have satisfied his employers themselves.

To turn from his own works themselves to their appearances at exhibitions. The only pictures of his that claimed places were, at Liverpool the *Wilhelmus*, and at the International Exhibition the *King Lear*, the *English Autumn Afternoon*, and the *Last of England*.

A certain amount of surprise may be excited by the fact that, after the somewhat decided letter on the subject, quoted on p. 179, Madox Brown was represented there at all. It was, indeed, only at the particular request of the owners of the pictures, and after a definite promise of good placing from the authorities

responsible, that Madox Brown once again entrusted his works to 'Academic' hands. This, however, did not happen until Madox Brown had several times desired 'Her Majesty's Commissioners' to expunge his name from the catalogue, a request without doubt sincere, for it was with the utmost reluctance that he finally consented to the re-insertion.

Madox Brown to Mr. George Rae.

I have heard the light is altogether very bad for pictures, and that the hanging will be in most cases inevitably worse. In fact, it will be a scramble they say out of which only the very lucky can hope to come well.

But men seem trying every nerve to get their pictures in, only for the honour of having their names in the catalogue. . . . If you feel you could not endure to see the picture ill-placed, then I would by all means make the condition [that the picture should be hung on the line] ; and if it lead to the picture's never going, I should not grieve, having been all along most doubtful about sending. However, the other two owners, Mr. Leathart and Major Gillum, both added their strong dissent to yours as to the course I was pursuing, and, you three gentlemen being just now more important to me than the rest of the British public, I at once felt which was the right course to adopt. . . .

The upshot of the rather cavalier treatment of the Commissioners is narrated in the sequel of May 9.

The same to the same.

I am happy to tell you that the *Autumn Afternoon* has a first-rate place, as well as the other two I have sent. I have not myself been to see, having been prevented on the artists' private view day, but I hear on all hands that all three are on the line and as well placed as anything there.

I fancy that they begin to see I am not one who will put up with ill-usage without complaint.

Davis has also a capital place—as good as any one; his picture and mine, I understand, are *favourably* noticed in the *Catalogue Raisonné*[1] published by the Commissioners.

The resulting profit of all this worry was extremely small. Had the pictures exhibited been the artist's own property, they might possibly have been sold from the walls. Or had their owners had any occasion to part with them whilst the memory of the exhibition itself was fresh in the public mind, their prices might have been slightly enhanced, and that fact might have reflected beneficially upon the artist's reputation in a country which, rightly or wrongly, judges things by their commercial value. Neither of these contingencies arose, and, Madox Brown having no powerful backers in the Press of the day, gained practically nothing from a few favourable, a few unfavourable, and a number of merely negative criticisms hidden away in the lengthy columns in which the exhibition was criticised in the papers.

It was his last appearance in any official exhibition in London, and, with the exception of the exhibition of his own works in 1865, it was the last time that any work of his of adequate importance was exhibited in London until his last years.

At the time of life at which he had arrived, and

[1] This catalogue was drawn up by F. T. Palgrave, but was withdrawn on account of the attacks it contained on Baron Marochetti, the sculptor.

with his not inconsiderable artistic position, as well as in consideration of the high standpoint from which he had hitherto negotiated such matters, it was scarcely to be expected from him that he should undergo the annual humiliation of a more than possible rejection at the hands of the Academicians.

Otherwise the year was uneventful; the death of Mrs. D. G. Rossetti had prostrated the poet-artist with grief, and a good deal of Madox Brown's time was spent in rendering the service of companionship. The only other event of the slightest importance was the removal which took place in the early part of October from Fortess to Grove Terrace. I transcribe a letter from Mr. to Mrs. Madox Brown, which is of interest only as exemplifying the artist's quaint if somewhat fussy attention to household matters. Mrs. Madox Brown had gone to Ramsgate to recruit her health before the arduous operation of moving.

Mr. to Mrs. Madox Brown.

My dearest Love . . . ,—Here the house is in a muddle, but work is doing, and I am glad you are out of the way of the bother, and, I hope, enjoying yourself. The servants, I think, get on better at the sort of thing they are at with only one head to direct them. We are having new tick to all the beds and mattresses, so wil go into the other house with them all as good as new. . . .

I have been working away well and quietly, but have a boil coming on which makes me feverish; also yesterday I felt a headache again, which made me leave off work about half-past 4 and go to sleep on the sofa till dark. But going to the Firm seemed to do it good. Ask Nolly if he lost my new stick, for it has disappeared. I want the

'WORK'

(Painted 1863)

(From the picture in the Manchester Gallery)

measure of his tunic, as I have a suit making up for his return, out of my old uniform. Length of back, length of sleeves, and width of tunic right round the chest, and round the hips will suffice. Tell the kids that Ellen caught a fine young starling yesterday, which we now have in a cage, and we shall rear it, I fancy. It flew against her dress and so she took it. The other dick is well.

With which chronicle of small beer the year may come to an end.

August of 1863 saw the completion of the large *Work*.

With regard to the great picture itself I here transcribe Madox Brown's own descriptive comment. It would be a difficult, if not an absolutely impossible, matter to procure a better one—a more characteristic would be out of the question :—

This picture was begun in 1852 at Hampstead. The background, which represents the main street of that suburb not far from the Heath, was painted on the spot.

At that time extensive excavations were going on in the neighbourhood, and, seeing and studying daily as I did the British excavator, or *navvy*, as he designates himself, in the full swing of his activity (with his manly and picturesque costume, and with the rich glow of colour which exercise under a hot sun will impart), it appeared to me that he was at least as worthy of the powers of an English painter as the fisherman of the Adriatic, the peasant of the Campagna, or the Neapolitan lazzarone. Gradually this idea developed itself into that of *Work* as it now exists, with the British excavator for a central group, as the outward and visible type of *Work*. Here are presented the young navvy in the pride of manly health and beauty ; the strong fully-developed navvy who does his work and loves his beer ; the selfish old bachelor navvy, stout of limb, and perhaps a trifle tough in those regions where compassion is said to reside ; the navvy of strong animal nature, who, but that he was when young *taught* to work at useful work, might even now be working at the *useless crank*.

Then Paddy with his larry and his pipe in his mouth. The young navvy who occupies the place of hero in this group, and in the picture, stands on what is termed a landing-stage, a platform placed half-way down the trench ; two men from beneath shovel the earth up to him as he shovels it on to the pile outside. Next in value of significance to these is the ragged wretch who has never been *taught* to *work* ; with his restless, gleaming eyes he doubts and despairs of every one. But for a certain effeminate gentleness of disposition and a love of nature he might have been a burglar ! He lives in Flower and Dean Street, where the policemen walk two and two, and the worst cut-throats surround him, but he is harmless ; and before the dawn you may see him miles out in the country, collecting his wild weeds and singular plants to awaken interest, and perhaps find a purchaser in some sprouting botanist. When exhausted he will return to his den, his creel of flowers then rests in an open court-yard, the thoroughfare for the crowded inmates of this haunt of vice, and played in by mischievous boys, yet the basket rarely gets interfered with, unless through the unconscious lurch of some drunkard. The bread-winning implements are sacred with the very poor. In the very opposite scale from the man who can't work, at the further corner of the picture, are two men who appear as having nothing to do. These are the brain-workers, who, seeming to be idle, work, and are the cause of well-ordained work and happiness in others—sages, such as in ancient Greece published their opinions in the market square. Perhaps one of these may already, before he or others know it, have moulded a nation to his pattern, converted a hitherto combative race to obstinate passivity ; with a word may have centupled the tide of emigration, with another, have quenched the political passions of both factions—may have reversed men's notions upon criminals, upon slavery, upon many things, and still be walking about little known to some. The other, in friendly communion with the philosopher, smiling perhaps at some of his wild sallies and cynical thrusts (for Socrates at times strangely disturbs the seriousness of his auditory by the mercilessness of his jokes—against vice and foolishness), is intended for a kindred and yet very dissimilar spirit. A clergyman, such as the Church of England offers examples of—a priest without guile—a gentleman without pride, much in communion

with the working classes, 'honouring all men,' 'never weary in well-doing.' Scholar, author, philosopher, and teacher, too, in his way, but not above practical efforts, if even for a small resulting good. Deeply penetrated as he is with the axiom that each unit of humanity feels as much as all the rest combined, and impulsive and hopeful in nature, so that the remedy suggests itself to him concurrently with the evil.

Next to these, on the shaded bank, are different characters out of work: haymakers in quest of employment; a Stoic from the Emerald Island, with hay stuffed in his hat to keep the draught out, and need for Stoicism just at present, being short of baccy; a young shoeless Irishman, with his wife, feeding their first-born with cold pap; an old sailor turned haymaker; and two young peasants in search of harvest work, reduced in strength, perhaps by fever—possibly by famine. Behind the Pariah, who never has learned to work, appears a group of a very different class, who, from an opposite cause, have not been sufficiently used to work either. These are the *rich*, who 'have no need to work'—not at least for bread—*the* '*bread of life*' is neither here nor there. The pastrycook's tray, the symbol of superfluity, accompanies these. It is peculiarly English; I never saw it abroad that I remember, though something of the kind must be used. For some years after returning to England I could never quite get over a certain socialistic twinge on seeing it pass, unreasonable as the feeling may have been. Past the pastrycook's tray come two married ladies. The elder and more serious of the two devotes her energies to tract distributing, and has just flung one entitled, 'The Hodman's Haven; or, Drink for Thirsty Souls,' to the somewhat uncompromising specimen of navvy humanity descending the ladder: he scorns it, but with good-nature. This well-intentioned lady has, perhaps, never reflected that excavators may have notions to the effect that ladies might be benefited by receiving tracts containing navvies' ideas! nor yet that excavators are skilled workmen, shrewd thinkers chiefly, and, in general, men of great experience in life, as life presents itself to them.

In front of her is the lady whose only business in life as yet is to dress and look beautiful for our benefit. She probably possesses everything that can give enjoyment to life; how then can she but enjoy the passing moment, and, like a flower, feed on the light of the

sun? Would anyone wish it otherwise? Certainly not I, dear lady. Only in your own interest, seeing that certain blessings cannot be insured for ever—as, for instance, health may fail, beauty fade, pleasures through repetition pall—I will not hint at the greater calamities to which flesh is heir—seeing all this, were you less engaged watching that exceedingly beautiful tiny greyhound in a red jacket that *will* run through that lime, I would beg to call your attention to my group of small, exceedingly ragged, dirty children in the foreground of my picture, where you are about to pass. I would, if permitted, observe that, though at first they may appear just such a group of ragged dirty brats as anywhere get in the way and make a noise, yet, being considered attentively, they, like insects, molluscs, miniature plants, &c., develop qualities to form a most interesting study, and occupy the mind at times when all else might fail to attract. That they are motherless, the baby's black ribbons and their extreme dilapidation indicate, making them all the more worthy of consideration; a mother, however destitute, would scarcely leave the eldest one in such a plight. As to the father, I have no doubt he drinks, and will be sentenced in the police-court for neglecting them. The eldest girl, not more than ten, poor child! is very worn-looking and thin; her frock, evidently the compassionate gift of some grown-up person, she has neither the art nor the means to adapt to her own diminutive proportions—she is fearfully untidy, therefore, and her way of wrenching her brother's hair looks vixenish and against her. But then a germ or rudiment of good housewifery seems to pierce through her disordered envelope, for the younger ones are taken care of, and nestle to her as to a mother; the sun-burnt baby, which looks wonderfully solemn and intellectual, as all babies do, as I have no doubt your own little cherub looks at this moment asleep in its charming bassinet, is fat and well-to-do, it has even been put into poor mourning for its mother. The other little one, though it sucks a piece of carrot in lieu of a sugar-plum, and is shoeless, seems healthy and happy, watching the workmen. The care of the two little ones is an anxious charge for the elder girl, and she has become a premature scold all through having to manage that *boy*—that boy, though a merry, good-natured-looking young Bohemian, is evidently the plague of her life, as boys always are. Even now he *will* not leave that workman's barrow alone, and gets

his hair well pulled, as is natural. The dog which accompanies them is evidently of the same outcast sort as themselves. The having to do battle for his existence in a hard world has soured his temper, and he frequently fights, as by his torn ear you may know; but the poor children may do as they like with him; rugged democrat as he is, he is gentle to them, only he hates minions of aristocracy in red jackets. The old bachelor navvy's small valuable bull-pup also instinctively distrusts outlandish-looking dogs in jackets.

The couple on horseback in the middle distance consists of a gentleman, still young, and his daughter. (The rich and the poor both marry early, only those of moderate incomes procrastinate.) This gentleman is evidently very rich, probably a colonel in the army, with a seat in Parliament, and fifteen thousand a year and a pack of hounds. He is not an over-dressed man of the tailor's dummy sort—he does not put his fortune on his back, he is too rich for that; moreover, he looks to me an honest, true hearted gentleman (he was painted from one I know), and could he only be got to hear what the two sages in the corner have to say, I have no doubt he would be easily won over. But the road is blocked, and the daughter says we must go back, papa, round the other way.

The man with the beer-tray, calling 'Beer ho!' so lustily, is a specimen of town pluck and energy contrasted with country thews and sinews. He is hump-backed, stunted in his growth, and in all matters of taste vulgar as Birmingham can make him look in the 19th century. As a child he was probably starved, stunted with gin, and suffered to get run over. But energy has brought him through to be a prosperous beer-man, and 'very much respected,' and in his way he also is a sort of hero; that black eye was got probably doing the police of his master's establishment, and in an encounter with some huge ruffian whom he has conquered in fight, and hurled out through the swing-doors of the palace of gin prone on to the pavement. On the wall are posters and bills, one of the 'Boys' Home, 41 Euston Road,' which the lady who is giving tracts will no doubt subscribe to presently, and place the urchin playing with the barrow in; one of 'The Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street,' or if you object to these, then a police bill offering 50*l.* reward in a matter of highway robbery. Back in the distance we see the Assembly-room of the 'Flamstead Institute of Arts,' where Professor

Snoöx is about to repeat his interesting lecture on the habits of the domestic cat. Indignant pussies up on the roof are denying his theory *in toto.*

The less important characters in the background require little comment. Bobus, our old friend, 'the sausage-maker of Houndsditch,' from 'Past and Present,' having secured a colossal fortune (he boasts of it *now*) by anticipating the French Hippophage Society in the introduction of horseflesh as a *cheap* article of human food, is at present going in for the county of Middlesex, and, true to his old tactics, has hired all the idlers in the neighbourhood to carry his boards. These being one too many for the bearers, an old woman has volunteered to carry the one in excess.

The episode of the policeman who has caught an orange-girl in the heinous offence of resting her basket on a post, and who himself administers justice in the shape of a push that sends her fruit all over the road, is one of common occurrence, or used to be—perhaps the police now 'never do such things.'

I am sorry to say that most of my friends, on examining this part of my picture, have laughed over it as a good joke. Only two men saw the circumstance in a different light; one of them was the young Irishman who feeds his infant with pap. Pointing to it with his thumb, his mouth quivering at the reminiscence, he said, 'That, Sir, *I* know to be true.' The other was a clergyman; his testimony would perhaps have more weight. I dedicate this portion of the work to the Commissioners of Police.

Through this picture I have gained some experience of the navvy class, and I have usually found, that if you can break through the upper crust of *mauvaise honte* which surrounds them in common with most Englishmen, and which, in the case of the navvies, I believe to be the cause of much of their bad language, you will find them serious, intelligent men, and with much to interest in their conversation, which, moreover, contains about the same amount of morality and sentiment that is commonly found among men in the active and hazardous walks of life, for that their career is one of hazard and danger none should doubt. Many stories might be told of navvies' daring and endurance, were this the place for them. One incident peculiarly connected with this picture is the melancholy fact that one of the very men who sat for it lost his life by a scaffold

accident before I had yet quite done with him. I remember the poor fellow telling me, among other things, how he never but once felt nervous with his work, and this was having to trundle barrows of earth over a plank-line crossing a rapid river at a height of *eighty feet* above the water. But it was not the height he complained of, it was the *gliding motion of the water underneath.*

I have only to observe, in conclusion, that the effect of hot July sunlight, attempted in this picture, has been introduced because it seems peculiarly fitted to display *work* in all its severity, and no from any predilection for this kind of light over any other.

N.B.—In several cases I have had the advantage of sittings from personages of note, who, at a loss of time to themselves, have kindly contributed towards the greater truthfulness of some of the characters. As my object, however, in all cases, is to delineate types and not individuals, and as, moreover, I never contemplated employing their renown to benefit my own reputation, I refrain from publishing their names.

The most noted of the sitters for *Work* are, of course, Thomas Carlyle and Frederick Denison Maurice. The Carlylean *motif* of the picture is indeed so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to mention it.

I am not quite able to say whether the subject was suggested by 'Past and Present' itself, or whether it was entirely self-evolved. I happen to possess the artist's copy of that work. It is of the American edition of 1840, and was therefore most probably acquired from a second-hand bookstall. The date of its acquisition is not indicated, but it bears signs of frequent perusal, whilst passages relating to the great Mr. Bobus and many enunciating the gospel of *Work* are pencil-marked.

The complaisant attitude that Carlyle[1] adopted towards Madox Brown was without doubt due in some respects to the spirit of the work in which his presentment was to figure, whilst perhaps the sardonic expression that Madox Brown has given to Carlyle's face was due to that sage's scarcely suppressed contempt for painters. This, however, is a mere conjecture. If the Carlylean spirit is prevalent and recurrent, that of Maurice is not absolutely disregarded, if we may take the lady distributing tracts to be one of those carrying out his 'practical' ideas.

The gentleman on horseback is the artist Martineau; the 'beauteous tripping dame with bell-like skirts' is Mrs. Madox Brown, and the 'philosophic baby' Arthur Gabriel Madox Brown.

The 'Boys' Home, Euston Road,' was an institution with which Madox Brown had a certain connection through his friend and patron, Major Gillum, and with the 'Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street,' he was also connected as an art lecturer.

The only other celebrity that calls for mention was Professor Snoöx, the lecturer on cats. This personage was one of the imaginary companions of D. G. Rossetti. With his fellow Ornithorhyncus Bug (Snoöx's Christian name being Athanasius) he made about this time—or, perhaps, before the death of Mrs. D. G. Rossetti—con-

[1] When the picture was exhibited in 1865, Carlyle was one of the most frequent visitors to the exhibition; moreover, he wrote to Madox Brown informing him that his wife came even more frequently, and was a very fervent admirer of the work.

stant appearance in the conversation of the poet-artist's more wayward moods, a fact which may recall to mind the Shelleyan snake.

Of other designs the year was fruitful. Those for the 'Firm' include *Abraham and Isaac*, *Isaac Blessing Esau*, *SS. Paul*, *Elizabeth*, *John*, and *Matthew*, executed mostly in May and June, as well as the water-colour and oil pictures of *King René's Honeymoon* and the water-colour sketch of the *Death of Sir Tristram*.

The same year saw also the beginning of a class of work in connection with which Madox Brown executed some of his most dramatic and successful pictures. I refer to the designs for Messrs. Dalziel's Bible. These were the *Coat of Many Colours*, the *Elijah and the Widow's Son*, and *Ehud and Eglon*. Of these, the *Coat of Many Colours* was designed in November 1863. From a list of 'works in contemplation,' submitted to Mr. Rae in December, I observe that the first conception of *Cordelia's Portion* dates from this year. The other pictures mentioned are substantially those named above.

During the visit to Newcastle in the autumn he also painted the portrait of Mr. Leathart.

The only exhibition to which Madox Brown this year contributed was that at Edinburgh, in the early part of the year. He was there represented by the *Wilhelmus*, the *Irish Girl*, and *Walton-on-the-Naze*.

Another with which he came in contact was that of 'rejected pictures' at the Cosmopolitan Club. It was organised by Mr. Holman Hunt with the very sensible view of proving to Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Academy, several of whom were members of the Club, that pictures rejected by the authorities at Burlington House would make a goodly show if rationally selected. Madox Brown, not having works that had undergone rejection, was, of course, not eligible as an exhibitor, but he took some little trouble in the interests of William Davis, and had the gratification of knowing that two of that artist's landscapes secured excellent positions and looked their best.

As regards the personal events of the year, it must suffice to quote the following from a letter to Mr. Rae :—

> When you come up to town you will find but a ghost of my poor self—all the nobler, or fatter, portions of me having entered into my *Work*.

With 1864 we reach a year and period of really astonishing productiveness. Apart from the commencing of five duplicates—those of *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.*, *Oure Ladye of Good Children*, *Take your Son, Sir*, among the number—February, March, and April saw the painting of *Sir Tristram*, a most characteristic work, and *Old Toothless*, besides nine cartoons for the Firm; May and June the oil and the water-colour of *King René's Honey-*

moon; July and August the oil painting of *Elijah and the Widow's Son*, the water-colour of which was finished in October. August also brought the two 'ship'[1] designs for the Firm. The duplicates referred to were mostly worked at in August and September.

The autumn, from October to December, saw the commencement of the oil *Coat of Many Colours* and the cartoon for *Ehud and Eglon*.

This increased activity was to a certain extent due to the fact that in 1864 Madox Brown conceived the idea of holding, in the following year, an exhibition of the picture of *Work*, round which were to be grouped specimens of the stages through which his art had passed. To ensure a sufficiently extensive display it was necessary to have a large choice from which to select. Thus he commenced a number of pictures, and brought them to a point that enabled him to finish them with ease shortly before the exhibition was held.

As regards the subject and conceptions of the pictures completed in 1864, I quote Madox Brown's own descriptions :—

King René's Honeymoon.

King René was titular King of Naples, Sicily, Jerusalem, and Cyprus, and father of our celebrated and unfortunate Margaret, Queen to Henry VI.

[1] *Christ Raising Peter from the Sea* and *Christ Watching the Disciples Labouring at the Oar.*

AUTOTYPE

were lovers), fatally holds their free-will in life-long fetters which they have neither the power nor the will to cast off. The lovers die unrepentant, and there seems little of hope for them but to join themselves to Dante's lovers in the eternal storm of passion. Next to Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristram was the best Knight in Christendom. Like him he erred, but he was doomed from his birth, when his dying mother forenamed him Tristram, child of her sorrow. Our compassionate tolerance of the lovers is artfully kept up by the abject meanness of the character of King Mark, who labours, moreover, under the disqualification, unpardonable in knightly circles, of being a coward. The weapon, a 'glaive,' with which Sir Tristram was 'traitrously slayne' while sitting with Isonde, is well fitted for a coward to use on his enemy from behind. It consists of a Turkish scimitar fastened halbert-wise to a long pole. The upturned sleeve, disclosing the concealed shirt of mail, and the large butcher-like 'anelace' at his girdle, more fitted for a yeoman than a knight, bespeak at once the King's bloodthirsty intention and timid disposition.

The arms of Cornwall, which consist of money, seem most appropriate to the mean-spirited King, and the motto, 'Deniers prévaudront' (pence shall prevail), has been added as in harmony with this coincidence. The little dog is the 'brachet' given by Sir Tristram to Isonde, by which he was recognised when, sickly and half distrustful, he returned from his exile in the garb of a mendicant. Like other lap-dogs, he is not unselfish nor over valiant, and without rising he only yelps languidly at his hated master. Outside is Dame Bragwain, the Queen's tirewoman, who dares not interfere.

The description of the *Elijah and the Widow's Son* calls for no especial comment :—

We all remember how the widow in the extremity of her grief cried out, 'Art thou come unto me to call my sin to remembrance, and to slay my son?' So we can all imagine the half (or half-assumed) reproachful look with which Elijah, as he brought the child down stairs, would have said, 'See, thy son liveth,' and even surmise the faint twinkle of humour in the eyes with which he would receive

the reply, 'Now *by this I know* that thou art a man of God.' The child is represented as in his grave-clothes, which have a far-off resemblance to Egyptian funereal trappings, having been laid out with flowers in the palms of his hands, as is done by women in such cases. Without this the subject (the coming to life) could not be expressed by the painter's art, and till this view of the subject presented itself to me I could not see my way to make a picture of it. The shadow on the wall projected by a bird out of the picture returning to its nest (consisting of the bottle which in some countries is inserted in the walls to secure the presence of the swallow of good omen), typifies the return of the soul to the body. The Hebrew writing over the door consists of the verses of Deut. vi. 4–9, which the Jews were ordered so to use (possibly suggested to Moses by the Egyptian custom). Probably their dwelling in tents gave rise to the habit of writing the words instead on parchment placed in a case. As is habitual with very poor people, the widow is supposed to have resumed her household duties, little expecting the result of the Prophet's vigil with her dead child. She has therefore been kneading a cake for his dinner. The costume is such as can be devised from the study of Egyptian combined with Assyrian, and other nearly contemporary remains. The effect is vertical sunlight, such as exists in southern latitudes. Finished study for a picture. (1864.)

The only exhibition at which Madox Brown was represented was that held at Stratford-on-Avon, on the occasion of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, at which was his *Cordelia at the Bedside of Lear.*

In fact, the subject of exhibitions as a whole, other than his own projection, seems to have been more distasteful than ever to him. The want of discrimination of the Royal Academy Hanging Committee afforded him matter for several letters.

'ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW'S SON'

(Painted 1868)

(From the picture in the South Kensington Museum)

AUTOTYPE

To Mr. Rae.

By the 'Daily Telegraph' this morning, it would appear that Davis as well as Inchbold has been rejected *in toto*. I trust this is a mistake. Also *our friend Moore* is among the ill-used it seems.

Hughes's pictures, however, are all well hung. He sent in three.

And later:

Jones's picture[1] has been badly hung by men who could not understand the poetry of it. But I never heard two opinions about it being one of his very finest, from such as are worth listening to.

Of course the newspapers have been down upon him, or he would not be a grand genius, and they English newspapers. But he is all right for fame and fortune.

Apart from actual painting and designing, the year was much occupied with the business transactions arising out of the exhibition of the year following, and with negotiations with the trustees of the Plint estate. This correspondence alone was a weighty matter, spread over five years. I have in my possession upwards of two hundred lawyers' letters, and a very large number of copies of answers on the subject. They must have cost a considerable amount of thought and an almost equal amount of manual labour, although in many cases Madox Brown's daughter Lucy acted as his amanuensis.

Relaxations were comparatively few. A short stay at Newcastle and a visit to the Derby with Mr. Morris may be chronicled. Otherwise, the approaching expense of the exhibition, which Madox Brown estimated at from two to three hundred pounds,

[1] The *Merciful Knight.*

necessitated a certain drawing in of the horns of expense. Nevertheless, an occasional dinner was given on some such occasion as the visit of a picture-buyer to London, but this not very often.

An amusing reference to Madox Brown's habit of forgetting names occurs in a letter of introduction from D. G. Rossetti, and may serve to round in the year. It was one heralding the arrival of Mr. Spartali, whose daughters were desirous of receiving instructions from Brown :—

D. G. Rossetti to Ford Madox Brown.

I send you this from Ionides, which name (and not Jonydese) please fix in your mind.

By-the-bye, I did not know you reported police reports for the 'Times,' but discovered such to be the case the other day on seeing the following :—

'"*Erratum.*—In a case at the Lambeth Police Court yesterday the name of the prosecutor was erroneously given as Colnaghi. It should have been Mather !"'

The early part of 1865 was entirely occupied by the touching up of old pictures and the finishing of others that had been commenced in the preceding year.

Of these, the most important were the designs for Dalziel's Bible—the cartoon of *Ehud and Eglon*, and the pen and ink of *Jacob and Joseph's Coat*, and the series of six designs for the Firm, representing the *Life and Death of St. Oswald*, which were executed in December 1864 and January 1865.

To these designs the following descriptions were appended :—

Ehud, and Eglon, King of Moab.

'So the children of Israel served Eglon, king of Moab, eighteen years' (Judges iii. 14). 'But Ehud made him a dagger which had two edges, and did gird it under his raiment upon his right thigh' (xvi.). 'And Eglon was a very fat man' (xvii.) And Ehud said :—

'I have a message to thee from God, and he (Eglon) arose from his seat' (xx.). 'And Ehud put forth his left hand, and took the dagger from his right thigh' (xxi.),

The costume and accessories of this cartoon are taken from Assyrian and Egyptian remains of a remote period. These alone, it seems to me, should guide us in Biblical subjects. To pretend that the Semitic races, to which the Israelites belong, have not changed in costume and character of appearance up to the present day is against the evidence of our eyes, as may be readily seen in the Assyrians, and those of their near neighbours, the Egyptians, in remains we have in the British Museum to compare with the modern Arab. Englishmen should always remember that this convenient similarity between the Israelite of old and the Arab of our days came into vogue in France rather suspiciously, at the time of the French conquest of Algiers under Louis Philippe.

The Moabites having remained in Palestine from the time of Abraham and Lot, I have given a more Assyrian character to Eglon. Ehud, on the contrary, I have thought necessary to represent with more of the Egyptian character, the Israelites having come from that country.

Jacob and Joseph's Coat.

The brothers were at a distance from home, minding their herds and flocks, when Joseph was sold. Four of them are here represented as having come back with the coat. The cruel Simeon stands in the immediate foreground, half out of the picture ; he looks at his father guiltily, and already prepared to bluster, though Jacob, his thoughts given all to his grief, sees no one and suspects no one. The leonine Judah, just behind him, stands silently watching the effect of Levi's falsity and jeering levity on their father ; Issachar the fool sucks the head of his shepherd's crook, and wonders at

his father's despair. Benjamin sits next his father, and with darkling countenance examines the ensanguined and torn garment. A sheep dog, without much concern, sniffs the blood, which he recognises as not belonging to man.

A grandchild of Jacob nestles up to him, having an instinctive dislike for her uncles. Jacob sits on a sort of daïs raised round a spreading fig-tree. The ladder, which is introduced in a naturalistic way, is by convention the sign of Jacob, who, in his dream, saw angels ascending and descending by it.

The background is taken from a sketch made[1] in Palestine. The same remarks about costume apply to this as to the Ehud cartoon, only that in this one the costume is still more remote and uncertain ; the loin-cloth, as worn now by the negroes of Africa, is probably the garment from which all others derive themselves, and is peculiarly suited to the period. In the East, taking off shoes or sandals is equivalent to uncovering the head with us ; on this account Simeon stands with his straw sandals in his hands ; such also is the reason of Ehud's sandals being left at the door, lest by any breach of etiquette he might arouse one instant too soon the suspicions of the tyrant.

That the Assyrians and Egyptians used chairs as we do is quite ascertained ; as also that their furniture was much more like our own and the Greek or Roman than like anything modern Turkish or Arabian.

The series of cartoons devoted to the *Life and Death of St. Oswald* records the exile, the restoration, the victory over pagans, the proselytising, and the final martyrdom in battle and enshrining of the early English King of Northumberland of that name.

The first one of the series—Oswald's baptism—is otherwise interesting as containing the germ of the frescoed *Baptism of Edwin.*

The exhibition itself, which was open from

[1] By Thomas Seddon.

March 10 to June 10, occupied almost all Madox Brown's time during those months, though in the meantime he finished the small replicas of *Oure Ladye* and of *Windermere*.

For a new patron, the late Mr. Craven, to whom Madox Brown was introduced though the good offices of Rossetti and Mr. Frederick Shields, Madox Brown, in July, commenced the small water-colour picture called the *Nosegay*. This was finished in October, and, at the suggestion of Mr. Craven, slightly altered in November.

Later in the month Madox Brown received from the same gentleman the commission for *Cordelia's Portion*. The monochrome cartoon for that picture was begun on November 22, and the picture itself on the 29th.

In the meantime a great deal of work was devoted to the large oil picture of the *Coat of Many Colours*, which had been commissioned by Mr. Rae the year before. The picture was one of considerable size, and, as in the case of *Work*, necessitated a great deal of work and some little contrivance in the procuring of accessory details.

Madox Brown to Mr. Rae.

As to myself and *Jacob* [he writes in September], I have ordered his frame, if that is any evidence of progress. This I have been unable to do till the other day, because I could not make quite sure of the right measure of the picture, as there was a margin of canvas to suit the requirements of the composition.

In the painting itself I have made good progress, if not quite such expedition as was expected.

Five of the figures, the camel, and all the background are now in—all, indeed, that is intricate or difficult except the little girl.

One reason why I do not get on quite so fast as I reckoned is that I find in a work of this size the elaborate small drawing I made is of next to no use except as a previous study.

I mean that, though it has been of advantage to the work in helping to avoid errors, it is of no use to copy from. The flesh has all to be painted from nature, and the draperies and accessories all to be placed again.

The necklace for Levi I had to *manufacture* before I could paint it.

As I am so behind the time of my promise, however, I must do something for honesty's sake, and to make amends you must allow me, when it is finished, to present you with a drawing equal to the value of the interest of the money from the time I received it to the delivery of the work. This is the least I can do.

During the last fortnight I have had to fall back on the domestic *pot-boiler* from the dire necessity of keeping the establishment supplied in victuals, but in a day or two I shall be again in a condition to give my undivided attention to the picture.

From the 15th to the 22nd of October Madox Brown worked continuously at the *Nosegay*—most of the time in the garden, working altogether fifty-seven hours in the seven days.

It was, of course, important that the picture, which represents a young girl, accompanied by a majestic cat, picking a nosegay—or, to speak more properly, a bouquet—in a flower garden, should be finished before the autumn frosts withered the flowers; but this was not an unusual number of hours' work in the week. Sometimes it fell as low as thirty, but nine or ten

hours a day is a frequent record. This necessitated working by artificial light during the evenings, and, although Madox Brown had very little dislike to, and still less difficulty in, painting by gaslight, he, as a rule, devoted the evenings to working at cartoons for the Firm.

To turn from the pictures themselves to their exhibition.

By the end of December 1864 the gallery at 196 Piccadilly had been taken, and advertisements inserted in newspapers and on the walls of railway stations. These advertisements seem to have afforded endless amusement to Rossetti. His letters, which, during the previous year, had teemed with allusions to furniture with which he was filling his new house at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, now contained jocular or practical suggestions as to advertisements. I quote one or two of his more amusing letters of one kind or another :—

D. G. Rossetti to Madox Brown.

February 6, 1865.—I've thought of an advertising system for you, which is so good you must have the benefit of it. You should begin by enormous placards with the one word *Work*, thus— and go on with this for a week or two. Then another week of *Mr. F. M. Brown's Work*, and then condescend to further particulars. If, in addition to this, you put up a sign over your door representing a Brown Mad Ox crossing a Ford, marked British Art, with you holding on to his horns with a palette and brushes, and *R.A.* and *Public*

Press waving red flags to frighten him on either bank, the success could no longer be dubious.

And again in a postscript :—

Swinburne announces an intention of revenge for your suspicions by a continued placard—

BROWN!
DOWN AGAIN,
6*d*.

The idea of a 'one-man' exhibition was a comparatively new one. Seddon's exhibition of his own works had not been in any sense of the word a public one, and although single works of artists—such as Mr. Holman Hunt's *Finding of the Saviour in the Temple* —or even two or three pictures by different artists, had been sometimes exhibited, I am not aware that the exhibition of a series of works, laying bare the whole art-history of an artist, was an idea that had been anticipated at a then recent date in this country.

The exhibition included upwards of a hundred works, of which twenty at least were works of extreme importance, ranging from *Manfred on the Jungfrau* of 1840 to the *Last of England* and *Work*.

The other examples were almost all works worthy of consideration, and included cartoons for stained glass and designs for furniture.

Thus, I think it may with safety be said that an exhibition of the same scope and personal significance was practically unprecedented. On the whole, the

experiment succeeded to such an extent as to justify itself.

The private view took place on March 10, and the exhibition remained open until June 10, during which period some three thousand people paid shillings for entrance, exhausting about two-thirds of that number of catalogues. Of the number of personal friends and professional visitors that it attracted I have, however, no means of judging. Their number was considerable, and is to be added to those above mentioned.[1]

For the rest, I will allow Madox Brown to speak for himself:—

To Mr. Geo. Rae.

The exhibition is open at length after labours that seemed as though they never would be done in time. The weather here is cold and miserable to a degree which I dare say you in the 'sunny south' will hardly credit. This, I fancy, is against the public coming, though they *have* come considerably this week.

The private view was crowded, however, though it poured with rain all day; and many people of note attended, who must be of influence to my destinies, though the Prince of Wales is a great fish that still remains to be caught. But Gladstone paid me a private visit and delighted me much by his manners and modesty.

I believe people are pretty much agreed as to the satisfactory way I have got up the exhibition and written the catalogue. The gallery, I find, is too small for the number of works I have in it, and the light is not so good as I could wish it; but by careful and judicious arrangement I have managed to secure for each picture a place that suits it, and the whole looks filled up to excess and with something to

[1] Pinwell frequently asserted that he was a pupil of Madox Brown's work, if not of him personally. He and another shared the expense of a season ticket for the Exhibition, and went on every alternate day to study the pictures there.

look at at each turn of the head, the centre being darkened and divided by curtains.

The result is that people begin to say I must have been a very hard-working man all my life, a thing they have hardly given me credit for as yet.

By April 19 disillusion had not yet arrived.

To the same.

The exhibition has been so far a success, and, at times, there has been quite a little crowd, but the expense has been so great (certainly over 300*l.* in money alone), not to mention loss of time, that I cannot reckon on its paying in that line; but the Press has done bravely for me, and, in reputation, it cannot but do me much good. Indeed, I have felt it already.

As to the articles themselves, they are all pasted down on cardboard for the inspection of the public in the gallery. These you will have an opportunity of reading of an evening in London. . . . The 'Saturday Review' notice[1] has been made into a placard.

This, with the 'Daily Telegraph,'[2] 'Pall Mall,'[3] 'Sun,'[4] 'Reader,'[5] 'Athenæum,'[6] and a review coming out next month in Fraser,'[7] form the chief of what has been written. There have been a good many others, some still coming out, and one or two blackguard me.

Of these notices, all of them laudatory in the extreme, the most balanced and, on the whole, satisfactory, are that of the 'Saturday Review' and that of 'Fraser,' by Mr. W. M. Rossetti. The greater portion of almost all of them was devoted to detailing the subject-matter of *Work*, which seems, as indeed was to be expected, to have attracted and

[1] March 25. [2] March 24. [3] March 29. [4] March 30.
[5] April 1. [6] March 11. [7] May.

dazzled the eyes of the writers to the partial exclusion of the other pictures.

Their highly favourable tone is the more remarkable when one considers that almost total ignoring had been the lot of Madox Brown until 1865. As a matter of fact, even the critics of the least concessionary order now showed signs of reducing their opposition to Madox Brown's work; and the fact that capable writers had declared him to be a man of genius, and that Academies had awarded him prizes, insured him at least courteous treatment at the most hostile hands.

The immediate results of the exhibition were a considerable access both of patrons and of public esteem, and the ensuing decade was the most prosperous and probably the happiest of his life.

His circle of acquaintances had widened very considerably, and many of his old friends had risen to positions of considerable notoriety. From the slight diary which he kept for a short time at this period I quote the record of several more days, which will sufficiently show how Madox Brown's life was spent at that time :—

September 10*th*, *Sunday*.—Day of rest. Long walk after dinner with Emma and the chicks.

11*th*.—From 11 to 1.30 and from 2 to 3 at the drapery of Judah; from 3 to 6 at the *Nosegay* and *Jacob*. In the evening, from 10 till 12, placing drapery for Levi.

12*th*.—Found the draperies on the lay figure cause delay. Began painting about 12 at Levi, till 11 at night, with intervals of rest. Did little good; quite discouraged and can't work.

13*th.*—To Gravesend with Emma, to fetch Lucy from Helen Bromley's.

14*th.*—Whitewashed ceiling of studio. Painted at the convolvulus in the *Nosegay*.

15*th.*—Miss Spartali.[1] Painted at Cathy in the *Nosegay*.

16*th.*—Painted at Cathy and rubbed it out. Put it in again late in the afternoon.

20*th*, *Wednesday*.—Cathy's head and hair. To-night for two hours at making necklace of Levi.

25*th.*—Cursed letter from Leeds[2] requiring much thought. Sketched cat for *Nosegay*. Painted at Levi's necklace.

27*th.*—Worked at Levi's necklace and wrote letters to divers people about *Work*.

28*th.*—Tried to work at the cat. Spoiled it. Hunt called.

29*th.*—White called about *Work*. Got dress for the *Nosegay*. Made a drawing of cat and recommenced it.

30*th*, *Saturday*.—Long letter to Leeds about *Work*. Painted at cat and placed lay figure for *Nosegay*.

October 1*st*, *Sunday*.—Walked to Tottenham with P. P. Marshall and Rossetti. Home in a fly with Gabriel.

2*nd*.—Legros called. Wasted afternoon.

8*th*, *Sunday*.—At Rossetti's. Horne and Stephens and the Marshalls to dinner.

15*th.*—Worked at child's drapery. In the evening wrote lines for a song for Emma.

17*th.*—Same — languidly out of spirits. Evening — finished Emma's song.

18*th.*—Same—evening—upset on looking into extravagances.

November 17*th.*—Out all day. Bought horn for Levi and went to Mudie's. Then to call on Burgess (out), Livock, Cave Thomas, Horne, Lowes Dickinson (at work), Chapman (Swinburne was in bed asleep at 3.30 when I called), also E. Godwin, but lost his number. Thence to Gabriel's and dined there. Howell as usual.

18*th.*—Craven called and commissioned me to paint a *King Lear* for 525*l*.

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[1] The future Mrs. Stillman was then and for some years subsequently a pupil of Madox Brown's. [2] About *Work*.

19*th.*—Evening Webb and Anthony dined with us.

20*th, Monday.*—At the *Nosegay* till 12. Then with Emma to look after houses. Dined with the Burne-Joneses.

23*rd, Thursday.*—Out after houses all day and to see Gabriel, who was wished to say the size his drawing would be, to have mine [1] the same size, but he flatly refused to say. His good word, however, has got me the commission in some degree.

25*th.*—To church, to call on the Tebbs, Joneses[2] to dinner with us. Up late considering accounts, being necessary to settle with Kentish Town tradespeople before leaving.

The doings of his brother artists Madox Brown chronicles at some length in his letters to Mr. Rae.

F. Madox Brown to Mr. Geo. Rae.

Rossetti is, I know, well and at work on your picture.[3] He has, I believe, introduced a fourth figure of a black child into it since you saw it. Hughes is very well and at work for the Academy, but I have not had time to see on what. Jones and his wife are prospering, I believe.

Morris is producing glass with the usual satisfactory results, and they have a man of more business-like habits introduced now at Red Lion Square, which I hope will tell in favour of the Firm. Prinsep I have not seen, but I believe he thrives according to wont. Martineau has been at death's door with rheumatic fever.

And again :—

Same to the same.

I was at an evening party at Rossetti's the other night, and there we saw the picture doing for you. It looked far advanced, and I have no hesitation in saying that it will be one of the finest pictures

[1] The *King Lear.*

[2] 'Jones' in each case refers to Sir E. Burne-Jones of to-day.

[3] The *Bride.*

ever painted, and perhaps the best he has yet done. If I had any share in biassing your inclination towards it I shall never regret it.

I myself am not near so satisfactory as yet as to quantity, but I trust to do a good deal more before you are back, and in quality it shall be of the best, and if Rossetti keeps time better than I, *I think you gain by the exchange of our position and habits.*

The italicised remark I must confess myself unable to understand.

Later in the year Madox Brown writes :—

All the news that I know about myself and the artistic sphere generally I will keep you posted in with *empressement.* . . . As to other men, as I scarcely ever go out I see little. I was at Rossetti's Sunday week, and saw the *Bride* looking as lovely as ever and nearly done. I also saw Gambart's *Blue Tile Lady*,[1] which seems coming on admirably.

Hughes is away at the seaside, so I have seen nothing of him. I hear Prinsep has a very admirable head at Liverpool, said to belong to you.

Stanhope has had to leave his beautiful *Webb*-built house and come up to London, where he is established for the present at Little Campden House, that once belonged to Egg, the R.A.

Morris also leaves his house (at Upton), and takes up with the Firm in a large house in Queen Square.

Chapman has returned from Spain and Biarritz, in improved health and with a number of drawings, some, they say, very lovely—slovenly, but full of poetry and art.

With the exception that Holman Hunt marries and goes to Jerusalem, this closes up my budget of news.

On November 20 :—

Same to the same.

Rossetti some three weeks ago told me that he meant for certain to let you have the *Beloved* this year. Three days ago I saw it. He had painted in some tiger-lilies.

[1] The *Blue Bower.*

He tells me the *Blue Tile Lady* he painted for Gambart has been sold by him to Mr. Menzel for 1,500 guineas. So he says :—

'Now Rae's picture must be worth at least 3,000, as there is more than double the work in it.' Logical, is it not? Only every one is not a *Gambart*.

I quote incidentally a rather interesting appreciation by Madox Brown of Mr. Rae's 'Thomas Bullion; or, the Letters of a County Banker: '—

Same to the same.

I have not yet acknowledged the receipt of your little book. I wanted to finish reading it, but have not yet quite done so. I do not find it dry reading at all. I may be of a more inquiring turn than some of the painter-poet tribe, but I find it more interesting than a volume of poems I had sent me some time before by Allingham.

The perfection of clearness it exhibits, something like that of Cobden's speeches, makes it interesting as art, and the quality is anything but a common-place one.

The power of making things clear to others is one of the highest always in art and business matters, though not thought so much of by second-rate folk. But beyond this the *taste* in which it is written I think most deserving of remark, for there appears constantly an undercurrent of humour sufficient to give a zest to the work, but rather repressed than tried for.

The characters are only hinted at, but it reads as though, had the author chosen, he might easily have employed such glimpses as are given of Twist—Farmer and Bowdley and Starkey, or the clerk who uses four steel pens a day—into very amusing papers for Dickens's Journal, and the two or three stories, told with perfection of simplicity, are like Balzac's stories, good in themselves, not forced into fun by the telling.

Of events other than those already narrated the year was barren. The end of it found Madox Brown decided to remove from the outskirts to a more central

position, with the result that the February following found him established in the comparatively well-known house at 37 Fitzroy Square. To Rossetti's influence this was to a great extent due. He was at this time quite indefatigable in his exertions on behalf of Madox Brown, telling all his influential friends that 'you are a great swell,' and putting Madox Brown's name down for admission to the Garrick Club. Millais was the proposer, D. G. Rossetti the seconder, and a great many members added their names; but there was a strong prejudice in the minds of five or six of the members against artists who held 'one-man' exhibitions. 'Even *Frith*,' Rossetti says, 'only managed to slip in.' Madox Brown accordingly withdrew his candidature for fear of a black ball. In the matter of the moving, however, Rossetti wrote a letter which practically carried the day and made Madox Brown abandon his Hyrcanian deserts:—

October 2, 1865.—Since seeing you I have been thinking very seriously of what you told me respecting your position, and I feel it a duty to write a special note, saying how very necessary I am convinced it is that you should come to a more central situation without delay. I am confident that the difficulty lies in great measure in that question. If you were at all near me, I could satisfy at once the wishes continually expressed to me by different picture-buyers to see what you have to show, by bringing them myself to your studio, or making sure that they went there; but at present not one of those who would be glad to do so is even able to reach you. This is a very simple, but a terribly real disadvantage at which you place yourself, and I advise you more strongly than ever to bring it to an end *immediately* at the cost of any minor inconvenience whatever. If you like I will do what I can towards finding you a suitable house

somewhere in this or any available neighbourhood when I am out, and will make all the inquiries I can.

The close of the year and the change of abode may fairly be said to have marked a very decided stage in Madox Brown's career. A period had been put to the long struggle against adversity, and Madox Brown's position had changed from that of an almost unknown iconoclast to that of an artist only officially unrecognised, whilst his house became one of the chief resorts of those men of genius and talent who, like himself, were mostly 'officially unrecognised.'

A new factor of Madox Brown's life began at about this time to make itself felt. I refer to the artistic talent that was beginning to show itself in his children.

Of these the only son then surviving, Oliver Madox, attained during his short life to a reputation of great promise and no little achievement; the elder daughter, Lucy, if perhaps not so widely known to the public, painted a number of pictures of extreme dramatic and poetic interest; whilst several works by the younger and still surviving daughter, Catherine, have been seen on the walls of the Royal Academy and at other London exhibitions.

To these I shall refer in due course. At the date under consideration Oliver was still a child of nine, with all the mischievous instincts and no small share of the outspokenness of the *enfant terrible*. He had, however, even at that early age, shown signs of

remarkable talent. His *Centaurs Hunting*, a childish performance in point of *technique*, is yet not wanting in vigour; and the colour, even if to a certain extent fortuitous, is by no means unpleasing, qualities which almost remove it from the category of even unusually promising infantile performances.

Thus for a decade or so Madox Brown's life bade fair to be both prosperous and happy.

CHAPTER XI

1866–1868

Work during 1866—*Jacob and Joseph's Coat*—*Entombment*—*Cordelia's Portion*—Bank balance—Relations between Madox Brown and D. G. Rossetti—Work during 1867—Replicas, &c.—*Romeo and Juliet*—*The Traveller*—Rossetti and patrons—Work during 1868—Gout—Directions to lawyer for picture-cleaning—Gossip—Burne-Jones's housewarming—The 'Boat-race'—Other artists' work, &c.—Spiritualistic *soirée*—Rossetti and the 'Bogies'—His picture *La Pia*—Dinner to celebrate completion of the *Earthly Paradise*—Thirteen at table—Children's work—Gout—Fitzroy Square *Evenings*—Sending out invitations, &c.—Letter about gout and work—Rossetti's poems—Tragedy and mystery—Friends' work.

THE early part of 1866, which was considerably hampered by the disjointment entailed by removals, was occupied mainly by the completion of the large picture of *Jacob and Joseph's Coat*, which was finished on April 9. Its design and the treatment of the subject[1] differ very little from those of the Dalziel woodcut.

Another picture of very considerable importance was carried on at the same time—the water-colour *Entombment*, which was commenced in February. The water-colour of *Cordelia's Portion*, another work of extreme importance, was finished on November 21.

[1] See 1864.

AUTOTYPE

'CORDELIA'S PORTION'

(Painted 1875)

my two daughters' dowers, digest this third,' has sunk into his mistletoe-hung seat, with his eyes fixed on Cordelia. His hand, which has been pointed vigorously at the map torn across the third part marked 'Cordelia,' remains sunk in that position. France, saying, 'Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor,' takes her by the hand. Cordelia during his speech seems to have lost somewhat of the acid self-possession that found words for her dismissal of Burgundy. Goneril, Regan, and their husbands, supporting the King on his right, have their fingers interlaced in the interstices of the crown. At the back of the King's throne the subsidiary figures of the tragedy crowd to look over the back of the high throne or each other's shoulders. Right in the background Kent is still lingering, looking back from the doorway.

The costume is once again that of the undefined, semi-mythical period, in which, as I have said, Madox Brown delighted to place his characters. Lear might be a Druid;[1] France, one of the Carlovingian kings; Cordelia, a slightly Byzantine mediæval figure. The palace is an old Roman villa.

A number of smaller undertakings—drawings for line engraving in Mr. Leighton's *Lyra Germanica*, cartoons for the Firm, and a duplicate of *Oure Ladye of Good Children*—occupied the remainder of the year.

[1] 'Roman, Pagan-British.' Cf. the description of *Lear's bedside*, 1848-9.

The only London exhibition to which Madox Brown contributed was that of the famous Gambart, where he was represented by the *Jacob* picture. The result was not upon the whole encouraging as far as the Press was concerned.

Madox Brown to Mr. George Rae.

I should have answered your queries with more speed but for the fact of my never yet having been to Gambart's myself. My two girls have, however, been there to-day, and tell me Davis's are well hung (one on the line and the other on the ground) and looked beautiful. My own, they say, was well hung likewise (glass left on), and, of course, *they* thought it *the* picture of the gallery.

But I suppose it is pretty well so, though I don't expect much at the hands of Tom Taylor ('Times') and others like him.

There has been a handsome notice in the 'Globe,' a now revived paper [1] at $\frac{1}{2}d.$, but I will send it you by next post. I can't tell what other there may have been, except one insulting one by a scoundrel named G—— ; but even he could not avoid making the picture prominent through his unusual dose of venom.

My *Cordelia's Portion* is to be on view Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and then goes to its owner.

The 'Private View' of the latter picture was a sufficiently crowded and important function to prove to Madox Brown that his more central position was likely to be extremely beneficial in its effect on his material prospects. The picture itself seems to have earned considerable applause from the visitors, and at its subsequent exhibition—by its owner—at Manchester it evoked unqualified praise from the 'Reader,' [2] and was treated with courtesy by the local papers, facts

[1] November 5. [2] December 1.

sufficient to raise Madox Brown in the eyes of picture-buyers.

As a matter of fact, the year was a prosperous one as far as sales went, though work had a tendency to fall in arrears.

To Mr. Rae.

November.

I omitted, by a quite unpardonable slip, to notice in any way your kind invitation to come with Rossetti and see your new house. I can only account for it by the fact of my having so long delayed to inform you as to Davis, so that I was anxious as to that, and was in haste to save the post, and felt exceedingly thick-skulled with working hurriedly to get my *Cordelia* done for Monday.

As to the proposed excursion, what can I say? You know that it must be exceedingly tempting to a poor brute kept with his nose to the grindstone as I am and must be—yet the inevitable must be obeyed, and pictures long delayed thought of first. I have a drawing [1] that even now ought to be delivered to Gambart according to promise, and still to do, and even after that I shall be in the same position with others; so that I fear for the present it is impossible, but I shall see Rossetti here Monday, and ask him what he intends in the matter.

Rossetti was, of course, a frequent visitor, and consequently only an occasional letter-writer. I cannot, however, refrain from quoting one or two sentences from a letter of apology for one of the 'things one would rather have left unsaid' that had escaped from Rossetti in one of their conversations :—

[1] A duplicate of *Oure Ladye of Good Children.*

D. G. Rossetti to Ford Madox Brown.

Nothing, on reflection, could pain me more (though certainly I did so in a way to which I ought not to have been blind) than to inflict the slightest pain on you, whom I regard as so much the most intimate and dearest of my friends, that I might call you by comparison the only one I have. . . . To refer to another point (having said all that seems possible in confession of how much I was to blame), I may say that the suggestion of any possible obligation from you to me seriously distresses me. Not because I think you attribute to me thoughtlessness in any degree to such a view on my own part, for of that you acquit me by word as well as I should in any case have known by thought; but because if *you* can disregard, as I know you do, the great obligations under which you have laid me in early life, and which were real ones, as involving real troubles to yourself undertaken for the sake of one who was quite a stranger to you at the outset—what can *I* think of a matter which gives me no trouble whatever, and in which, were I inactive, I should sin against affection, gratitude, and, highest of all, conviction as an artist?

The letter is one which calls for no comment; that it mollified Madox Brown is, of course, to be taken for granted. His position in the matter was, of course, a difficult one. In the early days it was an easy matter for him to confer the favours of time and recommendations—easiest of all, of loans. But, at about this time, Rossetti was rapidly assuming the position of the much more distinguished artist, with plenty of work and the power of sending picture buyers to Madox Brown. It must, I think, have been more difficult for him to accept such favours, perhaps even more so the loan of a 25*l.* note—the obligation in question.

In point of age Rossetti had, of course, 'levelled up' proportionally, and Madox Brown asked and acted upon Rossetti's advice almost as freely as Rossetti asked and acted upon Brown's, although the latter's much more suspiciously independent turn of mind must be taken into consideration.

I quote Rossetti's verdict on such a point. The matter in question was, whether or no Madox Brown should re-acquire his picture of *Work* on the chance of selling it later on :—

To D. G. Rossetti.

The question is not an easy one to answer under the circumstances, but, on reflection, I have no hesitation in saying that in your place I should secure the picture. An unfavourable sale would not only be highly injurious, but very disheartening, and, on the other hand, if you thought necessary to replace the 500*l.* at once, you would be able, without difficulty, to tempt some one by so evident a bargain, and the sacrifice would have the great advantage of being private instead of public ; whereas, if the picture could be kept, it would be certain to fetch a better price, even if not yet its true one, either before or after your death. Were its subject a less purely realistic one, I should have no fear for its fate even now, but the epoch of Pre-Raphaelism was a short one, which is quite over, and its products will be exceptionally valuable one day, but not yet.

Upon this recommendation Madox Brown at once prepared to act, but a fortuitous appearance of a purchaser put off the purchase, all idea of which was subsequently abandoned, the picture going on on its weary road.

I finish up these matters with a rather amusing letter of Madox Brown's to W. M. Rossetti, which

may be taken as a *quid pro quo* for D. G. Rossetti's joke about the 'Times' police reporter. The guinea in question was one for a subscription in aid of the widow and children of the artist Morten, who had died shortly before—the guinea had vanished:—

To W. M. Rossetti.

My dear William,—I *did* give Gabriel that 1*l.* 1*s.*, and he put it in his pocket along with a like sum, which he was to give himself, saying he'd give both the next day, or forget both.

Sure he did forget them, as was natural. . . .

P.S.—I want to speak with you some day about Stendahl's [1] book, 'Le Rouge et le Noir,' which is indeed a remarkable work. I am reading it slowly and savouring it, for it deserves attention. I think an article in one of the magazines might well be made of it, for it is without doubt the advance guard of the present school of novel. Had I not known it, I should have set it down to Balzac, but it is still more Shakespearian, and more imbued with Hamlet's subtleness; it seems quite astounding that such a book should have been written by one of Napoleon's men. It's more like one of the latest of the late French stories—the horrors perhaps excepted.

The 1st of January of the year following saw the commencement of one of Madox Brown's most important, as well as well-known pictures, the *Romeo and Juliet*. As is the case with most of his pictures at this date, the first stage, to which I am now referring, is that of a 'finished study' in water-colour for a larger picture. This was the result of the fact that Mr. Craven, the commissioner, was only addicted to the purchase of water-colour drawings. For Madox

[1] Henri Beyle.

Brown it was, of course, an eminently satisfactory circumstance. The prices paid were respectable, and, taken together with the sums received afterwards for the oil replicas, were almost adequate, judged by the amount of work bestowed.

As a case in point the *Romeo and Juliet* might be cited. The water-colour, a not very complicated two-figure design, was commenced on June 1 and finished on September 16; the whole of the time—at most about two months' work—devoted to it, the commission being one of 131*l.* 5*s.* For the oil picture, which was commenced in October 1867, and finished, at the instance of Mr. Leathart, in July 1870, the price paid was 325*l.*, and the work bestowed on it was about four months if considered continuously. The prices, therefore, for about six months' work came to 450*l.* odd, which was about the average earning of Madox Brown at this date. As a consequence, we find that the new subjects of a well employed year limit themselves to two—the water-colours of *Romeo and Juliet* and of the *Traveller*, a little picture taking its idea from Victor Hugo's poem about a traveller who rides through a village at nightfall when all the world besides is resting. The traveller, whose costume is that of the end of last century, rides past a little cabaret, where the lights are just high enough to show shadows on the blinds, whilst at the door the comely French hostess is nursing her baby. Beside her are her son, and a daughter who has just

left her spinning-wheel. Close to them the hind wheels of a post-chaise betoken the halting for the night of the arrival, whose *malles* are not yet unstrapped. Away from this scene of tranquillity the traveller is urging his tired horse, whilst round the inn corner you can see the long road, running into the sunset. At one side of it the lamp at the gates of a chateau begins to shine out.

This little water-colour is an amplification of a small drawing on wood made for the journal called 'Once a Week.' It accompanied a translation of the poem to which Madox Brown committed himself.

The subject of the *Romeo and Juliet* is that of Act III., Scene 5, and the opening of the scene with Juliet's—

> Wilt thou begone, it is not yet near day?

Romeo, who is half over the balcony, with his left foot on one of the rungs of the rope-ladder, embraces Juliet, having his right arm round her; his left arm is still in the attitude of pointing towards the 'envious streaks that lace the severing clouds in yonder east.' Against the saffron grey of the dawning sky you can see the towers of Verona rise, but, down below in the garden, the shadows linger among the orange trees.

For the rest, 'you must expect a scene of passion,' as Madox Brown wrote to the purchaser.

The picture is one of the, comparatively, most popular English pictures in France. Its appearance as an engraving in Paris print-shop windows is of com-

paratively frequent occurrence. Latterly the French Government made overtures for the purchase of the

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC, 1867.[1]

[1] From *Lyra Germanica.*

oil version for the Luxembourg. Its owner, Mr. Leathart, had, however, disposed of it from the walls of the Chicago Exhibition of 1892.

The other works of the year were all duplicates. The water-colour of *Jacob and Joseph's Coat* was finished for Mr. Leyland in June. The small oil version of the *Entombment* occupied a portion of the middle part of the year. The oil, *Cordelia's Portion*, was taken in hand in November, as was the duplicate of the *Chaucer* for Mr. Leyland.

Besides these, there were the usual complement of cartoons for Morris & Co., and a pen-and-ink drawing for the 'Lyra Germanica'—the *Abraham and Isaac*, adapted from one of the cartoons for stained glass.

As far as exhibitions went, Madox Brown's solitary essay with *Cordelia's Portion* at the Dudley Gallery was 'venomously' received by the Press—a fact not upon the whole to be wondered at. At that date—one is almost tempted to say as at this—Madox Brown's method of 'realising' his subject was extremely novel, and was, of course, extremely exasperating to the critics of the usual jog-trot kind, especially to those who in 1865 had risen to the height of accepting, as negatively as was feasible, the pictures of *Work* and the *Last of England*. But Madox Brown had by that time accustomed himself to comparatively disregard the Press, and would not even read the notices that his friends brought him.

He was not, however, entirely oblivious of the

power of the Fourth Estate. I quote a letter to the great Gambart touching upon a subject that is often a sore one with artists—that of *les revenants du passé*:—

March 2.

DEAR SIR,—Reflecting on what you told me as to the study of the Black Prince's Head being included in your sale, and knowing how unlikely it is, considering the peculiar nature of the work, to fetch any price at all, and feeling how certain the low price it may fetch, were it to be bruited about by malevolent persons in the papers to the damage of my reputation, while few of the public will have had an opportunity of seeing that the work in question was a slight study painted seventeen years ago, I should feel very much obliged if it could be withdrawn from the sale. If, therefore, you will do so, I would undertake to paint for you in exchange for this study, some time this year, a head of a woman or child, the same size in oil and in full view instead of profile. Such, I believe, would be a more valuable bargain for you, and at any other moment than this I would have made you an offer in money, but I must at any sacrifice try to stop the sale by auction.

Rossetti's letters are mostly occupied with news of possible or intending purchasers: 'There is a maniac named ——, whom I shall bring to see your things when you are in London again, and who, I think, would buy something.' But a week later comes the sad news: '—— has turned a bad lot. Just as he was beginning to buy, he has got engaged to get married, and is done for. Leyland has asked me several times about your *Chaucer*, which, I think, he is likely to want. Have you heard anything from him about it?' and so on. A little later a case of 'log-rolling' occurs about Dr. Hake:—'I send you the book of Hake's

for Hueffer. I did some time ago suggest to Wm. to apply to the "Academy" for it, but he didn't seem to think he could do so, being so very busy with other things. I hope H. will like the book. Surely there are many fine qualities in it, but it needs an expositor more than most things, even in the poetic world.'

In the early part of July the Madox Browns went for three weeks to Calais. Nothing eventful happened on the journey or during their stay. Madox Brown, as might be imagined, found that many alterations in the place of his birth had taken place during his thirty years' absence. Otherwise :—

> Here we are as dull as regular, set-in November fogs can make us, with a prospect, I suppose, of Fenian fire to enliven us on Guy Fawkes night. Otherwise the usual round of dull daubing fills in the nights and days.

As a result of the 'replica' habit, the year 1868 can boast of absolutely no new subjects. As far as work went, it was roughly portioned out as follows: Till April with the *Chaucer* duplicate, the middle part of the year with an oil *Traveller*; from September to the end of November with the large water-colour of *Elijah and the Widow's Son*; and the rest of the year with oil duplicates of *Jacob and Joseph's Coat* and of the *Entombment*. Otherwise, the usual number of 'Firm' designs. At the same time he worked at one or two pictures, notably the oil *Romeo*, which had been commenced at the end of the previous year. The only

exhibition at which he was represented was that of Leeds, where were his four pictures, *Cordelia's Portion*, *Jacob and Joseph's Coat*, *Work*, and the *Last of England*; but of this, and of the exhibitions at which his children's work figured, sufficient notice will be taken in Madox Brown's letters that I shall have occasion to quote.

Perhaps one reason for the diminution of the year's tale of work was the considerable increase of social cares that interrupted everything. The Fitzroy Square house, for the next ten years or so, was the scene of a continual *va et vient* of guests of one kind or another. Over and over again Madox Brown's letters contain plaintive remarks of having no time for anything.

'So surely as I take up a pen to write to you, just so surely does someone or other turn up and interrupt me,' he writes in August to Mrs. Madox Brown at Yarmouth. Besides, the house was not a healthy one —twice in the year he was laid up and unable to work. The usual complaint was the gout, brought on to some extent by over-indulgence in open-air painting—witness that of the *Last of England* and its blue-with-the-cold flesh.

I shall at this point take upon myself to quote rather freely from Madox Brown's letters touching upon a multiplicity of points that occupied his mind from year's end to year's end at about this portion of his life.

To Madox Brown's correspondence with Mr. Rae, or rather to the latter gentleman's desire to be kept informed of the doings of Madox Brown's circle, we are indebted for several amusing items :—

To Mr. Rae.

As to news, I will give you what I have : Jones, having moved into his new house, gave a dance, a very swell affair ; the house, being newly decorated in the 'Firm' taste, looked charming, the women looked lovely, and the singing was unrivalled, and we all luckily escaped with our lives, for, soon after the guests were gone, the ceiling of the studio (about 700 lbs. of plaster) came down just where the thickest of the gathering had been all night. Morris was to have slept on the sofa on which most of it fell, but, by good luck, went home to sleep with Prinsep. This I feel triumphantly is something like news, but it prevents Jones having anything for the O.W.C. this year. When you want more, I hope I shall have still more startling events to relate.

Then follows, in three weeks' time :—

To the same.

April 9.

My dear Rae,—I would have taken up your challenge at once but that I thought it best to wait till I might be at leisure to do so more at length. Just at this moment, though, I fear there are no ceilings coming down to be chronicled.

I am glad to know the *Jacob* is got off to Leeds without hitch. I hear there is some demur as to the lighting of the pictures, seeing that the rooms were never constructed with any regard to such a purpose, but they have promised me that your two shall be well cared for, as indeed it would appear they desire, from their borrowing no less than *four* of my chief works—viz. (as poor Thackeray used to say), *Jacob*, *Cordelia*, *Work*, and the *Last of England*.

I cannot complain of the choice, and if the people do not like my *style*, it won't be for want of seeing it. Now, as to what is doing

here. . . . . Saturday we went to see the boat-race from Stephens's, at Hammersmith Terrace. It was a most lovely day, though in London it began with a dense fog. On the river there was sunlight, with the beautiful white mist that Turner loved to paint. Boats were too near the further side to be well distinguishable, but the scene was very remarkable, for, as this year the police had kept all the steamboats back, the river was smooth and shining till where they all followed in a fleet, bringing quite a storm of sea along with them, which, dashing over either bank, washed many an unwary spectator up to the middle, like the 'Eager' that at certain times rolls up the Welsh and other rivers.

Many artist-folk were there, quite a small crowd, attracted partly by the favourable site of the house, with terrace on the river, and partly, I suppose, owing to *Stee's* influential position. John Seddon, his wife, and brother were there, and with them we took boat afterwards to Hughes's, at Putney, and saw his pictures, *two*, besides portraits.

One, of a young knight in a church watching his armour, was so unfinished that one could scarce yet pronounce about it. The other, and larger one, of a lady sitting alone by a window, in illustration of Shakespeare's 'Sigh no more, ladies,' I think one of Hughes's happiest efforts, finer in colour and bolder in painting than usual, and with an indefinable charm about it that I will not attempt to convey with a pen. . . . Blank gave a spirit *soirée* at which Rossetti attended, and flowers grew under Blank's hands out of the dining-table, and Eau de Cologne was squirted over the guests in the dark; but Gabriel, growing irreverent, and addressing the S.'s by the too familiar appellation of 'Bogies,' they squirted plain (it must be hoped *clean*) water over those present and withdrew. So the report runs—I was not there.

Rossetti has had the Morrises staying with him in order to paint Mrs. M. as 'La Pia' from Dante's 'Purgatorio.' She says to Dante: 'Remember me, Siena gave me birth and Maremma undid me.' (The deadly marshland still in the vicinity of Siena.) 'He who with this ring espoused me caused my death.'

It seems that, in Dante's time, a very beautiful lady was shut up by her husband in a castle in the Maremma, and there died either of poison or through the malaria. With Mrs. Morris for model and

Rossetti for the painter, and such a subject, you can imagine some of the tragic, fearful beauty of the picture.

Meanwhile Morris, called Topsy, has there finished the last stories of his new two volumes of the 'Earthly Paradise,' forthwith to appear. A grand dinner was given (by D. G. R.) in honour of the 'Topsies,' and we were all warned to appear in *Togs*. At the hour named, however, the host was still in dirty painting-coat, having been hard painting till seven; but he soon made himself smart. However, Morris, at the last moment, was despatched to Queen Square to forcibly bring back his partner, Faulkner, thirteen at table being otherwise the mishap.

But Morris was scarce gone when it turned out that Rossetti had *miscalculated*, and we were *thirteen without Morris*, and so had, perforce, to wait till he returned, so not till nine did we sit down, famished, but magnificent and jolly.

Later in the year, when gout had caused a cessation of work, Madox Brown went to Yarmouth for a short time in July. Just before starting he writes to Mr. Shields a letter, in which he announces what is practically the discovery of his son's talent:—

To Mr. Shields.

July 5.

Lucy and Nolly are at home with me—Cathy with her mamma, all three well. They get on with their painting, but Nolly, chiefly, is my surprise. He seems to be turning out a perfect genius. He has just this evening, while I was out, designed a groom forcing his horse into the sea (subject his own), and really, as a design the thing could not be finer—it is in the highest style of designing, combining reality with vivid action, and a sort of noble picturesqueness that only belongs to the higher class of men. You will think I am mad to talk so, but I truly believe it. He shall send you some [drawings] one of these days. My hand is not good for much writing yet, so I must leave off. You will soon hear from me again.

The gout was then, and thenceforward, a fearful scourge, but although suffering from it for more than two months in the summer, he only allowed his painting to be interrupted for the three weeks of his stay in Yarmouth. At times he even resorted to the use of his left hand.

Mr. to Mrs. Madox Brown.

July 3.

John Marshall only came in by accident ; I did not send for him ; but, as I complained that my wrist was so slow in getting right, he said it was because I had to paint with it, and that I must not write also, but get an amanuensis. [The handwriting is very tortuous.] I have painted all last week. The picture will soon be done and sent off, and then I will come down—but not by boat, that comes more expensive than by rail. Is it true you are so much better? Are you any stouter, or at least, firmer in muscle? God bless you both.

A few days later the talk is all about inviting guests to an assembly at Fitzroy Square :—

I ought to have written you before, but the weather has been so hot that I really have not found time, for in the evening I could do nothing but gasp and read the papers. We have made all arrangements for the party to come off *Tuesday* week. We have written to some first to know what to depend on, and now we have a card engraved 'Mrs. Madox Brown at Home,' and that is just come home, and is going to be sent off at once to all. The Martineaus, the Rossettis, and the Streets, I fear, can't come. However, Christina, if well enough, may. The Greeks seem all ready to come, including the tribe Ionides, whom we were going to ask, but who asked Howell (as he told me last night at Tebbs's) to get them asked. The Hardys, the Marstons, the Joneses, the Howells, the Morrises and others have answered in the affirmative, also the John Seddons.

We were at Blank's last night—such a stupid affair, but I will tell you to-morrow all about it.

We have been ordering matting for the studio this morning, and I have bought some collars and a tie for Nolly, also some socks for him.

Upon the occasion of these parties, the house was thrown open to everybody, or almost everybody whose gifts gave any claim to consideration, and many 'names' pass through the tale of the numbers—more than ever at a later period, say in the early seventies.

The house was one of those large stone-staircased buildings that abound in that neighbourhood, with rooms big enough to hold a goodly number. Madox Brown, as has been said, was an excellent host, and the company, as a rule, mixed well. For the rest, the entertainments were reasonably informal, enlivened with songs and with dissertations on this and that, from such and such a distinguished poet of the so-called Pre-Raphaelite group, and adorned with so many fair women more or less æsthetically garbed, who moved amongst articles of furniture mostly after the 'Firm' taste.

In the studio, the last picture stood on the easel, with its back only to view, if it were not sufficiently far advanced to be seen. The great picture of *Chaucer* occupied almost the whole of one side of the front studio, and continued to do so until its sale, in 1872, to the Sydney Museum.

The guests were nearly all of them people of interest. The nickname which was accorded them as a body was 'Pre-Raphaelite,' a better one might have been the 'Æstheticists.' The Æstheticists, at least, formed the nucleus, but there was a 'tail' of occasional visitors of distinction ranging from Turgeneff and Mazzini to Mark Twain.

So many of the *habitués* have since passed on to fame that these gatherings must needs be historic—Rossetti, Burne Jones, Holman Hunt, William Morris, Algernon Swinburne and Theodore Watts-Dunton, Christina and William Rossetti, Mr. Stephens; Dr. Garnett and the all-too-soon forgotten younger 'Pre-Raphaelite' poets 'B. V.,' Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Philip Marston; and Mr. John Payne.

Music was represented by Theo. Marzials and Dr. Hueffer, who championed the music of the future in those past days. In the younger generation Miss Blind, Miss Spartali, now Mrs. Stillman, and Lucy, Catherine, and Oliver Madox Brown promised much.

Less frequent guests were younger artists like Fred. Walker, Pinwell, who called himself Madox Brown's pupil, A. B. Houghton, or James Whistler and Val Prinsep, and a host of others.

All this once a fortnight during seven years or so.

As the year 1868 drew on towards October, Rossetti's health gave great cause for misgiving, though he himself rather exaggerated the gravity of the symptoms. The result was his journey to Penkill Castle,

where he was the guest of W. B. Scott. His letters thence are full of impatient commands that Madox Brown should follow him thither. I quote one of several :—

D. G. Rossetti to Madox Brown.

October 12, 1868.

DEAR BROWN,—Your letter is perfectly insane. If a fool*d* (*sic in orig.*) won't buy, try a fool. But, meanwhile, come down here. It won't be the least use waiting for Blank, who will think all the more of you if you are away when he calls, and I'm sure he won't be able to call yet. . . . You really must come ; you know we should be as jolly as possible. I would recite to you all the ignominious rhymes I have made on Scotus, and I would make some on you too.

Madox Brown, however, was unable to leave his work. At almost the same date we have him writing to Mr. Shields :—

Madox Brown to Mr. Shields.

October 10.

I have had another attack of the gout, but suffered more in comfort and looks than work, for though I have been bad at least two months in all (this year), I certainly did not lose more than three weeks of work. I was only too glad to be able to while away the time in painting the moment it was possible.

In this connection it may be interesting to note that Madox Brown had a peculiar antipathy to letting his patrons know that he suffered at all from the gout, imagining—possibly with reason—that it would make them deem him untrustworthy as a producer. It was probably this feeling that induced him to write to Mr.

Shields, an intimate friend of Mr. Craven's, as much in extenuation of the gout as was feasible :—

The same to the same.

It was not this, however, that delayed Craven's *Elijah*, but the fact that I had several other works to finish first. I have, indeed, finished five since he gave me the commission—the duplicate of *Chaucer* and the *Entombment* for Leyland ; the *Traveller* water-colour for Howell ; the *Nosegay* (which I took back from Craven, and on which I must, of course, needs begin three weeks' work again on seeing it), and a small duplicate, *Romeo and Juliet*, for Mr. Graham. I have, however, worked at Craven's in the interval, and it is all laid in, painted in, I might say, except the *heads* and the widow's arms. As I now mean to stick to it alone till finished, it will most likely be done in five or six weeks, and Craven may consider himself well treated, for I only had the commission in March, and the drawing is large and important. As to Gabriel, I have no doubt he will be all right in a few weeks if he continues to rest as he is now doing. I don't think he has been overworking himself lately, certainly not at the *Perseus*, for it is not begun, but for the last ten or fifteen years past his life has been one of perpetual toil and anxiety, and he is now beginning to feel it. . . . Nolly is going every day to Richmond Park to paint in the background of his *Jason and the Centaur*—an ambitious subject, but I hope he will get through with it with my advice.

Somewhat later, in a letter to Mr. Rae, we have another report of the work of his fellow-artists and his children :—

To Mr. Rae.

November 30.

As to news, we are all well in this house. Rossetti has been ailing and told to leave off painting, so has been in Scotland for change of air, but he has been back some time now, and, I believe, is at work again. Hughes is well, and getting his *Galahad* and one

or two others ready for next year. There are a *Luna and Endymion* from Keats; a sort of autumn landscape, with a boy carrying an ass's foal in his arms, the mother following, a subject he was struck with in the fields one day—a beautiful thing; and the picture of the young knight watching his armour, begun last year.

Anthony has been again to Spain and brought home a lot of work to finish this winter.

Burne Jones is all right, doing a great deal of work of an allegorical sort, always poetic and grand in colour.

I have finished and sent off four or five works this year, and my son Nolly is hard at work on an [Infant] *Jason being delivered to the Centaur*, from Morris's book. This time it is a good-sized water-colour, and, I think, will turn out *very fine*. He beats me in colour already, and, I fancy, before many years he will beat me in other qualities also, seeing that till February he will not be fourteen years old. This work is *for exhibition*. My daughters are painting also, with like intent, so we have our hands full.

As scarcely anything that has not been mentioned in one or other of the foregoing letters in the year calls for special comment, it may be left to itself without further remark.

CHAPTER XII

1869–1871

Work during 1869—*Don Juan*—*Jacopo Foscari*—Replicas, &c.—*Elijah* at Manchester—Controversy—Madox Brown's enemies—His methods of making them—Period of depression—Want of the faculty for *réclame*, &c.—Re-appearance of patrons and prosperity—Brother artists' and children's work—Rossetti's poems—A mystery and tragedy—Death of the chameleon—Oliver's sonnet—Work during 1870—Replicas—Byron subjects—*Sardanapalus*—*The Corsair*—Oliver's *Mazeppa*—Increased hospitality—Its effect on output of work—Rossetti at 'Sealands'—*Dante's Dream*—Rossetti's poems—Tales, reviews, &c.—Rossetti's animals: zebu, wombat, &c.—Nonsense rhymes—Work during 1871—Replicas of *Entombment*, *Corsair*—*Sardanapalus*—Designs for *Down Stream*—Proposed subjects—Children's work—Lynmouth—Gossip.

LIKE its predecessor, the year 1869 is not distinguished as having seen the conception of many new subjects—the only one, in fact, being the picture of the *Finding of Don Juan by Haïdee*, a largish water-colour which was commissioned by Mr. Craven in May, begun then and laid aside until the beginning of December, at the end of which month it was finished.

The design, and that for *Jacopo Foscari*, which was also subsequently commissioned and commenced on the last day of the year, had their origin as illustrations for Moxon's 'Byron'—one of the series of 'British Poets,' of which William Rossetti was the editor.

The subject of the *Juan and Haïdee* is comparatively simple.

Juan, a nude figure, is extended on the sand, his hand 'drooped dripping on the oar,' which had served to buoy him up; over him, the nurse Zoë leans forward from her knees, with her hand on his heart, whilst to the left Haïdee stands with her eyes fixed on Juan's face and her hands clasping each other in an attitude of naïve excitement.

In the background the rocky coast rises, fretted into columns and needles, and, like the sky and suddenly stilled water, the rocks and sand are almost iridescent in colour. Haïdee's costume is semi-orientally Greek in shape, full of bright colours, and admirably fitted for making fine folds.

The *Foscari* subject is even more simple—merely representing the wife of the 'younger Foscari' visiting her husband in the dungeons of the Venetian Council of Ten.

Mar. My best beloved!
Jac. Foscari (*embracing her*). My true wife
And only friend, what happiness!
Mar. We'll part
No more.
Jac. Foscari. How! wouldst thou share the dungeon?
Mar. Ay,
The rack, the grave, all—anything with thee,
But the tomb last of all, for there we shall
Be ignorant of each other, yet I will
Share that—all things except new separation.

'DON JUAN'

(Painted 1870)

(From the picture in the possession of Miss Blind)

Besides these two works, the number of pictures painted was not large. In February the small water-colour of *Romeo and Juliet* was finished; in June the oil duplicate of *Jacob and Joseph's Coat*, and in December the large *Entombment*; otherwise there was a portrait of Ernest Jones, the Manchester Chartist, which Madox Brown painted from a photograph. It was intended for engraving, and can only be regarded as a work of the pot-boiling order. Of the same class was the work which Madox Brown was again forced to resume in the early part of the year—that for Messrs. Dickinson.

As a matter of fact, the autumn and winter 1868–9 were scarcely prosperous seasons for Madox Brown, and the largeness of his expenses rendered it a very anxious time.

The only exhibition at which he was represented was that of the Manchester Academy, to which Mr. Craven sent the *Elijah*. The fact that it did not secure the 60*l.* prize—awarded to a picture by Mr. Keelly Halswelle—excited a considerable amount of indignation in the local papers, one of which appeared with a leader commenting upon the matter. When all was said and done, the fact seemed to remain that Madox Brown's work was not singularly popular, and that he had many 'enemies' in that town, as in many other places.

The question of 'enemies' in most men's career is

a very difficult one to approach; in Madox Brown's it was particularly so.

His 'enemies' divided themselves into many classes. There were certainly several people, artists and others, who disliked him personally, and who naturally conveyed their dislike from his person to his work. Such men would be very unlikely to do him a good turn, and might even go out of their way to do him a bad one.

Madox Brown's personality rendered him peculiarly apt to make this kind of enemy of reasonably stupid artists, poets, and even preachers. Incautious by nature, he would stigmatise some such gentleman's work as 'clotted nonsense,' or end a sentence by some such phrase as a 'cursed fool like so-and-so'—to discover, only too late, that the person to whom he had uttered this opinion was the brother-in-law or *fidus Achates* of the cursed fool in question. He was scarcely able to mention an Academician, as such, without the addition of an abusive epithet, and hasty and unjust as well as hasty and too laudatory verdicts upon works and persons were with him matters of hourly utterance.

If we add to people thus offended and their friends the number of those who cordially disliked his work for one reason or another, and those who disliked his reputation, we need not wonder that a large harvest of tares should creep into the Brunonian wheat.

He had been forced to withdraw his candidature from the Garrick Club because of personal unpopu-

larity, and now, four years later, the same causes led to his withdrawing his candidature from the Old Water-colour Society, although he was most warmly supported in it by Alfred Hunt.

The same set of reasons, however, supplied a *per contra* balance of really warm, Quixotic friendship, which was at the bottom of almost every case in which recognition was ever accorded to Madox Brown. To those who came once under the influence of Madox Brown, either as an artist or as a man, his fascination was both remarkable and durable. To those who never came within the circle of his bristles—artistic and psychological—the feeling of aversion was almost equally marked and equally durable.

To what extent this bevy of 'enemies' hindered Madox Brown's career must remain a problem. His own suspicions led him to discover 'plots' where it is certain that none existed. At the same time chance occasionally led him to discover attempts to 'rig' his market, and encouraged his own and perhaps Rossetti's abnormal suspiciousness in such matters. That he would have been more prosperous without his enemies is certain; he owed them, perhaps, to the 'defects of his qualities,' and there the matter may be allowed to rest. It might be gratuitous to set down to the influence of enemies the fact that the commission for the *Don Juan* was the first Madox Brown had received for twelve months—from June 1868 to May 1869.

He himself did ascribe it to some such fact—that a certain irresponsible friend, who was more than half a picture-dealer, had during that time made a tour which took in the houses of all the gentlemen who had, up to that date, been in the habit of making frequent purchases from Madox Brown's studio.

In February we find a period of great depression :—

To Mr. Shields.

February 9.

Things are rapidly coming with me to such a pass that I would hail with delight and avidity any prospect of one of them,[1] or indeed of anything else which might hold out a hope of hard cash.

I have not for years known anything like it—not apparently the faintest chance of effecting a sale on any hand or obtaining a commission. Nothing seems ever now to approach the house except Christmas bills, which come tumbling in with a will certainly ; not so the wherewithal to acquit them. Things look too threatening (nothing less than a combination of all England against one or two poor devils ; even the editor of the —— seems now to cut out anything Stephens attempts to write about me or any of my name) for me to stand upon niceties, especially with you, whose good-nature is so untiring.

They have skied [2] poor Nolly's *Jason* most infamously—put it, in fact, entirely out of sight ; otherwise there was a good chance of its having sold. Cathy's pretty head is likewise in the dark. Lucy's,[3] however, is well hung and spoken of, only the papers seem more or less in a combination to run even it down. The Dudley is on the whole poor—with a frightfully impudent Calderon, as usual, in the place of honour. Poynter and Mason are the Associates elect for the R.A.—not so bad a choice.

[1] Referring to the portrait of Ernest Jones.

[2] At the Dudley Gallery.

[3] A picture called *Painting*—Mrs. Rossetti's first picture.

It is not perhaps entirely difficult to understand the 'conspiracy' motive that makes its appearance in this letter. To an artist convinced, rightly or wrongly, of his own genius and of his own industry, and who has relied upon those qualities for the making of those 'friends at court' who hang pictures in the place of honour and insert laudatory articles in society or literary journals, the existence of a 'combination' seems almost self-evident. Madox Brown was, upon the whole, lamentably deficient in any knowledge of the art with which reputations are nursed—of the long period of watching and coaxing that is as a rule necessary. I do not mean to claim for him a soul above such trifles, but rather the want of knack—perhaps of suppleness of backbone. Occasionally, without doubt, he awoke to a sense of the necessities of the case, and indited a letter to dear so-and-so, saying that such a picture was just about to be sent off to its purchaser the great ironmaster, and the like. But these were spasmodic efforts, and for one reason or another it fell about that, with a house overflowing with journalists and poets and painters, hardly an article was written about, hardly a poem to, and never a picture gently hoisted on to a line for, Madox Brown.

Morbid fits were not of very long duration, although easily evoked by untoward happenings. Five days later than that of the former quotation he writes :—

To the same.

February 11.

I have been arousing the Firm, and have extracted some cartoon work from it. I have also got some portraits to set right for Dickinson & Co., which is, to me, agreeable work, and that pays tolerably if one could only get enough of it. So with one job and another I suppose we shall jog on pretty cheerfully, only never again will I not jump at the first offer of a job ever made me.

A little later we hear of the same sort of work :—

To the same.

May 11.

I have not yet been to the O.W.C. but Lucy has, and says your drawing of *Hide* looks stunning, but it seems you have only one, so the *Solomon Eagle* is or was not finished. Craven was here four or five days since, and was to be here yesterday or to-day, but has not turned up. He was in buying, or rather commissioning, mood (rule in hand, though), for the only water-colour I had to offer him—an *Entombment*—was, alas ! two inches too high, though the exact length.

This is a fearful failing in Craven's otherwise most complete character.

I have been doing stained-glass work and illustrations chiefly of late, but very lazily. I forget if, when I last wrote, Nolly's pictures had been turned out of the R.A. Cathy is very well hung, and looks magnificent.

The tone becomes more confident in the course of the following week :—

To the same.

May 20.

The brick Craven has just given me a commission again for a companion to Rossetti's *Tibullus*, so things will begin to look brighter again, for other commissions will follow this one, I feel. This has been the first one I have had this year, indeed, since June, I think, of last year. However, Lucy, Cathy, and Nolly selling four pictures for small sums have helped to keep things square. I am going to

paint a *Don Juan* for Craven, and he thinks about a *Phryne* naked by the seashore sitting to Apelles for his celebrated *Venus rising from the Sea*, so isn't he developing in the amorous line?

It is satisfactory to consider that some little time after—namely in December—the confident prediction of new commissions was fulfilled to the number of three, one of which was a purchase of a completed picture, the *Entombment*.

Of events the year was as unproductive as was usually the case. I quote one or two letters of miscellaneous interest, or want of interest, as the case may strike the reader. Regarding the work of brother-artists, remarks are not many :—

To Mr. Rae.

October 5.

We dined with Hughes a few days back, but there is nothing very new there to describe. *Sir Galahad*, *Endymion*, and the *Young Knight* still remain at the same point. He has been book-illustrating a great deal, and taken up with a huge affair of Lord Derby and the late Manchester Relief Committee. Nolly is helping me to illustrate 'Lord Byron.' Lucy and Cathy and Miss Spartali are beginning water-colours for the coming season.

Somewhat later :—

December 4 and 5.

Rossetti will soon have a splendid volume of poems in the press. Morris's new volume of the 'Earthly Paradise' is just out. He is to bring it us to-night (Sunday). He brought it, and stayed to what hour this morning you may imagine. It is full of admirable things, most of them I had heard read from his own lips.

Rossetti's poems, which had only lately been recovered, were a source of much interest to Madox

Brown. Consultations about this and that matter connected with them were frequent. It was not, however, until the year following that they saw the light as far as the public was concerned, and a small domestic mystery, and an even smaller tragedy, may serve to close in the record of the year :—

To Mr. Shields.

August 5.

I have not time for a letter (nor indeed news), but I send a line to ask a question, a serious one some, perhaps, might think. You must know I took Nolly down to his mamma at Gorleston Saturday last, and while packing his things it was impossible to find a pair of his boots. They had a few days before come home from being soled and were of no great value, but had never been taken out of the paper they were packed in, and were in my studio. The only solution possible short of that of some thief having made his way up into the studio, is that they might have got packed in amongst some of your things. This, however, I think unlikely, and the thing will, in all probability, remain one of those unsolvable mysteries which every now and then turn up in life.

And a mystery it did remain. The tragedy is recorded in a P.S. of December.

P.S.—Chameleon's dead ! I painted him over with brandy and water for three days, which seemed at first to comfort and revive him —but it availed not.

The beast in question was the subject of Nolly's sonnet beginning :—

Made indistinguishable midst the boughs,
With saddened, weary, ever restless eyes,
The weird chameleon of the past world lies
Like some old wretched man whom God allows
To linger on. . . .

MRS. MADOX BROWN. 1869.

(From pastel in possession of Mr. H. Rathbone.)

A really remarkable instance of its author's precocious genius, however nurtured by the atmosphere of his father's studio, this sonnet was not considered worthy of being submitted to the criticism of even the home circle, and was only discovered among various MSS. found in his desk after his early death.

The year 1870 began as one of some depression does, and held on its course rather languidly. No pictures new in subject were commenced, but designs for pictures, subsequently executed, had their origin in the already referred to illustrations of Moxon's 'Byron.' The early part of the year was occupied by the painting of a 'fancy portrait' of Mrs. Madox Brown, entitled *May Memories*, a lady of sumptuous charms sitting amongst a wealth of may-blossoms, meditating upon the glories of her may-days in the *temps jadis*. This picture was, however, not finished until long subsequently.

In March was begun a large oil replica of *Haïdee and Don Juan*. It was worked at concurrently with that of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was finished in June–July, and sold to Mr. Leathart. The latter part of the year was occupied by the pictures of *Jacopo Foscari* and the *Entombment*, of which the former was finished in December.

The designs for the 'Byron' illustrations included, besides those already mentioned, those of the *Dream of Sardanapalus* and the *Return of the Corsair*. The

book also contained two by Oliver Madox Brown, a *Mazeppa* and *The Deformed Transformed.*

Madox Brown, now approaching the age of fifty, had reached a time of life when work was no longer the keen pleasure to him that it had been at one time. Passages of depression and of an almost *pococurante* flavour appear constantly in his correspondence, more often in turns of phrase than in actual passages of a languid kind, though these are not infrequent: 'I myself am never now other than in a depressed or somnolent state, but it comes from interest in things in general having decreased, not from any particular state of the brain.'[1] This on a hot June day, when languor is not inexcusable, may be set down to a momentary feeling exaggerated into perennial importance. At other times we have: 'I have not been at work for a fortnight, but yet so busy that I have hardly even been able to open my letters sometimes;'[2] or, 'I have been rather industrious till a threatening of gout within the last four days has rather interfered with my perseverance, but I have walked and physicked it off, and shall do it again.'[3] This letter, written four days before the first announcement of usual depression and somnolence, may be thought to mitigate its strain.

At the same time a certain disposition to leisureliness rather than extreme industry, if it did not

[1] June 17: to Mr. Shields. [2] January 17: to the same.
[3] June 13: to the same.

eliminate artistic excellences, tended to change their tenor and direction, and certainly influenced the number and size of his pictures.

Thus we have a recrudescence of the 'At Homes,' which for a time had languished, a recrudescence which, even if due, to a certain extent, to a like easiness of the generally unaccommodating items of balance at the bank and cash in hand, was also a product of a greater deference to those inherited tendencies of open-housed hospitality and easy conviviality which had so seriously impaired the prospects of his ancestor, the great Dr. John Brown.

The re-institution of the 'Evenings' was matter for satisfaction to many of Madox Brown's friends. Rossetti, at least, writes congratulating himself and the world in general at the prospect, and Rossetti was not unexacting in such matters. But the 'Evenings' meant the disturbance of days. There were people to be written to, and people to be talked to, not to mention such details as the uncorking of bottles and descents to the wine-cellar.

By this time Madox Brown's pictures had almost ceased to appear at exhibitions. The appearance of the *Elijah and the Widow's Son* at Manchester in the winter of 1869 70 caused another storm in the local papers—a correspondent signing himself 'Laicus' being the principal, if rather silly, assailant, and Mr. Shields an heroic defender. Madox Brown's

own feelings in the matter were, however, quite unstirred :—

To Mr. Shields.

You may be sure your writing about me has given me the utmost satisfaction, whatever its effect may be—and it cannot do me harm ; I only trust, though, that it may do you no harm. In the long run I should think it could not, but immediately people may think you cantankerous.

'Laicus' is certainly a very weak writer. Setting his opinion as to my work aside, his style of argument is altogether of the feeblest and flimsiest. But, Lord love him ! if it pleases him it can't hurt me—at least, I think not. I suppose you have had the last word of it now, which is a comfort at any rate.

Early in the year Rossetti was at Scalands, in the neighbourhood of Hastings, where Madox Brown visited him once or twice. It was at the time of Rossetti's almost entire recovery from the malady that beset his sight. He was more or less actively engaged upon the great picture of *Dante's Dream*, and upon the preparation for the press of the first volume of poems, enterprises in both of which Madox Brown took the utmost interest. Rossetti's letters are full of details that concern either the one or the other.

D. G. Rossetti to Madox Brown.

April.

Ellis sends out copies to the principal reviews to-day, in provisional covers, with a notice that copies fully bound can be had in exchange after the 23rd, so the reviews will not have to complain of no chance of speaking first. I shall have to come up next Monday week in order to write inscriptions in the gift copies at Ellis's. Of course, if you could look in at Marston's without seeming to be on

my affairs, I should be glad to hear how the ground lay, but don't want to worry him at all.

Madox Brown took very considerable trouble (more, it would be safe to say, than he ever took to further his own interests) to smooth the way for the volume of poems, and in the end had the gratification of knowing that it met with the success it deserved.

The same to the same.

May 3.

Ellis tells me that he has sold out my first 1,000 copies, all but 200, and is going to press again at once, so the two editions will bring me in 800*l.*, not so bad for poetry, after all, even if the public find themselves glutted after the second thousand.

The first 1,000 ought to have been two editions, but, 250 having been sent to America, the remaining 750 had to be put into one edition ; at least Ellis thought it best to do so, though I think it abates one's crow to an unsatisfactory extent.

I suppose you have seen Swinburne's wonderful article. He has modified the passage at the end about the other poets. It is dearly friendly, and full of splendid things, of course, but much too much so in all reason. The 'Athenæum's' is a very nice article, and 'Fraser's' liable to be useful.

Now for my foes with a clear course. I expect the 'Saturday' or 'Spectator,' or both, to tune up on that tack. . . . I am flooded with letters about my book ; a rather shabby one, I must say, from Tennyson, and none from Browning as yet. I find, on inquiry, that my 'Italian poets' is sold out, so shall reprint it immediately with Ellis, if he thinks well to do so.

Consultations about the picture were frequent.

To F. Madox Brown.

August.

My soul is vexed with the following point :—The women in my picture being 62 inches high, will it do for the man to be 65 inches, or should he be taller? I've got him traced on the canvas, and fancy

he looks all right, but am rather nervous about beginning to paint him, lest he should possibly need heightening. The women's faces are $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Do you think half an inch more is enough for his face—*i.e.* six inches?

Proportions always bother me more than anything else. I've been meaning to get up to you in the evenings, but was unable. May probably come Sunday.

The soul of Nolly will be sad to hear that yesterday morning the poor little mole was found dead after being all right over night, and eating worms like fun. I had gone to the expense of a magnificent glazed mansion for him, which was picked up at a broker's shop.

The cares of animal life and death formed a considerable preoccupation of these artists, Master Nolly having done much to spread the contagion which had originated with Rossetti. Passages like the foregoing were frequent in the artistic correspondence, and the freaks of Rossetti's menagerie formed a considerable proportion of Madox Brown's stock of anecdotes. The story of the zebu bull that 'treed' the painter in his own back garden has been frequently told. Not quite so familiar is that of the raccoon that devoured with equal equanimity the neighbours' fowls and shillingsworth's of prussic acid, and that was discovered after a long disappearance ensconced in a locked drawer with no visible means of in- or egress, or, for the matter of that, of support other than that afforded by the aforesaid neighbours' fowls.

The beast that made the greatest impression, at least on Madox Brown, was the singularly inactive marsupial known as the wombat—an animal that seems to have exercised a latent fascination on

the Rossettian mind. On high days and holiday banquets it occupied a place of honour on the *épergne* in the centre of the table, where, with imperturbable equanimity, it would remain dormant. On one occasion, however, it belied its character. Descending unobserved, during a heated post-prandial discussion, it proceeded in leisurely fashion to devour the entire contents of a valuable box of cigars, achieving that feat just in time for the exhaustion of the subject under consideration and consequent attention to things mundane.

If Madox Brown may be believed, the wombat of Rossetti was the prototype of the dormouse in 'Alice in Wonderland,' the author of which beloved work was a frequent visitor of Rossetti's household at Chelsea. The 'Alice' books exercised an even greater fascination over Rossetti—and for that matter over Madox Brown—than the historic wombat had done; and so it was with Edward Lear's nonsense-rhymes, Rossetti's parodies of which remained in Madox Brown's memory to the end. The painter named Brown, who had a most terrible frown, came in for his share of those whimsical caricatures. His favourite reminiscence was that inscribed in the copy of the work presented by the poet to Oliver Madox Brown :—

> There was a young rascal called Nolly,
> Whose habits, tho' dirty, were jolly ;
> And when this book comes
> To be marked with his thumbs,
> You may know that its owner is Nolly.

To turn from the play of one year to the work of the next. The first picture finished was the replica of the *Entombment*, which had been begun in October of the year preceding and was finished in March 1871.

The next in order of completion was the *Corsair*, a small water-colour replica of one of the Byron illustrations, which had been begun for Mr. Craven in December 1870, and was finished towards the end of May 1871. The moment selected is that of the corsair's return to find his beloved on her bier with the flowers strewn on it. The presentment is sufficiently simple—identical with that of the poem. Owing to the tragic character of the subject, it did not, however, give entire satisfaction to its owner, and was eventually returned as part payment for a larger commission, that of a replica of the *Sardanapalus* subject, which was begun in August and finished in November. In this case the moment selected is that of Sardanapalus' dream. The builder of seven cities in a day is represented as lying on a couch, or, to speak more precisely, tossing in his sleep on it. Myrrha, the Greek slave who immolated herself, is lifting up the coverlet to see if the condition of his wounds causes his uneasiness. The walls represent the winged man-headed bulls. In the open doorway an archer on the watch is discharging an arrow. On the cushion at the couch-side is the royal horned helmet, and the king's spear and shield.

Finished slightly before the *Corsair* were the

DESIGN FOR ROSSETTI'S "DOWN STREAM." 1871.

small oil duplicate of *Jacob and Joseph's Coat*, and the small water-colour of *Romeo and Juliet*.

To this year belongs the commencement of a picture, the idea of which Madox Brown had long cherished—that of *Phryne sitting to Apelles for his Picture of Venus Anadyomene*. That unfortunate property the nude was, however, a necessary element of the design, and the commissioner of the picture, Mr. Craven, boggled at the idea at its very commencement. Thus a picture that must have been interesting was 'abrogated and uncertain,' and finally abandoned. The design, however, exists in one or two forms. It represents Phryne standing on a rock on the sea-shore, whilst on another rock, just beneath the cliffs, sits Apelles holding his painting-board. The rocky landscape is suggestive of and similar to that in the picture of *Don Juan*.

Of other designs of the year the most important were the two illustrations for Rossetti's poem of 'Down Stream,' which appeared in a moribund magazine, 'Dark Blue.'

Of these designs, the first one, for the 'Last Year's First of June,' is by far the more powerful—perhaps the most powerful of Madox Brown's 'amorous' designs. It is admirably summed up by Rossetti in the passage from a letter which I quote :—

Rossetti to Madox Brown.

My dear Brown,—I expect to see you in a few days, but must write meanwhile to say how very excellent I think your drawing in

'Dark Blue.' It is like a tenderer kind of Hogarth, and seems to me much the most successful of your book illustrations, unless perhaps the *Traveller*, and I think it licks that.

The little one is pretty too. I can't, of course, judge of the cutting, but I think it looks well on the whole. At any rate, an eye new to the design finds nothing out of harmony.

At first sight the people in the boat look both like rustics, but I suppose this may be otherwise when one considers the costume. I *meant* my unheroic hero for an Oxford swell, though you may say certainly that the internal evidence is rather less perspicuous than Lord Burleigh's shake of the head in the 'Critic.'

By-the-by, you have certainly not minced the demonstrative matter—but would there perhaps be a slight danger of overbalancing?

At any rate, whatever may happen to the boat, I should think there was no doubt of the Mag.'s capsizing (to say nothing of our share in the cargo) when it contains one article on Browning as a preacher, and another on Walt Whitman.

From letters written to Mr. Craven, who, throughout 1871, seems to have displayed an almost unequalled faculty for changing his mind as to the subject of pictures, I learn that at this time Madox Brown had in his mind several designs destined never to be executed. Of these, one was a subject from 'Childe Harold,' and another the *Marriage of Romeo and Juliet in Friar Laurence's Cell*. About the latter he writes:—

To Mr. Craven.

I have found out a peculiarity in old Italian mediæval marriages which would give a comprehensible form and point of interest to the subject of Romeo's marriage that was otherwise unmanageable, and would have looked simply like three figures in a cell.

This has given me a renewed interest in this subject, and, if you wish, I can still paint it for you; but, as I have said before, with three figures it would not pay at 125 gs.

As I have no other subject that I can think of at present that would suit this shape, should you still object to the 'Childe Harold,' I would endeavour to meet you by putting the marriage at something lower (say you to pay me 90*l.* instead of the 78*l.* 15*s.* over the

DESIGN FOR 'CHILDE HAROLD,' 1869

50 gs. paid), you paying for the frame. But, if I make this reduction, you must please remember that this commission is the outcome of three bargains, abrogated to suit your convenience, all which pictures you had full opportunity of seeing before agreeing to.

And later, when the trouble about a subject had pursued Madox Brown even into his retreat at Lynmouth, we hear of another subject :—

The only other Biblical subject that I have ever thought of painting (except the Rahab, which is out of the question, as being moonlit and quite other in shape) is the Nativity. This, with the *Entombment* and the *Washing of Peter's Feet*, forms a trilogy of subjects including Christ's miraculous Life and Death, and the essence of His doctrine. This subject is, however, a very complicated one, which I should never think of beginning without a very large commission.

I had begun putting the *Sardanapalus* to the scale of the *Don Juan*, but I will now wait till I hear from you if either of the new propositions should suit Mrs. Craven, who certainly has a right to half at least of the satisfaction to be derived.

At about the same date he writes to Mr. Shields :—

March 3.

What you say about Craven alarms me. Surely none of his friends in Manchester could have the power to make him recant his opinions. It must be some of my London ill-wishers. I have just sent off to him the drawing of the *Entombment*, which, in the opinion of such as have seen it, is the finest piece of colour I have yet produced. Will you oblige me by going to see it at once (so as to be beforehand with any opinion of an adverse kind that Craven may be in the habit of hearing), and at the same time endeavour to ascertain who it is that speaks against me?

Otherwise the year was uneventful enough. Summer holidays were made a pretext for a month's stay at Lynmouth, a theatrically beautiful little village then scarcely made famous otherwise than by the stay there of Shelley in the early years of the century. Here, but for the trouble of excogitating answers to Craven's

letters, Madox Brown enjoyed a time of uninterrupted peace, whilst his children sketched industriously enough.

To the same.

July 26.

We have been here just two weeks on the north coast of Devon. It is a most lovely spot, but we find it the reverse of bracing, and bathing is very inconvenient; but, for a painter, the scenery is delightful.

Lucy, Cathy, and Nolly are all at work at landscape drawings. I have done little myself except write to Craven. Rossetti is down in Oxfordshire, William Rossetti gone to Italy, Morris to Iceland—everyone somewhere. Hueffer is down here in Lynmouth; the Stillmans gone to America.

This is one of the places Shelley was at with his wife, Harriet, when he was about eighteen and she sixteen. We have found an old woman [1] who remembers them perfectly. I am going to draw her, Miss Blind to make an article about her. We have got some new facts from her.

Miss Mathilde Blind, who from this time forth became one of the most intimate friends of the Madox Brown family, had made their acquaintance the year before, chiefly owing to an article on Shelley which she had published in the 'Westminster Review,' which had attracted considerable attention. It was her enthusiastic description of the beauties of Lynmouth which induced Madox Brown, then in search of appropriate scenery for his *Apelles* and *Don Juan*, to go there with his family for the summer holidays.

[1] The drawing of the old woman in question was duly made, and was sold at the Madox Brown sale. She had been servant to the landlady at the house at which the Shelleys had lodged.

There at his invitation Miss Blind joined them. Her love of everything connected with Shelley led her to make repeated inquiries regarding any lingering reminiscences of the poet's stay in Lynmouth. At last she discovered the octogenarian woman, Mary Blackmore, who had once 'seen Shelley plain.'

A letter in which Shelley acknowledged a debt of 5*l.* passed into Miss Blind's hand, and a small sum of money, collected by admirers of the poet, made the old woman happy.

Rossetti's letters were frequent—most frequent those written from Kelmscott, a house jointly occupied by Rossetti and Mr. Morris, which Rossetti found a 'haunt of ancient peace,' and where he managed to find quiet spots for the composing of poems and the like, though even there he, too, was troubled with letters from Craven. In justice to that gentleman, it must, however, be said that dilatoriness was not a vice entirely strange to either painter—perhaps the quality predominated in Rossetti, though from Kelmscott he writes :—

D. G. Rossetti to F. Madox Brown.

August 3.

One might settle down into complete and most satisfactory habits of work here. There are two splendid riverside walks to be taken alternately every day, without a soul to be seen on the road to disturb the cud of composition, and at home everything lends itself to poetic composition.

We heard the other day of Top, from the unpronounceable capital of Iceland. Of course his peregrinations and much-endurings

had not yet commenced. An Icelandic paper was also sent, in which his arrival was recorded as 'Wm. Morris, skald.' He really ought to go by no other name for the future, and the 'Bard' be relegated to Swinburne.

A gossipy letter written a little later may serve to round in the year :—

Same to same.

August 12.

I am writing a long ballad[1] about a magic mirror. When Lucy painted that picture,[2] did she turn up any wrinkles as to such matters? My mirror, however, is a crystal ball. I wish one could live by writing poetry. I think I'd see painting d——d if one could. That vile replica has plagued me here (it is Graham's, not Craven's, which is still to do), but seems coming round again. I have painted the better part of a little picture besides, but don't know who is to buy it. I can't be bothered to stick idle names : a head is a head, and fools won't buy heads on that footing.

I wish you'd write me anything that comes uppermost when you have leisure.

How is Hueffer? Tell him he will get on in the world, for he laughed to scorn my claim for Fitzball about the 'Flying Dutchman,' and now it is *his* claim (*vide* 'Academy').

N.B.—Of course I am only joking, and was glad to see the great Fitzball canonised. I think you never read his 'Autobiography,' which I have. I *must* lend it you. It is a book of books. Old Hake has sent me 'Blind Boy,' made absolutely perfect now. I didn't think he could do it, but if he makes the whole volume like this it *must* get him a name. I have been urging him to bring out his comic novel[3] at the same time, as it gets better and better the more I read of it. Really he is a very extraordinary man.

[1] 'Rosemary.'

[2] A picture having for its subject the Earl of Surrey being shown his mistress through the medium of a magic mirror.

[3] 'Her Winning Ways.'

I am sure the novel would astonish you. I hear that Swinburne is visiting in Perthshire, together with Browning !

Have you any news of Shields? I wrote to poor dear Smetham lately, and got some of his quaint memoranda by return of post, full of good things, but revealing, I fear, a sad state as to prospects.

CHAPTER XIII

1872–1874

Work during 1872—*Portrait of Professor and Mrs. Fawcett*—*Convalescent*—*Sardanapalus* and *Don Juan* replicas—Rossetti's illness—Madox Brown's account of it—Rossetti's recovery—Holding fund—Marriage of Catherine Madox Brown—Madox Brown's candidature for the Slade Professorship—Letter from D. G. Rossetti to the Home Secretary—Madox Brown's address to the Vice-Chancellor—Failure—Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.—Advantage of politeness—Madox Brown's view of picture buyers—Rejected pictures of the Royal Academy—Whistler's *Portrait of his Mother*, &c.—Children's work, Oliver's 'Gabriel Denver'—Work during 1873: Oil *Don Juan*, *Jacopo Foscari*, *Byron and Mary Chaworth*, Completion of *Cromwell on his Farm* (1856)—Return to Nature: *Portraits*—*Lohengrin Piano*—Lectures—Death of William Davis—Madox Brown's charitable schemes—Rossetti's remonstrance—Review of W. M. Rossetti's 'Fine Art chiefly contemporary,' 'Gabriel Denver'—Rossetti's jocular letter—History of Charles Augustus Howell—Joachim Miller—James Smetham—'Pre-Raphaelite' poets—Work during 1874.

THE year 1872 was so broken in upon by distressing illnesses and harassing cares that the item 'work of the year' dwindles down almost to the confines of nothingness, being restricted to the *Portrait of Professor and Mrs. Fawcett*, painted for and now in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke, and to the pastel portrait of Mrs. Madox Brown, called *Convalescent*.

The earliest months of the year were occupied with the finishing and retouching of the pictures not quite finished, or commenced late in 1871—the large *Sardanapalus*. The large *Don Juan*, commenced in 1870, was also on the easel and frequently worked at at odd moments until its sale to Mr. Leyland in June of this year.

The distractions that impeded his work are summed up in the following letter on the subject :—

To Mr. Shields.

July 17.

I am quite overwhelmed with shame when I look at the date of your letter, but when I explain the nature of my silence you, with your forgiving nature, will be more ready to excuse me than I can be myself. About the time you wrote to me (May 12) I had already lost a considerable amount of time owing to repeated attacks of rheumatism, and before I had time to answer your long, kind letter, a matter of quite a new kind sprang up which completely shut up my time and attention, and that is the state of Gabriel.

He is at present in Scotland along with Dr. Hake, the poet, and his son. I and the younger Hake went down with him there four weeks ago. I stayed eight days, and left him with W. B. Scott and George Hake. Now Dr. Hake has replaced Scott, and to-day I have from him the first letter of a really hopeful kind that has reached me from Scotland.

You must know that Gabriel for the last two years has been, without our noticing it, subject to slight fits of eccentricity, partaking of the nature of delusions. He had also been sleeping worse and worse and taking doses of chloral every night. About the time of that horrid Buchanan pamphlet, called the 'Fleshly School of Poetry,' this state, owing to the irritation consequent on that libel, reached a state of development, accompanied by a kind of fit (which, by-the-by, was falsely represented to us and his family as irrecover-

able in its nature—you may judge of his poor mother's, and indeed *all* our feelings), that rendered it unsafe to leave him alone. I was some days at Cheyne Walk with him, some days we brought him here, and then at last I got him off to Scotland and went with him.

There his state, physically, began to improve, sleep gradually returned to him, and with less chloral (for they dared not leave it off) his walking power returned, for the fit had left him with a *lame* leg.

The gloomy black temper and the delusions, which were to the purpose that the whole world was in a conspiracy against him, with the exception of a few friends, did not give way—rather the reverse.

But to-day Dr. Hake writes the first hopeful letter, and we have every reason to expect that, as his mental state is none of the worst kind, that in three or four months he will be all right again and at work.

But it has been a fearful anxiety, and the charge of it has been thrown more heavily upon me, owing to the fact that his brother William seemed at one time liable to fall almost equally ill owing to the shock to his feelings, so that I was obliged to keep letters back and act often on my own judgment.

This state is now happily righting itself, and I do trust Gabriel's condition will continue to improve.

I have perhaps news of my own that might interest you, but I have little time left this morning to write it. I am painting Fawcett, the blind member, and his wife in one picture for Sir Charles Dilke —quite a pathetic-looking group.

My large *Don Juan* has also made some progress.

Somewhat later we hear of Rossetti's recovery.

To the same.

September 6.

I wrote you last a very dreary letter about Rossetti. I, now that I have good reason for doing so, write to say that he is perfectly recovered and at work again.

T

I know that this news will be of great and joyful import to you, and that I ought not to withhold it.

He is still in Scotland, and Dr. Hake and his son with him ; this week the elder Hake returns and Dunn[1] goes to replace him. For at least a fortnight Hake's letters have invariably given the same information—total recovery. Christina, I may also tell you, is vastly better and down in the country with her mother.

The letters practically exhaust the subject of Rossetti's illness. So much, with this or that tenor, has been said about the matter, that, although reasonably simple, it has become rather irrationally involved.[2] To the present writer it seems that Madox Brown's letters on the subject place the affair in a very right light.

They are the letters of a most sincere friend of the sufferer, written to a friend so intimate and trusted that nothing material was omitted, and nothing extenuated.

The absence of Rossetti, even after his recovery, engendered a number of petty tasks and problems for Rossetti's representatives in town, and these were shared almost equally between Mr. W. M. Rossetti and Madox Brown, occupying a good deal of time, a fact which Rossetti by no means ignored. Writing from Kelmscott, whither he had removed from Scotland, he says :—

[1] Mr. H. T. Dunn, who then and subsequently acted as Rossetti's assistant ; the significance of the fact is, of course, that Rossetti was sufficiently recovered to exchange his doctor for his assistant—his remedies for his work.

[2] I do not, of course, refer here to recognised lives like Mr. W. M. Rossetti's lately published memoir, or Mr. Knight's 'Rossetti,' but to irresponsible tittle-tattle in the Press, &c.

D. G. Rossetti to Madox Brown.

September 25.

Here I am as well as ever I was in my life, which, perhaps, is a pretty good reason for coming here. Even the lameness seems to be giving in a little, and my voice has completely recovered.

The better I am, the more intensely I feel your friendship in word and deed. I need not doubt that you have pardoned any feeble petulance of my late ailing condition.

The other distracting events of the year were Madox Brown's gout—or, as he preferred to call it, rheumatism—which attacked him very severely in the spring and autumn; an extremely dangerous feverish illness that in October and thereabouts jeopardised the life of Mrs. Madox Brown, and among minor troubles, the collecting of contributions for the 'Holding' fund, to which Madox Brown contributed his pastel *Convalescent*.

Holding was a youngish Manchester artist of not inconsiderable powers, who, after having had as hard a struggle for existence as too many artists of the day, received a commission that seemed to open very excellent prospects. It consisted of painting a scene in the environs of Paris, whither he set out, only to die almost immediately of typhus. The tragedy was accentuated by the fact that the first intimation of his death that his widow received was in a telegram from the municipal authority of the city, asking for directions as to the disposal of the body.

So tragic a history was one eminently calculated to

make Madox Brown use very considerable exertion towards aiding in the endeavour to assist the artist's widow, which had been originated by Mr. Shields.

To Mr. Shields.

October 15.

I have got answers from Hughes, Boyce, Jones, and D. G. Rossetti; they will all contribute something; and now, strengthened with their names, I will apply to Anthony, Wallis, and Linnell.

Lucy, Nolly, Edward Hughes, and Dunn will also contribute something. . . . William Rossetti has given me 2*l.* for the fund, and Hunt promises money soon.

Two other matters occupied the latter portion of the year, the marriage of the artist's daughter Cathy to Dr. Hueffer, and the candidature for the Slade Professorship at Cambridge.

As regards the latter matter a few words might not be superfluous. As to the relative merits of the two candidates, Madox Brown and Mr. Sidney Colvin, it is unnecessary to say anything—it is, at any rate, sufficient to say that the latter was successful.

Madox Brown's attitude with regard to the matter of the Professorship he puts in this way:—

As to my *chances*, I know nothing, except that I have made myself fully talked about among the parties interested, and if I be not elected, it will be because they have determined on some other, and not that they consider me as incompetent.

If I do not get it, I shall not care, for the work would be serious, and I shall have done myself no harm as an artist; in fact, I came forward as much for a duty as from personal motives.

This *pococurante* attitude did not altogether preclude the sending of many letters to people of influence

by way of canvassing, and the issuing on December 20, 1872, of an 'Address to the Very Rev. the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.'

The immediate result of the letters sent out was a crop of answers of an eminently flattering kind, emanating from a large number of well-qualified 'artists and connoisseurs.' The impossibility of judging of the entire sincerity of such testimonials precludes my quoting more than one letter, that from Rossetti to the Home Secretary:

D. G. Rossetti to the Home Secretary.

December 15.

My dear Bruce,—I do not know whether you can aid at all in the matter I venture to write to you about, but I know that at least you will pardon my doing so.

Madox Brown, the dearest friend I have (whose works as a painter are no doubt known to you), is now a candidate for the Slade Professorship of Art at Cambridge. His qualifications for the post are far from being restricted to his eminence as an artist. He has also the widest theoretical and historical knowledge of art, and quite exceptional gifts as a speaker. Indeed, the true thing to say is this, that to obtain such a man for such a place is an opportunity rarely occurring, and which, if missed, would be a subject sooner or later for the deepest regret.

My friend's success is very near my heart, both for his own sake, in carrying out his views in a worthy field of action, and for the sake of art in England, which so much needs the cultivation of its coming patrons no less than of its coming producers.

Of the 'Address to the Vice-Chancellor' I will quote a single passage, which may possibly, since it represents an ideal master, be intended to portray the artist himself:—

It is still more owing to personal ascendency that the practical man remains valuable. The master must also be master of his craft —one, to lead soldiers, must have fought battles ; to impress a medical class, one must have performed cures ; to wield authority in the house, one must have been the 'author,' the 'auctor,' or adder to it of at least one stone during its building ; and so likewise to the art-seeker, the art-master, the creative genius, is indispensable. But, to obtain and keep hold of this personal influence, it suffices not to be a historical painter in name (a denomination, moreover, of the vaguest), seeing that it no wise necessitates the carrying out of subjects taken from history ; it requires a man with a living interest attaching to all he does, a man so balanced as to unite executive excellence with imagination and elevation of aims, combining general knowledge with acuteness of reasoning sufficient for the evolution of fresh laws where the progress of art demands them or the erasement of rules become obsolete ; in short, an artist equally capable of clothing his ideas in words or in works. Such a man commands attention by force of judgment ; his memory is stored, but with typical instances—heavy in grain, not with the husk and chaff of dry facts. If his utterance be not of the most spontaneous sort, if his periods be not always perfectly rounded, on the other hand, he never leads his pupils astray, for, as each topic arises, his reasoning is a match for it, and, by degrees, as his subject warms beneath him, unconscious eloquence is expressed, for he is original.

His thoughts run not on catalogues, nor his opinions on other men's writings. These, when he remembers them, he identifies with the ideas of the times which engendered them, and, with his own mind brought to the subject, he accepts them, however oft quoted, for what they are worth ; and of the dried leaves of commonplace is made nourishment for the living seed of thought as it takes wing and roots itself in the brains and hearts of others, and, in the place of the sickly plant dilettantism, expands to a powerful tree of knowledge and love of art.[1]

[1] Rossetti sums up the address very neatly in a letter of January 2, 1873 :—'I have just read with much satisfaction your address, which should be quite conclusive as to your literary claims. I wish, however, I had seen it in proof, as the punctuation is confused, and the sentences

Taken in any sense, the passage could scarcely have been calculated to appeal to a scholastic board of electors; the whole course of the address is that of a tilt against scholasticism. The 'synopsis of a course of eighteen lectures' is very unorthodox, and unlikely to appeal to donnish minds.

Having issued the address, Madox Brown waited quietly for the decision of the authorities.

When, in January, the adverse decision of the electors was made known, he did not display any profound dejection; and his non-success left the roll of his pictures very much the richer.

A somewhat remarkable coincidence is the fact that Sir Francis Grant, in his capacity of P.R.A., was one of the board that decided against Madox Brown.

It may be remembered that that artist was the Academician upon whom, twenty years before, Madox Brown had turned his back on the occasion of the skying of his *Christ and Peter*. I have, of course, no idea of insinuating that that circumstance in any way influenced Sir Francis in his choice, though, had it done so, it would not have been an impossibly flagrant case.

The circumstance, in any case, points to the advantage to be gathered by artists by the employment of judicious proportions of politeness and, perhaps,

sometimes, I venture to think, rather abrupt and fragmentary in structure, though as easy as possible to clear up.'

Tapleyism as a leaven to their convictions of their own genius.

To bring a somewhat sad year to a close, I will quote one or two letters upon more or less allied topics. Here we have the artist's view of picture sales :—

To Mr. Rae.

I trust the works [in the collection of Mr. Craven] may afford you some gratification, for that seems the only thing likely to be ever connected with works of thought, labour, and imagination in this country, since the examples of the recent sales here in London, at which they bid 3,500*l.* for a David Cox that took a week to paint, and 180*l.* for a Maclise which must have taken six months. The great picture-buyers seem going clean off their heads.

Most people's minds now seem taken up with the number of works which seem to have been rejected again this year from the Academy. This, of course, does not concern me personally. I hear that Whistler has had the portrait of his mother turned out. If so, it is a shame, because I saw the picture, and know it to be good and beautiful, though I suppose not to the taste of Messrs. Ansdell and Dobson. Rossetti's pupil, Dunn, has also had a fine work rejected. However, it may not be fair to speak about it yet, seeing that they may alter their minds and take them in yet. Leyland, the Rossettis, and one or two others, dined here last night. I wish you had been there. We *were* jolly.

Of the children's work we hear in July :—

To the same.

Nolly has *written a novel* and is engaged on another ; but this is strictly a secret betwixt us. He has developed an astounding genius in this line. He is only, you know, seventeen. Cathy is to be married the first week in September. We are all pretty well in

health, but I have not found time to go to a single exhibition—yours included.

Following upon a year of interruptions and little work, 1873 proved one of comparative industry.

January saw the completion of the large oil *Don Juan*; during February largish cartoons were made of the *Jacopo Foscari* and *Byron and Mary Chaworth* subjects, as well as a duplicate of the chalk *Convalescent*. The very large oil version of *Sardanapalus* was put in in outline in the same month. It was not completed for some eighteen years.

Another instance of deferred completion occurred in 1872, when Mr. Brockbank, of Manchester, gave a commission for the picture of *Cromwell on his Farm*. This was the picture formerly called *St. Ives*, for the background of which Madox Brown made the journey into Huntingdonshire described in his Diary for 1856.

This picture, to the painting of which Madox Brown devoted almost as much care and labour as he would have done in the Pre-Raphaelite days of its conception, occupied him during the greater part of the time between June and October. A good deal of it was painted in the open air at Kelmscott, whither he had gone on a visit to Rossetti and the Morrises, and where we find him bewailing the difficulty of getting white pigs, though the horse and the sheep were easily procurable.

The change brought about by this greater devotion

to Nature in the open air was extremely noticeable. As Rossetti says :—

> Your picture of Cromwell shows that, working direct from Nature, you are capable of making an advance in execution on anything you have yet done, and I think, if you now do this kind of work for a while, there is a very good chance of its opening some eyes which are shut at present.

In October, Madox Brown went to Llandinian to paint the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. David Davies, a work which occupied him until the end of November, the rest of the year being given to the picture of *Cromwell.* Among other designs of the year, mention may be made of that for a *Lohengrin Piano,* which, as its name implies, was intended to embody the story of the Wagnerian opera. This was to have been executed in inlaid ebony and ivory. It proved, however, too costly for execution and remains a design.

A great deal of work, of a different order, was devoted to the preparation of two lectures on Art, to be delivered at the Birmingham and Midland Institute in February of the following year. They were, however, commenced in August. They contain a great deal of very pithy argument of one kind and another, but I must content myself with quoting Madox Brown's own terse description of them :—

> In the first,[1] I propose to show that the so-called innovations of myself and others are nothing more than is the rule at present with

[1] On 'The Latest Phase of Modern Art, Style and Realism.'

all leading European artists. In the second,[1] I wish to call attention to the difference between historic (*so-called*), that is, *elevated* and *elevating* art, and the commonplace so affected by our blessed English public, plebeian and patrician.

In April of this year, after a life of almost extreme hardship, died William Davis, the landscape painter, of whom I had occasion to make frequent mention during the fifties. He left his family in very straitened circumstances, and Madox Brown devoted a great deal of time to furthering the scheme for benefiting them.

Charitable matters of this sort really engrossed a very considerable portion of the artist's time ; to such an extent, indeed, that Rossetti several times found it incumbent upon him to write and remonstrate :—

D. G. Rossetti to Madox Brown.

I am glad to know so good a haul was made for the poor Davises, and quite as glad to know that the matter is well off your hands. I certainly think it is a very serious necessity for you to stop this kind of preoccupation rigorously. I should never dream myself of going, as you do, into such a matter, willing as I am to help if able. (Then follows the passage already quoted about the picture of *Cromwell.*) [Your work] is of more consequence to you than the inevitable destinies of the families of deceased artists ; besides, after all, if one makes one's work answer, one can be of use without giving one's time to extraneous matters.

Pardon this homily, which strikes me after writing as somewhat cheeky.

Rossetti, however, in spite of this burst of worldly wisdom, was by no means disinclined to admit Davis's

[1] On 'Style in Painting.'

special claims as an artist, upon which he dwells in several of his letters on the subject.

Others of the miscellaneous letters of the year are interesting, perhaps particularly so the following letter to W. M. Rossetti :—

January 19.

My dear William,—I have been confined to my room for three or four days with gout and neuralgia, and to-day I have taken the opportunity to read a great deal of your 'Fine Art, Chiefly Contemporary,' which, I am ashamed to say, I had never well read. I thought I had, and a great part of it, of course, was familiar to me from having read it when it came out, but much of it, it seems, I had never seen then nor since.

First let me acknowledge the priority of your claim[1] to the Hogarth parentage of modern art. You pointed it out to me at your house the other evening, but briefly. I now find that you most systematically insist upon it in a large paragraph. This I have read for the first time this morning, and it looks as though I was a gigantic prig ; but it is not so ; simply, we have both seen the same fact. But you should undoubtedly claim this priority, and to this I should have no objection.

In all I have to teach, you may perhaps observe that I set 'truth above originality,' and wish chiefly to be true, no matter whence the truth comes.

But now, what I want to say chiefly is, that I am very much struck with the completeness of your views as a critic generally—allowing for certain matters which I differ from you in, and which do not require specifying at present—and that it seems to me you only want to make your labours take a more connected form, and go on with what you have begun so well, in order to take rank as one of the most eminent authorities in Europe.

No doubt they would be glad to have an English expounder of the rights of international art law[2] as well as French or Germans—

[1] A claim which Madox Brown had made in his Address to the V.C., &c.

[2] This, of course, does not mean statutory law.

but the English won't give them one. (Of course I reckon John Ruskin as out of count, for I do not call his work criticism, but rather brilliant poetic rhapsody.) The English, in fact, don't criticise, they express opinions quite regardless of anything that may have been long ago settled and ascertained to the contrary.

It seems to me that it is almost your duty now to set to work upon some serious part of the history of art, such as may add on to what you have written, and gradually round it into a whole—either the Life of Titian, or anything else you may care for in the precincts of art.

There is no reason that it should be in eighteen volumes, like Mr. Snaase's—only a German could do that, and nobody would read it till some one had re-written it—but on such a plan as to make five or six volumes, to go with Grimm's 'Michelangelo.'

The only other event of any consequence in the year was the publication of Oliver Madox Brown's 'Gabriel Denver,' which met with a somewhat cold reception from Press and public, though its merits are really extremely considerable.

Rossetti writes in November :—

I got Nolly's book, read it and wrote him, so need not say much here. It is, of course, quite an extraordinary achievement, and I have no doubt that, with the original tragic ending, no want would have been felt at all. Nevertheless, I think he was quite right to make the change for expediency's sake, and he has even managed it excellently, but, in execution as well as in conception, the new parts seem to be below what I presume to be the untouched old parts.

The middle of the book, ship on fire, &c., seems perfect. What he may achieve after such a beginning at so early an age is beyond calculation.

Rossetti's extremely numerous letters during the year 1873 are nearly all occupied with business matters —schemes for cajoling purchasers—in which, it must

be confessed, D. G. Rossetti succeeded infinitely better than Madox Brown.

Occasionally—much more so than had of old been the case—he breaks out into some such jocular vein as the following :—

D. G. Rossetti to Madox Brown.

My dear Brown,—Allow me to point out to you that you are becoming demented ; your conduct and telegrams are alike helpless and fatuous.

When I found you, on Monday morning, in the character of a torso, parting your hair down the middle, I laid the cheque in an envelope on your portmanteau, and three times before leaving you did I point it out to you, and did you say 'All right.' A torso has certainly no pockets, but when you recovered from that character it would have been much better to pocket the cheque than to shuffle it, or allow it to be shuffled, into a pack of envelopes. . . .

Ergo, it becomes quite a question whether it be worth the while to part the hair daily down the middle of a cranium which seems daily to be becoming vacuous.

The exploits of a personage who figures very frequently in Rossetti's correspondence formed so large a stock of Madox Brown's anecdotic table-talk in later days, that a brief mention of him, as seen through Brunonian eyes, may not be out of place.

This was Charles Augustus Howell. According to Madox Brown, his history was somewhat of this kind.

Born of an English father in Portugal, his mother was a Portuguese lady of title, a direct descendant of Boabdil il Chico, or, as members of the circle preferred

to call him—the cheeky. At an early age Howell and a brother supported his mother and sisters by diving for the treasures of a sunken galleon that he had purchased. This proving not altogether a lucrative pursuit, he emigrated to Morocco, became the sheikh of an Arab tribe, passed day and night in the saddle, and after having rendered various services to the Portuguese Government, returned to England and became—Mr. Ruskin's secretary.[1]

He then set up as a picture and *vertu*-dealer, in which capacity he made a considerable fortune, and about this period was elected as a Roman Catholic representative to the School Board. One feat of his that Madox Brown frequently dwelt upon occurred when a railway company acquired the house he occupied. Howell removed his various articles of valuable *bric-à-brac*, using for the purpose a string of forty cabs, which passed backwards and forwards for several days between his old and new abodes. When the railway company disputed this item of his expenditure, Howell appeared in court, and not only was he complimented by the judge upon the way in which he had given his evidence, but he proved conclusively the necessity of the vehicles in question as a safe means of transit, and won his case.

Subsequently he increased his fortune by setting up a stud of race-horses, in which his Sahara experi-

[1] A selection of Howell's letters has been lately published, and should certainly ensure for him a certain fame as a letter-writer.

ences materially aided him, and finally settled down as a J.P. and country gentleman in a western county.

The writer, of course, will not advance any of these tales as being matters of fact. Howell was looked upon as a sort of Munchausen in the circle—always in request at a dinner and the like—intensely amusing, generally regarded as mendacious, although it was practically impossible to catch him tripping. Confronted with a diving-bell manufacturer, his technical knowledge more than stood the proof, and no African traveller could find fault with his knowledge of, say, the Berber dialect, or the position of oases in the Kalahari Desert.

D. G. Rossetti to Madox Brown.

Howell, by-the-by, has really (he says) got 4,000*l.* out of the railway company as well as all the fittings of his house given in, but he has to turn out of it at once, and is at his wits' end where to settle till his tower flouts the firmament. Transactions with him seem to be getting obscure, and I must try to lug him down here and see what can be done by word of mouth.

You have doubtless heard that Howell, in spite of disclaimers, has been taken from the plough, like Cincinnatus, and installed by his county's need in the responsible position of Catholic representative on the School Board. Howell has sent telegrams within the last two days to the amount (to my cost) of 16*s.* Hansom cabs being impossible, he seems to have resorted to telegrams, which suit his purse better, as *I* have to pay. . . . I reopen this letter to say that Howell has now sent two more telegrams, bringing it up to 2*l.* 14*s.*

Another character who excited much interest at the time was Joaquin Miller, the American poet, who used to arrive at the Fitzroy Square gatherings in a bright

red cow-boy shirt, with wideawake to match it, and mud-bespattered riding-boots. His tales of wild exploits with Walker the filibuster in Nicaragua were even more exciting than those of Howell, and considerably more substantial, to use an expressive word. James Smetham, the artist and letter-writer, a character of quite a different order, also occupied a good deal of attention at about this time. His letters[1] and mode of living were alike eccentric, but excellent in their ways —in some matters he almost resembled Blake. Retiring, tranquil, intensely religious by nature, and somewhat mystic in the subjects of his pictures, he met with all too little appreciation, but sometimes effected a sufficient number of sales to maintain him for a considerable period. 'One man's board and lodging does not need a nation to know of his wants. Half a dozen good friends will serve a man for life'—as he puts it—'and the good solid knocks at the plug by my three friends, Rossetti, Brown, and Shields, turned the frozen tap, and that was enough.' His pictures reflected very much of his own spirit—poetic in the extreme, with a sufficiently strong bias towards the religious.

From about this time (1874) and onwards it is necessary to figure to oneself Madox Brown as an artist constantly subject to harassing attacks of that most distressing malady, the gout. As the present writer has already had occasion to say—and he is not

[1] Smetham's letters, which have also been lately published, are full of excellences of matter and phrase.

alone, or unsupported in his opinion—this illness, although to a certain extent hereditary, was largely superinduced by the exposure to the elements to which he subjected himself during the years in which he painted his pictures of the *Last of England*, *Work*, *Stages of Cruelty*, and the number of landscapes executed in and around Hendon.

The year 1874 was interrupted by a series of these attacks. During January and February they prevented him from so much as holding a brush, though during the latter half of the second month he contrived, by working at times with his left hand, to finish the *Portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Davis.* The time spent in bed was devoted to putting the finishing touches to the lectures that he delivered at Birmingham and Manchester in March.

In March was finished the great picture of *Cromwell on his Farm.*

I quote an excellent description of the picture from the pen of Mr. Forbes Robertson, senior, which, in all but the wording, was inspired by the artist himself :—

> On a white horse, which grazes leisurely by the roadside before us, sits a stalwart man of saturnine visage, in the prime of lusty manhood.
>
> He is attired in the sober costume worn by thoughtful men in the early part of Charles I.'s reign, is booted in buff, and his beaver is slouched. His coat is dark brown, and his cloak is sage green in colour. On his brow there is a palpable wart, and on the scant white bands which adorn his neck is a red spot as of blood. Before him burns a heap of weeds and stubble, which those two labourers

AUTO-TYPE

'CROMWELL ON HIS FARM'

(Painted 1874)

(From the picture in the possession of Mr. Brockbank)

have grubbed from the hedges they have been trimming, and it is the flames thereof that have arrested the attention of their master, and on which he now gazes so earnestly yet so absently.

In vain may the buxom wench, sent by her mistress, who stands with her two children by the garden terrace in front of the goodly manor-house yonder to the right, raise her voice above the lowing of cattle, the grunting of pigs, and the quacking duck which she holds in her lusty grasp, to tell the master that dinner waits.

He hears, and heeds her no more than the little lamb does that nibbles contentedly the herbage by the horse's nose, or than the pig that fancies something good is going on in her neighbourhood, and comes scampering up, with her squeaking litter, among the very horse's feet.

By the consenting fall of the lines of the mouth and the weird speculation in those eyes, he of the white horse sits evidently spell-bound; and that which fixes him is no fairy dance, no pleasing phantasy, but the soul-sobering vision of the prophet or seer.

We have seen where we are in time; but where are we in place, and who is he?

The level landscape, then, which lies so sunny before us, with its dog-roses, chamomile, and marsh-mallow, with its pollard willows throwing their stumpy shadows on the luxuriant pasturage, with its flat, Dutch-like horizon, is the Fen country of Old England.

We are in Huntingdonshire, and yonder in the distance rises the famous tower of its capital. That is the Black Ouse beyond the meadows, which, with winding equivocation, loiters lazily towards the Wash.

Could we turn our heads away from the dreamer of day-dreams and look a few hundred yards to the right, we should see the town of St. Ives.

As it is, we are standing on the lands of the Manor of Sleep Hall; all these, to the river side, are its meadows, used, as we see, for grazing purposes, and yonder lady, with her two children, is its mistress. She is the daughter of Sir James Bourchier, and was married at St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, some nine or ten years ago. Her husband is the melancholy man before us on the white horse, and his name is Oliver Cromwell.

He has not been long back from Parliament, and it will be ten or eleven years before he sits there again. In the meanwhile his notions about kingcraft have been sadly shaken, and he has made up his mind to devote himself to the interests of his family and of his grazing farm, and, above all, of his soul. Accordingly, he associates only with such earnest neighbours as Hampden and Pym, Lords Brook, Say, and Montague.

'Living neither in any considerable height nor yet in obscurity, I did endeavour,' said he afterwards in a famous speech in Parliament, 'to discharge the duty of an honest man.'

Oliver Cromwell, as we see him here, is supposed by the artist to be returning from a neighbourly visit, and, on his homeward road, to have opened his Bible at these passages :

'Lord, how long? Wilt thou hide Thyself for ever?'

'And shall Thy wrath burn like fire?'

Pondering on the texts, he comes all at once on the burning stubble, and the concrete fact, so palpable to his outward eyes, answers readily to the vision within, and the man lapses, in the saddle where he sits, into a religious trance. . . .

In the middle months of the year a good deal of time was devoted to the picture of *Byron and Mary Chaworth*. The water-colour of the same picture was begun in June.

These and two more portraits, the one of *J. O. Riches, Esq.*, for presentation by the Ocean Steamship Company, and the other of *Joseph Allot, Esq.*, for a building society, make up the tale of the year's work as far as pictures are concerned. Otherwise, Madox Brown was engaged upon two more lectures for delivery at Manchester in December.

The events of the year were not many, but two were sufficiently far-reaching in their results—the marriage of Lucy Madox Brown to W. M. Rossetti,

which took place on March 31, and the death, on November 5, of Oliver Madox Brown. With both daughters married, the death of their son left the

OLIVER MADOX BROWN,[1] NOVEMBER 6, 1874

Madox Browns quite alone in the world. The last illness was cruelly protracted, commencing, apparently, with peritonitis, and changing to that subtlest and most insidious of diseases—blood-poisoning.

[1] From the pastel in possession of Mrs. Hueffer.

On October 24, writing to Mrs. Hueffer, Madox Brown says :—

Above all he hates any show of sentiment. Flowers put him in a rage, and if you kiss him he says, 'Don't do that again.'

He won't smoke any more again nor take tea, but he reads for hours and does not speak, and one night dictated two chapters of a new story ; Marshall thought it might hurt him to retain it in his mind.

And later :—

To Mr. Shields.

October 30.

I steal a few minutes from my night watch to tell you how Nolly is going on, and to speak to you about another matter.

We now have a regular hospital nurse. Nolly has been ill within two days of seven weeks ; about the third week he seemed mending, then he had like a relapse, which is a common feature of these fevers, I am told ; then his illness assumed the form of blood-poisoning—recently it is more like enteric or gastric fever.

He is no longer in pain, and to-day a slight improvement has shown itself, which we trust may be the harbinger of ultimate convalescence, when he would be out of danger.

Of course I have lost three or four weeks' work, but that and the expense is nothing at all in the scale. No end of people keep calling and inquiring now that it is becoming known. But I can scarce see any of them. I pass the night in his room, sleeping, but not undressing till 6, when I wake the nurse and go to bed for two or three hours. I hope that Nolly may be so improved as not to stop my coming to the lectures and to see you both next month (Nolly keeps talking in his sleep). . . . I have done a little to my *Byron's Dream*, and a little to a large portrait—but so little.

On November 4 there seemed some chance of a recovery :—

My dearest Brown [writes Rossetti under that date],—I have felt so much depression and wretchedness since seeing you, respect-

ing this dreadful calamity (never yet having been able to realise a *certainty* of death in one so young), that even a glimpse of hope held out by your letter seems a treasure as yet. Thanks many times for still thinking of me at such a time.

On the 5th came the end :—

To Mr. Rae.

November 8.

I have delayed too long answering yours of the 4th, though it be but for a day or two, but I determined to write to you myself, and have had neither time nor heart to do so ; and now I can scarce find words to convey the dreadful intelligence in : this black-bordered paper will tell you better than I can that our poor dear Nolly is dead —on Thursday, at about 20 minutes to 7.

Nothing that I can say can add to the impression which I know these words can make on you. The loss from every point of view is heavy. . . . But, being no ordinary loss, we have decided to bear it if we can in no ordinary way, and not to complain. The irony of fate does not display itself in this way for the first time.

Without a personal knowledge of Oliver Madox Brown, without at least an intimate knowledge of his personality as displayed in his works, it is difficult to conceive how great a blow his son's death was to Madox Brown.

To the same.

What seemed likely to turn out the crowning reward of a life not overstocked with successes otherwise is suddenly turned into a mockery and illusion, and yet we are strangely calm, after our wont, and indeed, my belief; it is of no use arguing with the whirlwind. . . . There is nothing for it but to patch up what remains of hope in other directions and get to work again ; but the savour is gone, unless in the work for itself.

During the remainder of his life the remembrance of his son was never absent, influencing Madox Brown in an infinite number of the small things that go to make up a life. Just before his death Oliver had expressed a dislike to the smell of tobacco that hung about his father, and Madox Brown had said: 'Very well, my dear, I will never smoke again until you get up to smoke with me,' and the promise thus made was kept. A room was set aside in each house in which the Madox Browns lived subsequently, in which such little things as his books, pens, and papers were stored away; and it remained 'Nolly's Room' to the end. Such little indications were indeed numberless.

With these latter years a feeling of sadness hung over the house at Fitzroy Square. As an old servant put it: 'The place was never the same after the young ladies married and Master Nolly died. Hardly a soul used to come near the great old house.'

To a large extent this was the case. For some time after his son's death Madox Brown had not the heart to 'see anyone,' and when the time came that such diversions might have been welcome, changes had occurred; old friends had died, had gone away to a distance, were perhaps alienated by circumstances, few remained, and new friends no longer came. Perhaps the attractions of Madox Brown's person and *entourage* had largely vanished as the conviction that his was 'a life not overstocked with successes' forced itself upon him.

Work itself was somewhat of a trouble to him, and the financial outlook at this time seemed to grow darker. It was as if, with the death of Nolly, the end of a short bright period had come. Madox Brown's life was like what our farmers call a bad year, 'with a gleam at its tail.' To a stormy spring succeeded a stormy summer, and a not too mellow autumn. Late in its October came that transient gleam of bright weather, called St. Luke's little summer; and then the clouds closed in again as the year rolled on to its close.

O. M. B.

As one who strives from some fast steamer's side
To note amid the backward-spinning foam
And keep in view some separate wreath therefrom,
That cheats him even the while he views it glide
(Merging in other foam-tracks stretching wide),
So strive we to keep clear that day our home
First saw you riven—a memory thence to roam,
A shattered blossom on the eternal tide!

O broken promises that showed so fair!
O morning sun of wit set in despair!
O brows made smooth as with the Muse's chrism!
O Oliver! us too Death's cataclysm
Must soon o'ertake—but not in vain—not where
Some vestige of your thought outspans the abysm!

F. M. B.

CHAPTER XIV

1875–1878

Work during 1875—*Byron and Mary Chaworth*—Oil *Cordelia's Portion*, suggested subjects, *Rubens' Ride*, &c.—Lectures at Edinburgh and Newcastle—Madox Brown's popularity in Manchester—Town Hall decorations—Visit to Holland—Dutch Picture Galleries and Scenery—Rossetti's suggestion for a picture of *Chaucer beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street*—Work during 1876—*Supper at Emmaus*—Duplicate *Christ and Peter—La Rose de l'Infante*—Pastel Portraits—Purchase of *Chaucer* for Sydney Gallery—Manchester Fresco Project—Madox Brown and the New School of Artists and Critics—Madox Brown's Research—Work during 1877—*Tell's Son—Cromwell, Protector of the Vaudois—Portrait of Himself*—Descriptions—Deschamps' Exhibition—Nervous hysteria—Gout—Roland Gilderoy—Rossetti's illness—Madox Brown with Rossetti at Herne Bay—An indignant landlady—Tourgeneff—The Chloral Question—Madox Brown's schemes to make Rossetti renounce the drug—Rossetti's view of the case—The Manchester Frescoes—Commission given to Madox Brown by Mr. Shields—Work during 1878—Cartoons—Duplicates, &c.—Gout.

JANUARY 1875 saw the completion of the oil picture of *Byron and Mary Chaworth*, a sufficiently important representative of Madox Brown's style at this period. The design had formed the 'title-vignette' for the Moxon's 'Byron.' The treatment of the subject is simple. The circumstances of the poet's attachment to the beautiful Mrs. Musters, then Mary Chaworth, granddaughter of the man whom Byron's

great-uncle had killed in a duel, are sufficiently well known.

Byron is represented in the picture as a somewhat early matured youth of sixteen or seventeen years of age. He has ridden over from Newstead to Annesley, and in company with the dog Boatswain has taken a stroll with the heiress of the latter place. The day is a hot one, and the poet and his beloved have seated themselves on a little knoll overlooking the great plain in Nottinghamshire.[1] Byron has hold of Mary Chaworth's hand, and is pouring out impassioned nothings, whilst Mary has only ears for the distant sounds of the hoofs of that sturdy Nimrod Jack Musters' horse, and eyes for that scarlet-coated gentleman himself. Boatswain, too, looks in the direction whence the sounds come, just preparing to cock his ears and perhaps utter the bark that will bring Byron to a sense of the world around him, and, to a certain extent, to his own senses.

He only fully realised the unprofitableness of his passion when subsequently, standing in the hall at Annesley, he heard the fair Mary refer to him, speaking to her old nurse on an upper landing, as that 'lame schoolboy.' She seems, indeed, only to have regarded him as an interesting and rather amusing lad. On Byron, however, the attachment made a very lasting impression, to which he referred not infre-

[1] Madox Brown made a special journey to Newstead with the object of studying the vicinity of the pictured event.

quently to the day of his death, deeming that a marriage with her might have made him a better man.

The early part of the year was given up to lecturing, and perforce to illness, but, in May, an important duplicate, that in oil of *Cordelia's Portion*, was finished. It had been begun eight years before. In June the admonitions of the work-spirit began to grow stronger and stronger, and with it the desire to strike out new subjects. Two of these latter were actually commenced, the one, *Surrey and the Fair Geraldine*, being brought as far as the cartoon stage in June. The other, *Rubens' Ride*, like it, never destined to see completion, was actually commenced in Antwerp, whither Madox Brown went with the intention of painting the background. This background, a stretch of river with, on the further side, red roofs and brown-sailed barges, still exists, or did until very lately, on a small wood panel inside the artist's favourite little Fortuny colour-box, and the design of a bevy of riders on spirited horses is still extant in the early stages of a cartoon. This is as far as the work ever proceeded.

The subject was, until the day of his death, a cherished one with the artist; it is, however, rather a difficult one to appreciate, and even in the hands of so thoughtful a designer could hardly have proved much more than a work of spectacular display.

October and November were occupied principally

with the two etched portraits of Oliver Madox Brown that adorn the 'Dwale Bluth,' the posthumous and unfinished novel of the young author, which, with other literary remains, was published in the year following. These etchings, although ultimately not eminently successful as specimens of the method, occupied a great deal of the artist's time, and had devoted to them a very considerable amount of industry.

In December was finished the water-colour duplicate of *Cromwell on his Farm*, the last work of the twelvemonth.

The vicissitudes of the year's work are, as usual, sufficiently indicated in the artist's letters to Mr. Shields, Mr. Rae, and others. *E.g.* :—

To Mr. Rae.

February 6.

I did intend, and should very much wish to paint for you the subject of *Rubens' Ride*, the same size as the *Don Juan* of Leyland—that is, 7 feet by 5 feet, but though with such a subject I could paint it smaller, it would be, it seems to me, a pity. On the larger scale it ought to be 800*l.*, frame included, for it is a troublesome work to carry through, and would require a journey to Antwerp.

However, it has been my intention, as soon as I can get rid of certain matters that are still occupying my time in the evenings, to execute cartoons of several very important subjects that I now wish to paint—*Rubens' Ride* being one of them.

In this case I think it would be better for you to wait a little, and I will give you the pick of them when designed, for I wish you, this time, to have something the very best I can do—both for subject and carrying out of it. I have indeed got some splendid subjects, fit to make a collector's mouth water I may say, though I should not, as the saying is.

There follows a panegyric of Turkish baths which it is unnecessary to quote, and then :—

We had a very satisfactory trip to Edinburgh and Newcastle, where I lectured, and I was very much satisfied with the Edinburgh audience. They sat an hour and ten minutes ungrudgingly—a thing that they protest they never do for anyone, however great, and they afterwards gave me a vote of thanks—also quite an exceptional proceeding.

The second evening (when they found I had not come to abuse them) the Scotch painters gathered in great force on the platform of the Philosophical Institution. At Newcastle and Manchester the public was more stolid, but I was informed the lectures were considered successes, and there were handsome notices of them. I send you a Manchester paper with an account of a lecture that was given about me by a Manchester artist.[1] I have not much art news except about myself, for I scarce see anyone. I have sold the cartoon of *Cordelia's Portion* to a Manchester man,[2] so I look upon the ice as fairly broken now, and the A—— dragons as vanquished. I don't think there is much news about Gabriel Rossetti since you were last there, but he is turning out plenty of work.

The 'premonitions of awakening' in Manchester are peculiarly interesting, approaching as we do the time when Madox Brown received the commission to paint the frescoes in the Town Hall of that city.

To Mr. Shields it is due to state that this pleasing fact arose almost entirely from his unceasing efforts on behalf of his friend—a fact of which Madox Brown was really well aware. The number of commissions that came from Manchester men of business through the channel of that artist, and the number of inspired

[1] Mr. Shields (see p. 146).

[2] Mr. Rowley.

articles in this and that provincial paper, are really astonishing.

To Mr. Shields.

September 14.

Swinburne writes me that he and Professor Jowett have seen more than one laudation of me in some Manchester papers recently. To what pitch of electric commotion have you frictioned them that these sparks are elicited! . . . . I have been thrown back in all my work, however, and quite taken up with trying to etch two portraits of dear Nolly for his book which is in the press; and, as it is quite [1] a new process to me, and my eyes not so good as they once were, it has been a great difficulty to me, and only one done as yet.

In November we hear the first whisper of suggestions about the decorations of the Town Hall, Manchester, Madox Brown being asked to draw up a list of the men best suited to do the necessary work. It was on the whole a disagreeable task; as Madox Brown expressed it:—

I have by no means any wish to claim the authorship of the opinions given about the decorations of the Town Hall. It could only add to the number of my enemies. Those mentioned would feel a sort of lofty contempt, such as artists are wont to when in demand, while all the others would feel bitterly neglected.

It would at this juncture be somewhat invidious to quote several of the opinions expressed in the document, for which reason I refrain from quoting it at all.

Of miscellaneous letters some of Madox Brown's, written from Holland, have some interest as *Reise-bilder*:—

[1] This is a mistake on Madox Brown's part. He had acquired a rudimentary knowledge of etching under Wappers; witness the etching in the 'Germ.'

F. Madox Brown to Mrs. Hueffer.

June 24.

We [1] have been in Antwerp, at the Hôtel de l'Europe, since yesterday morning. . . . I have already been at work on my Rubens subject, examining the ground and a librarian at the Town Hall.

We have also examined the museum and the cathedral, and should soon have exhausted Antwerp were it not for what I have to do. To-morrow we go to Brussels, and shall spend the day there, for I must have a Turkish bath. I have been with your mamma this evening to discover the grave of my sister, who was buried here thirty-five years ago, but we have not been successful yet. It is a long time ago, but the stone ought to be there. There is another cemetery in which it may be, however, as I cannot remember; everything is so changed. Antwerp is becoming an immense city, and must be very wealthy.

A little later :—

To Dr. Hueffer.

July 7.

We are here at Graven Hagen, at the Hôtel de Belle Vue, well-named, as it has a beautiful view of a setting sun over the park, which is the beginning of 'Den Bosk,' where the palace in the woods, with the rare and lovely Japanese furniture, is.

We have seen this to-day, and Scheveningen and the picture museum. But perhaps the finest pictures are in the streets and on the water-highways.

What with trees and what with water, Holland is all beauty at this time of year, and the passage from Dordrecht to Rotterdam is one of the most pictorial views in the world, and one of the strangest, beating Andrew Marvel's poem about it. But their picture gallery is a sad affair. Their Italian pictures are second- and third-rate ones, all re-painted, and their Dutch and Flemish ones not equal to what we have in England of them.

[1] The 'we' included Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Rossetti.

There are, of course, a few exceptions among six or seven hundred works. They have one admirable Antonio More, three very fine Van Dykes, and a beautiful portrait of Paul Potter by Van der Helst, one wonderful little picture by De Kuyper, and a landscape by Van der Meer. As William said, being fine they were sure to turn out to be by unknown men.

The *School of Anatomy* we do not much care for, and the celebrated *Bull* is an ugly bull-calf, utterly wanting in grandeur or poetry.

Again from Antwerp :—

To Mrs. Hueffer.

July 10.

The first aspect of Holland was indeed startling. We were aground for an hour, by-the-by, on a sandbank in the Hollandesche Deep, and a Dutch man-of-war (a turret-ship, built flat, and in shape like a large turbot, to move among the shoals and shallows) steamed up to pull us off They steamed very steadily along, with men with long measuring-poles on either side, calling out the depth of the water all the time. . . . Holland is a terrible place for charging, and everybody pretends to speak every language, but they go away and do the exact reverse of what you want them to.

Rossetti's letters during the year contain nothing of entirely paramount importance. The following suggestion for a picture is rather amusing :—

D. G. Rossetti to F. Madox Brown.

Undated, 1875.

I really think you ought to paint Chaucer beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street. I find the subject recommended to Haydon by C. Lamb.

'It seemeth that both these learned men (Chaucer and Gower) were of the Inner Temple ; for not many years since Master Buckley did see a record in the same house, where Geoffrey Chaucer was

fined ten shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street' ('Chaucer's Life,' by T. Spight, prefixed to the black-letter folio of 'Chaucer,' 1598).

1876, a year again cut up by serious illnesses, saw the completion of a number of the small works that go to fill up the interstices of the edifice of an artistic career. Of its first nine weeks of illness about four were devoted to the water-colour of the *Supper at Emmaus*, which, begun in February, was finished towards the end of April.

The subject is treated simply enough—the Christ, seated at the centre of the table, offers the wine and bread to the Disciples seated with Him. They, recognising the sign, are struck with wonder and adopt attitudes of adoration. Round windows behind each of the figures' heads form a kind of halo, but through them the sunlit landscape is to be seen.

May was devoted to the cartoon of *Rubens' Ride*, which was once again laid aside, never to be resumed.

June and July were largely occupied with negotiations with the Manchester Committee of Decoration, an innumerable host of letters and the like passing between the several correspondents. A certain amount of work was also given to the picture of *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.*, the gigantic canvas remaining in the studio.

In August the cartoon of the ill-fated *Phryne* subject was again taken in hand, to be laid down in favour of the duplicate of the *Christ and Peter*,

MRS. W. M. ROSSETTI AND DAUGHTER. 1876.

(From pastel in possession of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.)

executed on the commission of Mr. Rowley, of Manchester. It was finished in October, when the small portrait of Mrs. Stillman's daughter, called *La Rose de l'Infante*,' was painted in exchange for the picture of the *English Boy*.

The subject of the picture, suggested by Victor Hugo's poem in 'La Légende des Siècles,' deals with the little daughter of Philip II., whose dropping rose-leaves forecast the dismemberment of the Invincible Armada, then setting sail. It is, however, a picture rather of affinity to than of actual identification with the subject.

Two works in a medium for which Madox Brown at this time had a very considerable partiality—pastels—occupied November and December in company with the water-colour duplicate of *Cromwell on his Farm*. These were a portrait of Miss Blind in three chalks, and a pastel portrait group of Mrs. W. M. Rossetti and her daughter Olive.

This year saw the purchase by the Sydney Fine Arts Committee of the picture of *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III*. It was the first picture of his to find a permanent resting-place in a public gallery, and Madox Brown was proportionately pleased.

The project for the frescoes in the Manchester Town Hall meanwhile showed an astonishingly Protean adaptibility of shape. At times there seemed to be a prospect that a considerable portion of the work would be relegated to Madox Brown and his ally, Mr.

Shields; at another, only small wall-spaces behind pillars seemed likely to be reserved for them.

There was at one time a great danger that the entire building would be handed over to the tender mercies of a couple of Belgian fresco-painters, Messrs. Guffins and Schwertz; but a vigorous jingo movement in the Town Council turned those gentlemen to the right about. The principal objection to Madox Brown was that he was too old, and alas! too conscientious to be available for the work. The Manchester burghers were anxious to have the entire inner wall-space of their gigantic edifice covered with frescoes in seven months, and at a minimum of expenditure—a desire that to a large extent precluded the employment of any artist of Pre-Raphaelite leanings or antecedents. Thus the matter dragged itself out to an inordinate length. Referring to it, Madox Brown writes in April:—

To Mr. Shields.

I almost begin to feel as if I *should* get the job. I should feel so on the alert as I have not felt for long; but it will be eighteen months' toiling like a nigger, and not much richer. But we must not allow the chance to slip if we can help it, for it is a kind of work that, once got, we can boast about. To those who don't know the niggardliness of the pay we can boast of its grandeur, and to those who know how meanly it pays, we can declare that money is *now* no object to us, but that we have grown rich enough to work for our country's good and our own honour.

Later we must work upon our friends to work upon our task-masters the common councilmen, to give us a little more—as disinterested public benefactors! After this last I had better conclude, as I might spoil it.

The dragging-out of the business was certainly an incentive to write bitterly—especially when the Manchester authorities 'took it into their heads to consult Academicians.'

'I can assure you things are much worse than you suppose,' Madox Brown writes in the closing days of the year to a new correspondent, Mr. Rowley, 'and not so much in Manchester as in London. For here there is an entirely new school of men arisen, both painters, critics, and R.A.s, who are far more deadly and dangerous than the old opposition. For five-and-twenty years I have been rashly indifferent to the Academy, Tom Taylor, and Ruskin; but now this new state of things will be "too many" for me, and I shall go under.'

As Madox Brown began to discover, the new school that was arising—men now *arrivés* and *passés*—had its own struggles to think of. The battles that Madox Brown had fought against the old school were matters of ancient history. The fact is that very few Academicians or other artists of that day knew much about Madox Brown. The great majority of them, I am convinced, knew none of his work, never having had any chance of seeing it. Otherwise, a few slightly prominent men admired his work; but they, as a rule, considered him as a 'dog that had had his day;' whereas Madox Brown began to see that his day was never to come, and that the only thing to be done was to work on as steadily as

his health and strength permitted him. His industry, by which I would express his desire for the elucidation and thorough carrying out of the smallest points of his design, was really as great as ever. In the case of the third version of *Christ and Peter* we see him return again pertinaciously to the point that purchasers had decided against him years before—the question of the nudity of the figure of Christ :—

To Mr. Rowley.

May 29.

I have inquired [he writes], both of Cayley and Hueffer, as to the 'clothes' matter. It would seem to be one of those disputed points about which theologians would wrangle for ever, but which never would have arisen but for a forced conception of the idea of modesty more in accordance with modern European notions than antique Asiatic.

Hueffer observed very acutely that, whatever the text might mean in Greek, their expressions could mean no exact equivalent for Judaic garments.

Cayley showed me this morning that in Matt. v. 40, ἱμάτιον (singular) means cloak ; ἱμάτια (plural) is translated in Luke xv. 20 'clothes.' Therefore, when again used in John xiii. 4 it probably means clothes also.

Now as, according to our notion, Jesus only wore two garments—a coat and a cloak—the plural must intend both. . . . (Then follow quotations from 'Liddell and Scott,' &c.) If you like it, we are perfectly justified in using the context as we choose ; and it certainly is more pregnant with meaning in the nude sense, as Mr. O'Connor decides.

I have been much bothered lately, as Mr. Shields will tell you, with the *Supper at Emmaus*, which seems to have become the subject of an even more severe contention than the *Last Supper*, under discussion—a contention apparently between the buffers of an engine and tenderness of several drunken railway navvies, so smashed up did it reach its destination.

The latter part of January 1877 was devoted to the painting of the little picture of *Tell's Son*, a portrait of the artist's grandson.

It represents a little boy holding the halves of an apple that has been split by his father's arrow, and may be regarded as a pendant to the *Rose de l'Infante* of the preceding year.

In February two of Madox Brown's most important pictures were commenced; they occupied the entire middle portion of the year, and were finished together in October—the one being that of *Cromwell, Protector of the Vaudois*, and the other the portrait of himself.

Cromwell's virile personality exercised a strong influence on Madox Brown's mind. Apart from the two pictures of Cromwell that he actually painted, he planned several others illustrative of the Lord Protector's career.

In the present picture we have him at the height of his power, protecting not only the interests of the commonalty at home, but dictating to foreign sovereigns in the interests of their subjects of the reformed religion. From a scrap of paper in his hand, he dictates to Milton the terms of the famous despatch of May 26, 1658,[1] whilst the poet Latinises them in language fit to lay before the French King—though, to judge from Cromwell's face, one might have thought that good, broad English would have done well

[1] The proclamation is to be seen in the Record Office.

enough. Andrew Marvell, in turn, writes from the dictation of the blind poet.

The contrast of the three figures is as remarkable as may be. The Lord Protector, a man of almost colossal proportions,[1] has come in from reviewing his troops in the park, and sits with his legs astride the corner of the massive table. His face is full of violent emotion as he turns towards Milton; perhaps his dogmatic spirit is buoyed up still more by the remembrance of the ironsided phalanxes he has just seen defile before him.

Milton, his face full of the tranquillity that so often ennobles the expression of the blind, is the exact reverse of Cromwell. His features are delicately cut, illumined with all the inward fire of genius; his clothing and attitude are alike precise and calculated. His legs are crossed in his favourite and characteristic manner, and, whilst he 'mouths out his hollow o's and a's' for Marvell to set down on the parchment, he motions with his hand—a delicate, poet's hand—to restrain the Protector's indignant flow of words. He is, in fact, both the great poet and the merciless precisian.

In Marvell, on the other hand, we see the subtile *homme d'affaires,* satirist and wit, who, as Milton himself said, 'is a scholar besides, and well read in Latin

[1] Madox Brown was guided in this matter by the life-mask of Oliver Cromwell, which is of the most singularly huge proportions. It is, however, to some extent certified as real by the historic wen, prominent enough on its surface. The features are singularly rugged and uneven.

AUTOTYPE

'CROMWELL, PROTECTOR OF THE VAUDOIS'
(Painted 1877)

and Greek, and probably of good conversation also, for he comes now lately out of the house of the Lord Fairfax, who was general, where he was instructed to give some instructions in the languages to the lady, his daughter.'

Thus they sit and make history on that May day. The red afternoon sun-light strikes here and there ; on Milton's face and on the wall of the room of the house in Petty France, where Milton dwelt. Behind Milton is his organ with its keyboard shown ; round his head the carving of the organ seems to form the poet's crown of laurel. At the feet of the poet lie the roses he has dropped ; at the feet of the Protector the proclamation of a solemn fast on the occasion of the massacre of the Waldenses. At his side, beneath his weighty hand, is the map of the country that the Duke of Savoy has so mercilessly harried, and that Cromwell now takes under his protection.

On Cromwell's arm is a band of crape—emblem of mourning for the slaughtered saints of the Vaudois cantons. . . .

Of Madox Brown's portrait of himself, no elaborate description is necessary, though, as a portrait, it is a work of singular excellence. We see the artist—a man of great handsomeness of a masculine cast—Roman-nosed, broad of forehead, with rather long, almond-shaped eyes ; the face rather oval and broad at the cheeks. The profuse grey hair, carefully parted in the middle, and falling mane-like on

each side, and the sweeping grey beard, beginning to grow white, impart an almost patriarchal air to a face otherwise vigorous enough. The dominant mien is a rather defiant, suspicious one; but the expression was not habitual with him. In later years his face, unless otherwise excited, was habitually benign—I had nearly said sweet—in expression.

Of other work, a duplicate of the *Cromwell* was begun in December, and in the same month was commissioned and begun the design of another picture never destined to be completed—'*John Brown rescuing Negro Slaves.*'

During the winter of 1876–77 Madox Brown once again exhibited in London, at M. Deschamps' Winter Exhibition of Oil Paintings by British Artists, where, side by side with the works of the just-dead artists, Walker and Pinwell, and of the 'newly-arrived' E. J. Gregory, were hung Madox Brown's pictures *Don Juan and Haïdee* and *Cromwell on his Farm.* The result of the essay was very much what might have been expected, as far as the critics went. The 'old guard' recognised contemptuously the existence of a man whom they had thought to have long since annihilated. The new men as a whole were indifferent, and there the matter ended. One or two friends wrote more or less enthusiastic *réclames* which served very well the purpose of insertion in the artist's scrap-book; and that may perhaps have influenced the minds of the wavering Manchester Town Councillors.

As far as impressing the minds of the public went, the effort was a failure.

Several of Madox Brown's letters about art matters at this juncture are not without interest of one kind or another. Here we have the inception of the *Cromwell* picture :—

To Mr. Shields.

February 13.

Rowley is off again to-day. He is a dear little man, and wishes me to paint him a Milton with a Cromwell doing something together. Of course, I shall do it for him straight off, but it is rather a rude shaking off of all my own favourite subjects just at present.

But it does not matter; once on the subject I shall inspire myself with the feeling of it, and I designed a subject in my head ten minutes later.

Another letter of almost identical date throws a certain light on the subject of the picture of *Cromwell on his Farm*, and has, besides, an interest of its own. It is to a friend who has been complaining of a kind of nervous hysteria :—

February 3.

I have suffered so much myself from imaginary nervousness, and every friend I have has suffered so exactly in the same way, that I cannot help thinking that I should be in some way helpful to you as a companion.

No man ever does any good in the world without passing through the phase some time between the ages of thirty and forty. This is what I have endeavoured to depict in the *Cromwell on his Farm*, which seems to be so little understood by ordinary mortals.

What I have myself suffered on this score I should [1] not like to confess, but the experience now of twenty-five years forces me to the conclusion at last that it is imagination and nothing more—and, like you, I have been to doctors.

[1] See 1849-50, *et circa.*

Rossetti has been worse than any of us, because he has had distinct hallucinations, but even with him I believe them to be the product of chloral.

A few days later a further report of artistic progress under difficulties is made :—

To Mr. Rowley.

February 24.

I have been laid up with gout—indeed, we are all laid up here, or I ought to have written you again to thank you for the *Wedding Cards*, the design for which is so beautiful that every one who sees it seems to form a new estimation of Shield's powers as a historical painter. . . .

I have been prevented from painting but not from reading and otherwise studying, and the state of the 'Milton and Cromwell' matter is now this : I find Milton was, at the date of any of the Vaudois despatches, totally blind. There is a very fine one to the King of France in May 1658, just a few months before the Protector's death. Carlyle translates it (for it was Latin) near the end of his 'Letters and Speeches.'

This I propose to make Cromwell dictating, or giving directions for to the blind Milton, who re-dictates it, in Latin, to Andrew Marvell, his *co*-secretary. It was Milton, indeed, who recommended Marvell for this place.

So I think it must needs give additional interest to the scene, but I have still to think a great deal about it before I begin.

In May a pamphlet by a pseudonymous Roland Gilderoy excited Madox Brown's interest. Its tenor was that of decrying the 'flimsy popular art of the day,' and of upholding the 'more thoughtful' artists, prominent—though not unduly prominent—amongst whom were Madox Brown, Rossetti, and Burne Jones.

May 25.

We have been eagerly expecting the pamphlet of the year [Madox Brown writes to the author]. Miss Blind was very poorly, but she worked at it hard, and, I hope, got done with enough for your purpose. The only thing she had not time for was what she wished to say about myself, for, as that had got put off till the last, she had not time to consult with you. She got me to jot down a few hurried notes, but this was done just as the post went out.

The only part I seriously disagreed with you was about Brett's [1] picture. I have seen it again since, however, and have considerably come round.

There is a very sweet picture by Inchbold that has been passed over, and three or four others that would be worth describing, should you go into a second edition. *Knewstub* in particular, who has a beautiful head in water-colour.

I like your general views of what I have seen (I have not seen the Grosvenor), and much of the writing was fine and to the point. Indeed, the thing only wants persevering with to make it one of the leading criticisms of the days we live in.

A few days later:—

The thing reads very well, and as a criticism, *per se*, I fancy it has no rival. Nothing so comprehensive has been attempted, and no one that writes these sort of things could compete with it, unless it were W. M. Rossetti or Stephens. There are, however, some unfortunate printer's errors which W. M. Rossetti and Miss Blind have picked out, and which, should it come to a second edition, ought to be corrected. I believe that, on the whole, however, it will be accepted as a true and impartial criticism, and that, if persevered in, next year it will take a permanent hold of the public, and ultimately effect a revolution.

A resolute and fearless critic who is unbiassed and unbound by commercial considerations in the first instance, is what is required to effect this.

[1] The picture in question was that artist's *Mount's Bay*, to which the writer accords unqualified praise.

What you said about myself I am much obliged to you for, and it is just what I like, for it gives me the highest possible praise without putting me into too much prominence.

There is one slip, and but one, in the critical part of it, and that is in the pitch into E. M. Ward, which, I think, after looking at the works, unmerited.

I wish I could work up some one to let me go on with Maclise's unfilled spaces in the Peers' Corridor at Westminster. That would be a work worth troubling about.

The passage which pleased Madox Brown, and drew from him the naïve declaration of liking for the 'highest possible praise,' although written *currente calamo*, and perhaps unduly besprinkled with the adjectives of warm partisanship, is interesting, as being the first to embody some such sentence as, 'We feel that a great force, too little known, is among us quietly and modestly doing solid and lasting work.' The same idea is repeated in substance in almost every subsequent notice of Madox Brown's work. It scarcely needs an unduly enthusiastic commentator to endorse it.

To turn from matters more or less strictly artistic. Rossetti's health showed almost unmistakable signs of breakdown during the first half of the year, and in August a sudden crisis rendered an immediate change of scene imperative. The office of companion fell, it may be said, *de jure*, on Madox Brown, and at almost a moment's notice, choice being made of Herne Bay, they set off thither. Madox Brown's pre-eminently practical faculties rendered him singularly useful in

such a contingency. His own account of the matter is convincing :—

To Dr. Hueffer.

August 11.

For two or three days I have been intending writing to tell you of my whereabouts, but I have had so much writing to do respecting D. G. Rossetti, with whom I have come to this place, that I have not found time. We are inland at about a mile and a half from the sea not far from the Reculvers and Thanet.

John Marshall has said D. G. Rossetti must be removed without further delay if his life was to be saved, and poor I was selected to do it. We came to Herne Bay on Friday, quite on the chance, after having spent Thursday at Fitzroy Square.

Our first landlady proved a vixen, and we had to decamp, sacrificing a week's rent. But there was no help for it, for the house was small, and her tongue resounded all over it. She was indignant at our having baths ; she was indignant at our late dinners ; she was indignant at our wish to shut in the sound of her children's voices. She was most of all indignant at eggs being poached and macaroni eaten. We found this pretty house, and left. D. G. is really better since, and walks and talks of painting again.

His mother and sister are to come here and remain with the nurse when I am gone.

It is very dull for me, so very little to talk about, so I bully Gabriel, and that does him more good than medicine, so I trust he will be well again in a few weeks.

The hanging of the time on their hands made the whole sojourn rather a weary one for Madox Brown, until the discovery was made that the poet-artist had 'read very little of Tourgeneff,' and a recourse to that great novelist served to enliven the latter few days of the stay.

On August 27 he writes to Mrs. Madox Brown :—

I got home here yesterday rather sooner than I intended, but I found Gabriel more difficult to manage after his mother and sister came, for naturally I could not speak to him so freely before them, so thought it best to leave him with the nurse. Shields was to go to him to-day. The worst of it is, the whole matter is so involved that stronger wills than any of ours would fail to see a way out of it now.

Chloral was, of course, the chief raveller of the skein of mischief. Given the subjection to the drug, that it is now sufficiently well known that Rossetti had habituated himself to, his own attitude towards it, however lamentable, was not incomprehensible. It is set forth at sufficient length in the letter that I am about to quote.

Madox Brown's particular function—to a large extent self-imposed—was that of forcing upon D. G. Rossetti a gradual abstention from the drug. By means of sheer force of will—bullying, as he himself puts it—as well as by means of some such subterfuges as conspiring with the suppliers of the drug to reduce its potency, he to some extent succeeded in this. But, once allowed comparative personal freedom, Rossetti became almost ungovernable in the matter, and we have some such frame of mind engendered as is expressed in the following letter, written towards the end of his stay at Herne Bay during a period of comparative return to health :—

D. G. Rossetti to Ford Madox Brown.

I did not know that the arrangement we made for your coming here again had anything to do with the chloral question. I thought

that your society would be as welcome and cheering towards the end of my stay as at the beginning, while your superior practical energies would be sure to prove most helpful to my mother and self in getting ourselves together for departure.

Of course, I am well aware that every word in your last letter is dictated by the warmest friendship. But when I consented to adopt Marshall's experiment with respect to the chloral, I both said that I had small confidence in its working to a conclusion, and that I was fully resolved not to deprive myself of sleep altogether.

I was a free agent in consenting to try the plan, and must remain free to adopt it only so far as it can be made at all available. At present my dose is so vastly reduced that it would not have been hurtful even at the outset.

I must say I cannot see what you could sanction by your presence, except the fact that we are old friends and like to see each other. Surely you cannot be responsible for what I must do or leave undone as I please.

The fact is, that any man in my case must either do as I do, or cease from necessary occupation, which cannot be pursued in the day when the night is stripped of its rest.

Beyond the fact that a temporary return to health was effected, and that Rossetti 'looked ten years younger' on his return to town, the upshot of the whole matter was unsatisfactory, and to one so eminently devoted—as was Madox Brown to Rossetti—extremely and continuously disquieting.

Hardly less so, in its different way, was the subject of the Manchester frescoes, which, however, before the end of the year, was very nearly a settled question. I quote a passage from a letter to Mr. Shields :—

February 20.

There is really no news as to *the other matter*, and we had better try to forget all about it till there *is*, for otherwise we shall grow to

take no interest in ordinary work and forget our few friends, if we have any, in the vain pursuit of this *ignis fatuus*, that is like a lawsuit or a patent invention that will not act.

In a letter of December 19 we have a specimen sufficiently characteristic of Madox Brown's diplomatic manner to bear quotation :—

To Mr. Shields.

Waterhouse (the architect) has been here. His object was to ascertain, before meeting the Committee of Decoration at Manchester, if we were still up to the work of the Great Hall, as he reckoned on settling that for us next week.

It seems Gosse, the poet, who is an old friend of his, had told him that I did not care twopence about the job, and also that from his last interviews with yourself he had derived a similar impression.

I let him understand that we had both of us plenty to do, and that, had we cared so *very* much about the matter, we might both have been dead before now.

On Christmas Eve the fact that the Committee had decided to entrust the various rooms to Madox Brown, Mr. Shields, and three distinguished artists of Academic dignity, was communicated to Madox Brown by Mr. Rowley :—

To Mr. Rowley.

Christmas Day.

Yours received this morning [Madox Brown answers], and does indeed convey cheering news for the season. It almost seems too good to be relied on, though I hardly see how Alderman Thompson could have told *you* of it unless it was quite certain.

Whatever differences of opinion there may exist as to the peculiar merits of the three painters now added, there can be little doubt about its being honourable to be associated with them in such an undertaking ; and, for my part, I had just as soon have this as our larger scheme with all its responsibilities, which might have turned

HOMER AND SHAKESPEARE. 1871-79.

(From the designs for the "Worthies" series in Owen's College, Manchester.

out too onerous. My own object in proposing it was chiefly to deprive the Committee of the excuse that no English painter would undertake the work. As to price, they can pay me what they like.

If we do get the work we shall certainly owe it to you and Mr. Milner. Your last move was Napoleonic in its rapid and daring march to the very heart of the matter.

Apart from the cartoon for the *Baptism of Edwin*, of which, in connection with Manchester affairs generally, I shall speak in a subsequent chapter, the most important work of this year was the series of cartoons representing twelve eminent worthies of the world. They were destined for the 'Museum for the People' at Old Trafford, and are now at Owens College, Manchester. Although only single figures of no extraordinary size, and with no particular elaboration of accessories, they yet occupied a considerable amount of time in the execution, and were not all completed until the year following.

Of other works, a duplicate of *Cromwell, Protector of the Vaudois*, and a very considerable repainting of the *Don Juan* occupied the remainder of the months up to July.

As I have said above, I propose to leave until a later chapter any reference to the commission for the Manchester frescoes. Matters in connection with them occupied, however, a large portion of the year's time. I shall content myself, therefore, with quoting one or two letters of miscellaneous interest.

In February Madox Brown delivered, at the

Birmingham and Midland Institute, two lectures—the one on the 'Idea in Art' and the other on 'The Connection between the Fine Arts,' thus completing the series of four lectures on Art.

The amount of work which Madox Brown got through during the first half of the year was thus very considerable—too considerable for his state of health. In February he writes to Mr. Leathart, complaining of overwork: 'I hardly ever go out now,' he says, 'and work harder than ever.'

To Mrs. Madox Brown.

August 2.

I dined with Franz yesterday. It was rather puzzling to find time for, but I enjoyed it much, not having been out, through my foot, for ten days. But yesterday I got a large gout-slipper and so managed it. Of course, I did get out to Mrs. Moulton's last Sunday in a cab (and slipper). The funeral [it was that of Miss Marston, who had died with distressing suddenness at Fitzroy Square] is to take place to-day from here. Then my troubles will be somewhat diminished; but it has got rid of all my tin except a few shillings, and I must—well, we won't talk about that yet. Franz played me the whole of a new French opera, *Carmen*, by a Frenchman called Bizet, who unfortunately died after writing it. Franz says it is the finest French music ever written, and I agree with him.

I hear from Lucy that her baby is better now, and has three of his eye-teeth through.

Almost immediately after the writing of the above letter a really terrible fit of gout suddenly attacked the artist, caused the total abandonment of work, and necessitated an instant change of scene, Matlock being the sanatorium selected. Thence we have a string of

letters such as the following, written with a pitiably cramped hand :—

To W. M. Rossetti.

August 27.

I have intended writing you a line for some time past to tell you how we are, but I have been so poorly that I could not brace myself to the effort. Ever since the morning after we arrived here, indeed, I have been in bed with the gout—with very short exceptions, as at this moment, to have the bed made. The worst to put up with is the want of sleep. . . .

I had a letter from Gabriel, curiously enough, telling me he had just had a letter from a man who used to be his landlord here in Matlock twenty years ago, and of whose kindness I remember he frequently used to speak. How the man found him out I don't know, but he wrote, it seems, to Gabriel in a state of absolute destitution from Manchester—the old story, you see—to ask for aid. Gabriel thinks he has found employment for him with Leyland. I cannot write more. I must go to bed.

I dwell a little upon these details of malady. They played so important a part in Madox Brown's life that they rendered his work heroic. Entirely so one may consider his setting out upon so considerable a task as the frescoes at Manchester, since the remuneration for the work was altogether inadequate.

CHAPTER XV

1879–1881

Work during 1879: Cartoon and fresco of *Baptism of Edwin*—Description of the picture—Smaller work: The cartoon of the *Romans*—The Manchester scheme as a whole—Its scope, &c.—Criticisms and replies—Madox Brown's life at Manchester—Hard work—Letters, &c.—Madox Brown and Lord Derby—Return to London—Reaction—Work during 1880: The *Romans* design and fresco, cartoon of *Danes*—Method of work at Manchester—Anecdote of Mr. Hall Caine's—*Plein air* device—Results of work—Determination to settle in Manchester—A real 'conspiracy'—Gossip—Mr. Shields' windows at Eaton Hall—Rossetti's letters: 'The White Ship:' Mr. Hall Caine—The Blake designs—A fractious pig—Midnight adventure—Work during 1881: Fresco of the *Expulsion of the Danes—Flemish Weavers*, *Crabtree*, and *Weights and Measures* cartoons—Studies, &c.—Temporary return to London—Final settlement in Manchester—Illness of D. G. Rossetti—His last letter.

From this point onwards the record of Madox Brown's work, so far as it concerns itself with new pictures of importance, becomes almost entirely that of the progress made with the twelve frescoes [1] for the decoration of the Great Hall in the Town Hall, Manchester. This is more especially the case during the first three or four of the twelve years during which the artist was employed upon them. Of these, the first in point

[1] I allow myself the use of the word fresco in speaking of the series. Properly speaking, the last four were *toiles marouflées*, the early ones being executed in a modified 'Gambier Parry' process.

of execution was the second in chronological and 'Panel' order. It represented the *Baptism of Edwin, King of Northumbria.*

The cartoon of the subject, of the same size as the panel itself (10 feet by 5 feet), which had been commenced in July 1878, was finished in March of the year under consideration. Meanwhile, in January, Madox Brown had made, or rather begun and not quite finished, the small coloured sketch of the subject, and at different times, from January to April, various studies of heads, &c., of which it is only necessary to specify the heads of Edwin's Queen and of one of her waiting-women. Thus, by the month of April, the design was in a fit state for transference to the wall. The outline was traced in four days, the painting occupying nearly four months—from April until the end of July.

Madox Brown's own exposition of the picture is historical rather than descriptive. It is as follows :—

Edwin was King of Northumbria and Deïra, and was baptized at York, his capital, in the year of our Lord 627, and the next day 11,000 of his principal subjects were baptized together in the river Swale, and his dominions became Christian. Manchester formed part of the kingdom of Deïra, and was, therefore, under the rule of Edwin. Our authority for this subject is the Venerable Bede, a monk of Jarrow-upon-Tyne, who wrote his Ecclesiastical History of England about 100 years after this event. Edwin, who in his youth had been a fugitive, and 'tutored in the school of sorrow,' having regained his inheritance of Northumbria, and successfully annexed the surrounding country, sought in marriage the hand of Ethelburga, daughter of Ethelbert, the Christian King of Kent. Bertha, the Queen of Ethelbert, and daughter of Clovis, the first Christian King

of France, had stipulated that on marrying the King of Kent she should be allowed her Church, and the free exercise of her religion, and, this being conceded, after a while she effected the conversion of her husband. Ethelburga, their daughter, before uniting herself to Edwin, demanded the same concessions, and was rewarded with a like result. She and her Bishop Paulinus, whose appearance Bede minutely describes, persuaded the King to be converted about six years after the marriage.

Wordsworth, in his sonnet entitled 'Paulinus,' thus beautifully paraphrases the elder writer :—

> But, to remote Northumbria's Royal Hall,
> Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the school
> Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
> Who comes with functions apostolical?
> Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,
> Black hair, and vivid eye and meagre cheek,
> His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;
> A man whose aspect doth at once appal
> And strike with reverence. . . .

A small wooden church, Bede tells us, was hastily constructed for the purpose; this being pulled down afterwards, a stone church was erected in its place, on the site of the present York Minster.

A Roman mosaic pavement is represented as having been used as foundation for the wooden church—as well because at this early date classical remains were frequently incorporated with pagan buildings, as to indicate the connection of this panel with the subject of that of No. 1, which is to represent the Romans in Britain. Bishops, at this date, had not yet adopted the mitre, the first indications of which are only found in eleventh-century monuments.

Edwin was a wise and valiant king, who, but for his death at the age of 48, in a battle with Cadwallader, King of Wales, might at this early date have united all the kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion.

As far as conception of subject goes, this is one of the simplest of Madox Brown's pictures, considering its scale and importance.

AUTOTYPE

'THE BAPTISM OF EADWINE'

(Painted 1880)

Edwin, naked except for a waist-cloth, kneels in a stone baptismal font, whilst a priest pours the holy water over him from a bottle. Paulinus, with his right hand raised in the benedictional position, utters a fervent prayer, or perhaps the words *Baptizo te.* The Queen, who stands at a little distance, is also praying, with one of her waiting-women upon her knees beside her. She has her little daughter by the hand, and the child looks questioningly up at her mother, wondering what they can be doing to her king-father. The congregation kneels, half hidden behind the cloth thrown over what is, perhaps, the Communion railing. Their mental attitude is one compounded of mocking wonder and superstitious dread. A laughing mother holds up her naked baby that he may have a better view of the outlandish ceremony, whilst an old man, whose gouty limbs make kneeling a sad task, is most occupied with the disposition of his crutch, even though Baldur be come again. The Saxon warriors, young and old, refuse to bow the knee to the new White God. The little thurifers, after their manner, are not over-reverent behind the Saint-Bishop's back —one of them laughs mockingly at the other, who can only keep his incense alight by blowing it. Through the small windows, hewn with an axe in the wooden boards forming the sides of the church, we catch a glimpse of the sky and of some old Roman remains, their graceful columns contrasting with the barbaric attempts at pillars upholding the little new wooden

structure. In its main attributes the design is founded upon that of the *Baptism of St. Oswald*, from the series in the church of that saint in Durham—a sufficiently appropriate connection, inasmuch as Oswald was a precursor of Edwin, and, like him, met his death at the hands of Cadwallader. Except for some retouchings of the stained-glass cartoons for Peterhouse, and a couple of pastel heads of his grandsons, in August and September, the rest of the year's work was expended upon the oil study for the next fresco, in which the Romans are seen building Manchester. This was commenced in September.

To turn for the moment to the subject of the scheme as a whole. At the time arrived at, Madox Brown had received the commission to paint six of the twelve panels in the Great Hall, the other six having been entrusted to Mr. Shields.

After a number of schemes had been formulated and proved abortive, the project took a definite shape.

The twelve frescoes were to be illustrative of the history of the town of Manchester, a city that, speaking loosely, has practically no history of any appreciable antiquity. The importance of the town as a manufacturing centre dates from no earlier than the present century of machinery and steam, and any discoverable events connected with it previously have been almost entirely coincidental. These circumstances rendered the scheme of decorations peculiarly felicitous as far as the choice of subjects was concerned.

Instead of a set of provincial events commemorated narrowly, and having little general interest, we have a series of pictures shadowing forth the vicissitudes of a typical town during the various phases of the country's development. This was a task peculiarly fitted to the powers of the painter of the *Last of England*, a picture which is to all intents and purposes inspired by exactly the same spirit—that of merging individual effort entirely beneath the tide of national movements.

The set of subjects originally proposed by Madox Brown was accepted, with one exception, in its entirety by the Committee of Decoration. The one exception, that of the 'Peterloo Massacre,' however desirable it may have been as a concession to party feelings, is one peculiarly to be regretted, and the ultimate selection of the alternate subject, 'The Opening of the Bridgewater Canal,' proved almost equally lamentable in the sequel.

The original set of subjects I quote from a copy of those submitted to the Committee at the request of Town Councillor Rowley in November of the year previous :—

1. Agricola builds a Roman fort as a camp, A.D. 60.
2. Edwin baptized at Manchester (*sic*) A.D. 600.
3. The Danes take the town after an obstinate fight.
4. Edward III. induces Flemish weavers to settle in Manchester.
5. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, defends Wickliffe before the Consistory of St. Paul's.
6. Weights and Measures noted and legalised.
7. Chetham founds Collegiate schools for twenty boys.

8. The Sun's parallax determined by an observation [Crabtree's] of the passage of Venus across the sun.

9. The first blood in the Civil War shed at an attack on the bridge at Manchester.

10. The Pretender reviews his adherents in a churchyard at Manchester.

11. One of the first inventors of machines contemplating his work destroyed by the mob.

12. The Peterloo meeting [which led to Reform, which led to Free Trade, without which no steam-power could have availed] at Manchester.

Although this programme underwent modification, the broad outline of the scheme is sufficiently visible and was adhered to. At the time of its formulation it was severely criticised by antiquarians and such-like incurrers of Carlylean hatred, and it remains open to the same criticism. In that direction the spirit of the work is, of course, to a large extent that of 'Past and Present,' and as such it must stand or fall.

The tone of the objectors is aptly assumed by that negational genius, W. B. Scott:—

> But pray don't say yours is the first series of illustrations of local history done in this country. Indeed, how can the baptism of a king at *York*, the building of the *Roman Wall*,[1] or Wickliffe at *Westminster*, be illustrations of the history of Manchester?

I quote one of several of Madox Brown's rather careless replies to such critics:—

[1] This is of course inaccurate. The Romans are represented as building their fort of Mancunium, or Manchester.

To Mr. Shields.

Perhaps you have heard how Heywood has permitted a certain little demon named —— to impugn all our 'subjects' for the Town Hall, on the ground that the incidents never took place.

Of course, if modern historic doubts are to be first satisfied, we may wait long enough before we settle or find our subjects.

Waterhouse has shown me a copy of the precious document. By its own showing there is but *one* subject, that of the Danes, that is doubtful. The other comments and objections are mere captious opinions. It is true that the Crabtree-Horrox subject will have to be modified, and, as far as *I* can find out, Edwin (as Axon also states) *was* baptized at York and not at Manchester. But what of that? We must have the introduction of Christianity somehow, and as there are neither portraits nor views of towns in the first century, we can call it any name we like—Peada or Edwin, York, or any other town. But altogether I fear this critical process may again cause lengthy delay.

I have accepted to dine with the Manchester Architects' Society November 14, and I am to lecture at Alderley Edge about the same week, and Brockbank wants to get me to lecture at the Royal Institution at the same time. I am quite willing, but want you to ask me to stay with *you*, to protect me against other advances which might prove fatal to my gouty tendencies.

When, in April, Madox Brown set out for Manchester, these troubles, at least, were definitely at an end, though several of the later subjects remained unsanctioned by the Committee.

The time spent in that city was one of unremitting hard work, and, what is more, of reasonably good health. A certain amount of privacy was obtainable—for the Hall itself is a public room—by resorting to the device of a movable wooden booth with a plat-

form floor, in which the artist sat on a level with his work.

A few days after arriving at Manchester he writes :

To Mr. Shields.

I date to you from this, to us, memorable place (the Town Hall). How I have ever got here seems to me a puzzle and a dream. I find it very comfortable ; the only thing about my box (for it's like a box at the opera) being that it is far too comfortable, and, I fear, not to be abandoned often enough to see the effect of one's work at a distance.

At night, when I'm all alone, with an excellent gas stand, it is perfectly delightful, and by daylight I feel charmingly free from household worries.

I have not yet begun work on the wall myself, because I am delayed by want of more medium ; but I have given the first coating to one space and rubbed down three others, all ready to coat when the stuff arrives, and the man now is fit to be trusted to do the others by himself.

The cartoon seems highly successful with all who have seen it, and all the masters and servants at the Hall are as pleasant and attentive as they can be, except Mr. ——, who is a Philister, and will not let me have a room in the building.

I am getting on slowly, but satisfactorily, with the coloured sketch, but have been in bed already (Sunday) with sudden gout. I drove it off with colchicum, and was at work again Monday. *Pray say nothing about it at my house.*

I am so glad to know that you have sold one of your large cartoons here. The Rowleys are off to Rydal, I remaining at their house, where I am lodged for the present. Remember me to D. G. Rossetti when you see him, and tell him I would he could see me in my box at the opera, and how I have arranged it with bits of string stuck on pegs.

The last passage alludes to an uncharacteristically economical habit that Madox Brown indulged in to an inordinate extent, and which excited D. G. Rossetti's

animadversion. The smallest piece of string that came under Madox Brown's hands around a parcel, or what not, was sacred from the scissors or knife, and, after having been carefully rolled up, was either placed in a box, or, if of sufficient size, and there chanced to be a nail vacant in the wall, was hung in that more exposed position.

A few days later the subject of 'subjects' crops up again :—

To Mr. Shields.

April 30.

You will have received a communication from the Committee to the effect that they have now definitively settled on the 'Opening of the Bridgewater Canal' as the twelfth and last subject.

I don't know what caused their extreme tenacity on this head; as far as I could see, it resulted from one of their numbers (who ruled them by reason of a certain preponderancy of nose and chin) having seen somewhere a picture by a local artist, Sheffield, representing a 'Canal at Amsterdam,' and having been much struck by this performance, and, as it would appear, not having ever in his life before examined any other picture, he wishes to see something like the work by Sheffield on the walls of the Great Hall.

In confirmation of this theory is the fact that he once commissioned a local painter to paint some shooting grounds he owned somewhere, but after paying for the same loyally, almost broke the said local man's heart by steadily refusing to look at the work, simply for the reason that he thought he had done enough in ordering and paying for the same. I perceived it was no use standing out, and, seeing that it must be long before the canal scene need be begun, I thought it best to let them have their way—after protesting. If it comes to the worst I will do it instead of you.

Thompson gave the strongest reason in favour of the subject, for he said that a quarter of a share in the same canal had recently fetched 8,000*l.* in the market at Liverpool. This was unanswerable.

The Gambier Parry process I still find all that I can approve of.

There are difficulties with the work itself, however, that one could not count on—such as shadows cast at certain hours by the projecting piers on either side, and sunshine. These, of course, I manage to counteract, but the result is that time is wasted and the difficulty of obtaining the desired result increased. I have almost finished four figures of monks or priests—those to one's left—but I consider I am much behind. The heating apparatus is perfect. The daylight on fine days is sufficient, but without the gas on many days I could do nothing.

An incident mentioned in the following letter to Mrs. Hueffer is a good instance of Madox Brown's hastiness when he suspected that he was being 'patronised:'—

May 30.

I am about to begin painting the head of the Queen, having worked my way along the top of the picture towards her. Should she be a success, the work will be made.

To-day Sir Joseph and the Mayor wanted to bring Lord Derby to see the work. However, that was too much. I could not be shown as one of the sights, so his lordship had to go through unenlightened as to my noble self. One must draw the line *somewhere*.

The fact that it was just the time of Lord Derby's withdrawal from the Lancashire Union of Conservative Associations, when that peer had gained even adventitious prominence, rendered Madox Brown's rather touchy action matter for a deal of comment. It was most probably a merely fortuitous product of a fit of anger rather than an altogether impolitic display of dislike for a possessor of titles.

At the beginning of June progress is again reported.

On the 26th of July was the 'private view' of the picture, and Madox Brown was released from his task. The following letter to Mr. Shields had, however, been written some days before :—

July 18.

Next, what I wish to say is that I intend, for the next subject—*The Romans*—to execute a quarter-sized picture, oil or water, instead of the cartoon.

I think it will offer greater opportunities for sale (for no one seems to care to buy a cartoon), and at the same time it would be less cumbersome and more fit for copying in many respects in which I find the cartoon deficient.

I am not quite so satisfied as I was with the Gambier Parry process. I find it keeps on drying and getting paler for three or four weeks, which makes it difficult to know what one's work will look like, so that I may possibly do the next on water-glass and have the wall roughened up. Things are looking awfully down with me, but I must conclude.

The hard work at Manchester brought on a reaction on Madox Brown's constitution :—

To Mr. Rowley.

September 17.

What has come over me I don't know, I seem to have exhausted what little energy pertains to me while at Manchester, and here can only yawn and lie on the sofa.

I cannot even summon energy to write and ask old friends like Theodore Watts to come and see me.

Nevertheless, I have finished my small replica of *Edwin* and settled my design of the *Romans*. This I shall begin painting [1] in a day or two, but yet am terribly lazy and depressed.

[1] I take it that 'painting' is a generalising misuse of words—the cartoon was announced to the Committee as finished on November 20. A comparatively small amount of colour, sufficient to give a general idea of the scheme, was then added, and the picture—it is on a panel—laid by until 1890.

Before I forget, may I beg that you or Milner will ascertain for me the colour or colours it was likely that the stone quarried by the Romans would have been? Whether brown sandstone, such as seen at Liverpool, or the ugly grey of the stone of the Town Hall.

This is of some importance to me in colouring the design.

The design of the *Romans* was finished at the end of November, but during the remaining months of the year the gout played havoc with Madox Brown's work, and not until the end of March was he able to set out for Manchester.

The fresco of the *Romans* was commenced on April 10 and finished on September 20.

It is thus described by Madox Brown:—

This subject embodies the foundation of Manchester; for, although the British name 'Mancenion' seems to indicate this locality as a centre for population, it is improbable that anything worthy the name of a town existed before the Roman Mancunium.

Agricola was Governor of Britain at this date—A.D. 60—and was, as his son-in-law Tacitus informs us, a humane as well as an energetic Governor. His rule was much connected with this part of England, so that the general depicted may be considered as representative of that Governor.

A centurion holds the parchment plan of the camp that is being fortified, while his chief, who also has hold of it, gives his orders. His standard-bearer, in this instance a 'Dragonifer,' holds up the silken wind-inflated Dragon standard which the Romans at this period had adopted from the 'Barbarians.'

The legionaries are doing the masons' work; but the bearers of stones and cement are Britons, impressed for the occasion.

The river Medlock bounds the camp on the south; the background beyond it is formed of oak forests, red with the last leaves of November, while in the extreme distance is visible the blue streak of the distant Peak hills.

A chilling wind is depicted as agitating the garments of the con-

'THE ROMANS BUILDING MANCHESTER'

(Painted 1879)

querors, and making the work in hand more arduous to men of southern nationality.

The general's wife, with her little boy, has stepped out of her 'cathedra,' or litter, to take the air on the half-finished ramparts. She wears a fur cloak, hooded for the cold, and on her hands are muffles. Her naturally black hair is represented as dyed yellow—her eyebrows remaining black—to indicate the luxury of Roman living, even in a camp. Her little son, who is attired in soldier's uniform and 'caliga' (boots), is mischievously aiming a kick at one of his mother's Nubian slave chair-bearers.

The interior of the camp, with the Roman four-square tents made of skins, is to be seen behind this group.

The cartoon of the *Danes*, the third of the series, had been commenced in London in January, and was finished at Manchester in the interval between the finishing of the fresco of the *Romans* and that of the *Danes* itself, which was commenced on September 20, the earlier one having been completed seven days previously. During his stays at Manchester, Madox Brown worked almost continuously; at times sitting before his picture for two, or even three, stretches of five hours each in one day. Not naturally a very quick worker, he let his extreme conscientiousness cause considerable delay. Painting on the walls of a hall did of course preclude actual working in the open air as far as the picture itself was concerned, but it was at this time—and indeed until the very last years of his life—his invariable practice to make open-air studies of every object presenting the slightest unfamiliarity. For a sufficiently amusing instance of this kind I am indebted to Mr. Hall Caine.

In the picture of the *Romans* there is a large bugle —similar to a *cor de chasse*—which Madox Brown was particularly anxious to study in the open air. It was, however, a matter of extreme difficulty to find a spot in which buildings were not near enough to cast a disturbing reflection along the curved lines of the brass. At last, after several ineffectual essays, an unenvironed position was found at the top of the Town Hall bell-tower, a sufficiently dizzy height. Thither up the tortuous winding steps the artist transported himself and his painting materials, and found peace of mind.

In order to secure the effect of 'light all round on dull days,' it was his practice when painting in the Hall to resort to a device of his own originating. The model was placed beneath a sort of daïs of oiled paper, which diffused the light from whichever direction it was cast. A similar expedient, it may be remembered, was resorted to by Tintoretto, according to Vasari. The Venetian artist worked from wax models placed inside a little box resembling a puppet-show made of transparent materials, outside which he moved a candle up and down, whilst the rest of his studio was in darkness.

Upon the whole, Madox Brown's work did not fail to meet with a certain amount of appreciation, in spite of what might be called 'a very strong opposition, well supported by the local press.' Such a letter as the following from Mr. Rowley could not but have

been gratifying to Madox Brown, who would, perhaps, not make every allowance for the warm friendship of the writer :—

January 8.

You will be glad to hear that I have daily congratulations on the immense success of your work. Only this morning a friend, who never cared for your pictures, came up to me with voluntary enthusiasm, and declared it the finest thing he had ever seen. So on Friday last with a couple of our local artists.

I have a character here as being crazy over your work, so much so that for months I have never spoken to a soul about it, and my aim is to be quite silent. Now, your splendid achievement does what my poor gabble never could.

It was in the hope of an access of popularity in Manchester that Madox Brown determined to leave London and settle in the Northern city. There is a certain pathos about his attitude towards life at this stage of his career :—

To Mr. Rowley.

January 29.

Things look so gloomy that I have come to the determination to get rid of this expensive house and take a small one at Marple or Hayfield, and there, if possible, live within my means. Could you let me know the price of season tickets, and if you can hear of some pretty six or seven-roomed house not over 30*l.* a year.

I have written to Heywood about a studio in the Town Hall, and think this the time, now or never, to make a new start in life.

With a painting-room in the Town Hall I might, perhaps, get in with a fresh lot of clients, and things could not be worse than in London, and will be certainly cheaper. I think it is time to begin thinking of one's will and all that, having the gout almost continually, and this weather making one ponder on Tophet and other pleasing alternatives.

A certain bravery is required to enact the tragedy of the *Last of England*, when the hero is at the age of sixty. It is, however, to be doubted whether the prospect of starting life anew in a strange country was much more to be feared than the solitary life which the Madox Browns led in Fitzroy Square at that date.

In March the move to Manchester began, Mr. and Mrs. Madox Brown taking lodgings in that city towards the end of the month. The removal of the household gods was a more complicated matter, which was not to be effected until the year following—the Fitzroy Square house being held on a long lease, and proving almost unlettable.

They remained at Manchester during the whole year, though a short visit to Chapel-en-le-Frith, a village in the heart of the Peak country in Derbyshire, from which Madox Brown journeyed backwards and forwards to his work, relieved the monotony of the stay. The William Rossettis and Miss Blind were also spending the summer there, and in company with them he thoroughly explored the Dale country round about. As Miss Blind says: 'There was no more delightful companion in the open air than Madox Brown with his childlike enjoyment of the simplest and most familiar sights of Nature.'

A passage that is worthy of considering, inasmuch as it gives some evidence of what Madox Brown would have called 'a conspiracy,' occurs in a letter of this

year, and certainly seems to afford evidence that intriguing of a kind must have existed in some quarters. As I have no wish to do more than elucidate that point, I take the liberty of suppressing the names of the less praiseworthy participants.

To Mrs. Hueffer.

May 17.

This reminds me that Rowley told me there was some mention of me in the ——— some weeks ago, as if Blank were coming round again. You must tell Frank (now that, being both on the same staff, they occasionally meet) that my objection to Blank was not that he abused my works evenly and consistently, but that he praised them privately and spoke with enthusiasm to people whom, like the Cowper-Temples, he knew to be my friends, and then went in company with Dash, the great dealer, to try and dissuade such a man as Craven from buying my poor works—to ruin me, in fact.

Craven told me and Shields this, and said he laughed at them both. Blank is, you know, in Dash's pay. However, I have had no quarrel ever with him. Fifteen years ago, when we last met, we parted good friends, and, if ever I meet him in your house, I shall be quite friendly and civil to him.

In July, to make atonement for former faults as a correspondent, Madox Brown writes Mr. Shields a longish letter containing several passages of interest :—

At Eaton Hall I saw your windows made up, for the first time of course. I was exceedingly pleased, and I may say surprised at them. None of the subtleties of detail are thrown away, but, on the contrary, these works seem to show that stained glass is particularly suited for showing up these qualities, the reverse of Gabriel's maxim, 'Anything will do for stained glass.'

These windows of yours are quite original in treatment, and if

Heaton and Butler's rendering of your colour is not always quite successful, at least you have got them to execute works that, for drawing and expression, are unrivalled, and that look at the same time *thoroughly decorative in design*. The *brassy* yellow of some of the hair they ought to be bullied for, though.

People used to ask me when you meant to favour us with a visit to Manchester. Of late, however, they have left off inquiring, and Sir Coutts and his wonderful conclusion that the four remaining rooms ought to be dedicated to the four English Great Poets (this would include Swinburne) shows that the new ideas have already superseded the one we tried to inculcate.

I care not; enough and more is for *me* what I am about.

After a slight temporary estrangement, Madox Brown resumed in March his correspondence with Rossetti. 'I am very glad you have written,' the latter writes, 'and never loved you better than I do now, as I said to Watts before we went to bed last night.' This was in answer to a letter of Madox Brown's. Several of his letters to Manchester are of considerable interest:—

D. G. Rossetti to F. Madox Brown.

March 21.

Lucy tells me that you have included in a lecture an interpretation of that design of the 'Archers,' by Michael Angelo. I have been thinking of it from various points of view, and should like to know what you make of it. I have not Grimm by me, and forget what he says (I suppose something) on the matter.

Lucy also told me that she had made a copy of my poem, the 'White Ship,' and sent it you. I want just to say, don't show it about at all, though I dare say you would not. I have such experience of the matter and phraseology of MS. being caught up before

the original gets published, that I feel a little anxiety on this point.

And again :—

August 11.

For some twenty years or more I was your principal correspondent, and now that you have written to me, let me not omit a prompt reply, though with no particular news.

I am glad you took to young Caine, whom I have never set eyes on, though many times on his handwriting, which is a good fist. Our correspondence began by his sending me an excellent lecture on my poetry which he seems to have delivered several times in Liverpool — to what manner of hearers let the stars reply. He then sent me other papers (a most excellent one on the 'Supernatural in Poetry,' referring to the Greeks, Goethe, and Shakespeare, and a pamphlet on 'Politics in Art,' which I thought brilliant though rather wrong-headed). He certainly has something in him, and told me he had five hours enchanting talk with you.

Your pedestrian powers must indeed have improved since I last wotted of them. I congratulate you.

It is fine to hear of your prime working order, to which five hours seems so poor a spell as not to be worth entering the building to accomplish. Well, you will leave a visible sign of yourself somewhere in Great Britain, and, though the Manchesterians are too stingy to pay properly, they will think they have paid too much to whitewash it again—the best chance a work of art has of holding its place now and here.

Mr. Hall Caine makes, at this time, rather frequent appearance in Madox Brown's correspondence, sitting for him also, and not infrequently paying visits to the Town Hall. Rossetti took a very considerable interest in his career, as indeed did Madox Brown himself. Thus we find Rossetti writing in November :—

Young Caine paid me two visits when in London, and I liked him extremely. He seems modest, yet not likely to miss a chance

that can be duly seized. He now seems to have sufficient chance of London literary employment to induce him to entertain *some* thoughts of settling there ; but I warned him how serious a step that would be. Still, I should like to know he really had any prospect in such directions, as he must be much too good for his present work.

Somewhat later :—

The same to the same.

Undated.

It was very kind of you in mid-work to write me so graphic a letter about that historical pig. It amused me much, though the pigmentary predicament must have been no joke either to you or to the organist.

I hope you will thrive at Christmas either there or here, but, if here, I may hope to see you if staying on at all. I often see Lucy, who certainly inherits your faculty of good talking. A conversation with her never flags, and William's calmness fits in most happily.

I hear sometimes from Caine, whose project for a sonnet book interests me. A collection from the living only by one Waddington has just appeared. It is poorly got up and not particularly well edited, so I think Caine will have the pull. I think you should let him print that Boccaccio sonnet and find another if you can.

The new Blake volumes are truly splendid. Shields has made the most wonderful cover from a design of Blake's, and has written a long paper on 'Young's Night Thoughts' series, which reads as if he had been writing all his life. He has also drawn a most interesting plate of Blake and his wife from Blake's sketches, and a separate one of Mrs. Blake from another sketch of Blake's. In fact, he has half-made the book.

William has completed his catalogue in his usual faultless way.

I forgot to say that young Gilchrist has really made a most beautiful view of Blake's cottage. This is reproduced in photo-intaglio.

I quite sympathise with the admiration you express for Watts's sonnets. He has now done another, which I think the finest of the three. He will soon make a bardic throne for himself.

The 'incident of the pig' was one of the several happenings at the Town Hall that diversified Madox Brown's stay in that building, and upon which he delighted to expatiate in after years. In the fresco of the *Expulsion of the Danes*, one of the several objects depicted is the burning of a pig-sty, from which the little pigs escaping get beneath the feet of the routed marauders and upset them, uttering the most piercing shrieks the while. One of Madox Brown's porker models played him a nearly similar trick, besides disturbing an organ-recital which was going on in the hall round the painting-tent.

A somewhat more serious adventure befel the artist late at night in the same place. Descending from his high painting-chair, he slipped into the trough, which was created between the platform of his tent and the wall itself. Here he remained for some little time, so firmly wedged as to be unable to move. The custodian, looking through the glass doors at the end of the hall and seeing no one about, extinguished the lights, and when at last Madox Brown managed to extricate himself the problem was in nowise solved. Having made his way out of the Great Hall, there remained the task of finding his own chambers in the absolute darkness of some miles of echoing corridors with dangerous staircases yawning on each hand at every few yards. This was only accomplished after having made the round of the building several times, during which

proceeding the constant chirping of the crickets in the basement, perhaps a hundred feet below, was so distinctly audible as to prove a very misleading feature of the situation. At last, after resorting to the expedient of trying with his key every keyhole of the floor on which he was, he managed to discover his own room. The experience was, however, a sufficiently perilous one, and was long afterwards remembered and enlarged on.

The fresco of the *Expulsion of the Danes from Manchester* was finished on March 2 of the year following.

The description of the picture in Madox Brown's own words is as follows :—

Rushing down the narrow and winding street of a small wood-built city, the Danes are seen making for an open gateway that discloses the country outside, with a Saxon church on a hill.

The Norsemen or Vikings who organised the plundering expeditions that at this time so much harassed Europe used to begin their apprenticeship to rapine very early. Fifteen is said to have been about the age when they would start off in quest of adventure, and of that booty on which, a few years later, they would settle down upon as respectable married men and heads of houses.

The Danes are here represented, therefore, as very young men, mere beardless boys in fact, with one or two better seasoned elders to assist them with their experience.

The wealth which they acquired they were wont to convert into gold bracelets, which were worn on the right arm.

A rich and successful young chieftain, the wearer of many bracelets, but now badly wounded, is being borne past on a hastily constructed stretcher, his companions endeavouring to protect him and themselves with their uplifted shields as they run the gauntlet of the townsfolks' missiles. In front of these four men have fallen

'THE EXPULSION OF THE DANES FROM MANCHESTER'

(Painted 1881)

confusedly, one over another, on the ground. The pavement consists of the polygonal blocks that the Romans had formed their road of which ran through Manchester.

From a house which faces this scene a young woman has thrown a tile that strikes down the 'Raven' standard-bearer. An aged inmate from the same window throws a spear, the national Saxon weapon, while two little boys gleefully empty a small tub of boiling water on the fugitives.

The Danes, who in a group have reached the shelter of the rampart gate, pause for one moment to hurl back threats of future revenge on the inimical townspeople, whose chained-up dogs bark fiercely at the runaways, while in the background the soldiers of Edward the Elder are seen smiting the unfortunate loiterers in the race for life. (About the year of our Lord 910.)

The rest of the year was devoted to designing the cartoons for the next three frescoes.

That of *Philippa visiting her Flemish Weavers at Manchester* was commenced in May and finished in September, that of *Crabtree watching the Transit of Venus* was commenced and finished in July, and that of *The Proclamation regarding Weights and Measures* was commenced on November 28 and finished on December 22. Besides these, two studies in chalks, the one of Crabtree's head and hands, for which sat Mr. C. B. Cayley, the translator of Homer, and brother of the great mathematician, and another study for the same fresco, for which the artist's grandson Oliver was pressed into service. The only other works that merit mention are chalk heads of Mrs. Kendrick Pyne and Miss Mary Robinson, and a pencil head of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

On the completion of the fresco of the *Danes* the Madox Browns returned to London, but only with a view to their ultimate removal to Manchester, which took place accordingly towards the latter part of the year. The move must have been prompted by few other than financial reasons.

'This place certainly does *not* improve by length of acquaintance,' Madox Brown writes just before setting out for London, 'and cotton does *not* become livelier, at least in the market; whatever its condition may be on the townspeople's backs I can't say.'

The welcome home to Manchester, or rather to its suburb Crumpsal, was a by no means inspiriting one. Mrs. Madox Brown's letters tell of charming views round the house, but views seen only through torrents of rain, Madox Brown himself being ill in bed.

The only other matter that needs a moment's consideration was a refusal on the part of the Corporation to grant some increase of the sum paid for the frescoes, 250*l.* apiece.

From Mr. Shields.

I saw Waterhouse this week, and seized the opportunity of expressing my regret that the Town Council did not deal more liberally with you. You know how cautious he is, and therefore, when he spoke in warm sympathy with the ill-requited and manifestly inadequate meed you received for incessant labour which is publicly pursued, you will understand that he is on your side, although he may find it difficult to influence the Council.

He said there ought to be a subscription to recoup you, and, although I regard this as an illegitimate mode of recognising the

worth of your work, yet I should be glad to see it carried out rather than know you remain a loser. It would be honourable in them to contribute from their private purses if they object to vote the public money for the purpose, and it could be no dishonour to you.

No such scheme was, however, even brought upon the *tapis*.

A far greater trouble ensued before the year came to an end. This was the state of health of D. G. Rossetti, which, before the Madox Browns' removal to Manchester, had shown unmistakable signs of breakdown. I quote what is apparently the last letter from him to Madox Brown. It is undated, but was probably written before the end of July :—

My dear Brown,—I should be delighted if you and Emma would dine with me, but we ought to fix an evening. Either Wednesday, Saturday, or Sunday are open at present, if you will tell me which.

I was very much pleased with Shields' report of the design for your fourth picture—it will be lovely. As for the Liverpool scheme,[1] in my regard I fancy it may collapse.

Yours affectionately,
D. G. R.

I have written a ballad you will like on James I. of Scots.

[1] It was that for the ultimately effected purchase by the Liverpool Corporation of the picture of *Dante's Dream*.

CHAPTER XVI

1882–1885

Work during 1882: *Flemish Weavers* fresco—Commencement of *Crabtree* fresco—Death of D. G. Rossetti—Its effects on Madox Brown—Efforts to help Dan Casey—French appreciation of Madox Brown—Madox Brown's view of his position—Fire at Sydney Art Gallery—Work during 1883: *Crabtree* fresco—Commission for remaining six frescoes given to Madox Brown—Madox Brown 'on strike'—Increase of payment—Royal Academy exhibition of Rossetti's works—Design for Rossetti's gravestone—Work during 1884: *Weights and Measures* fresco—Application—Madox Brown on Picture-buyers—Work during 1885: Pastels—Bust of Rossetti—Purchase of *Work* by Manchester Corporation.

THE fresco of *Philippa visiting her Colony of Flemish Weavers established at Manchester* occupied more time in the painting than had been the case with any of the former works. This was as much owing to the complication of the design as to any extraneous distractions. Begun in September 1881, it was finished on May 27 of the year following.

This subject commemorates the foundation of Lancashire supremacy in textile manufactures.

Philippa of Hainault, Queen of Edward III., is said to have advised the introduction of the Flemish weavers into England, and tradition mentions yearly visits which it was her custom to pay them. John of Gaunt, the seat of whose government as Earl Palatine of Lancashire was at Lancaster Castle, was the son of Philippa. Flemish

weavers are said to have been established in Manchester; hence the connection of the Queen with this subject.

The season chosen is spring, still the finest part of the year in Lancashire, at which season Chaucer tells us the English people delighted 'to gon on pilgrimages.'

The Queen and her attendant ladies have been in the woods 'maying,' according to the old English custom, and each has broken a branch of flowering hawthorn, or may. They are habited in 'Lincoln green' for the occasion. To the left, a Fleming, of somewhat careworn aspect, his Flemish beaver slung over his back, exhibits to the Queen a piece of cloth the same in colour as that she wears. He is assisted to unroll it by his wife, their child, and a workman. Behind him stands his aged father, ready with a roll of cloth of a different shade. The Queen tries the texture and substance of what is submitted to her with scrutinising finger.

On the same side of the composition a row of street children have been tutored to kneel in presence of Royalty. One little girl, forgetting her baby's crying, all the same ventures to make faces at the Flemish girl with the wooden shoes to the right of the picture, while a ragged little boy, comfortably seated on the steps of the market cross, is admonished to go down with the other children.

To the right of the beholder an old weaver, by the name on his cloth, 'Jan Van Brugge,' is seated beside his apprentice at looms which are drawn out to the front of their small shop, under the shutters, raised pent-house fashion.

They are weaving, or pretending to do so, but the master is eagerly looking for the Queen, while the apprentice is as eagerly looking at his master's daughter; she, trifling with a kitten, affects to see no one. In the distance are three archers of the Queen's guard, and two burghers of Manchester on their knees.

The Queen's palfrey is held by a foot-page, hot with keeping up beside the horses.

The sun illumes all to the left of the spectator, the figures to the right being in reflected light.

The fresco of *Crabtree watching the Transit of Venus* was commenced shortly after the completion of

its predecessor, which it equalled in point of difficulty as far as the solution of problems connected with its 'lighting' are concerned.

Apart from the adding of two to a set of illustrations that the artist had undertaken to provide for Miss Mathilde Blind's fairy-tale called 'Blue Ogven,' the year was entirely given up to these two frescoes, and, save for the death of D. G. Rossetti, which cast it into deep gloom, it was as uneventful as a year could be.

The loss of Rossetti was a blow, the effects of which it would be easy to under-estimate. If we except the death of his son Oliver, it was the first of a series of deaths that deeply impressed the later years of Madox Brown's life. The fact that some such epoch must arrive for every man who reaches a fairly advanced age scarcely rendered the prospect a less tragic one, and Madox Brown's proneness to feel new impressions made each successive loss seem a more and more predominant presage, not so much of his own end, as of a time when he might stand alone and unbefriended.

In no case, however—not even in that at present under remark—did any such loss affect his powers of working. If not 'as the breath of life,' or even as his 'daily bread' to him, the work-habit was now almost as indispensable as that of putting on his clothes. He worked easily enough, scarcely feeling over-tired after a day's painting lasting from ten in the morning until eight o'clock at night. It was, indeed, only

in deference to his doctor's orders that he limited his hours to the latter time.

To Mr. Shields.

February 27.

I have no time for writing letters ; going backwards and forwards, if it does not interfere with painting itself, does wofully with all else besides. Fortunately, here there is nothing else to occupy one.

I am not getting on fast with the *Weavers*, but still it grows, and there must, I think, be about two-thirds done by now.

The cartoon not having so much work in it, I do much of the painting from Nature and models, and this, in some respects, is an advantage.

Upon the death of Rossetti, Madox Brown writes to Mr. Shields :—

April 10.

I don't know how you feel this sad event ; to me it is the greatest blow I have received since the loss of our dear Nolly.

I cannot at all get over the idea that I am never to speak to him again.

And yet, when he was alive it seemed as though nothing I could hear as to his health could surprise me ; and still it was not apparently his visible ailments which proved fatal. How could one imagine such a breakdown ! When I last saw him, in bed, eating sandwiches, and asking for cake and grapes not three hours after his dinner, I thought his ailments imaginary, and so they might have been then, so little did they foreshadow this disease.

A great man is gone, and the effects of it on art in this country none can tell, but we may fear. Unsubstantiality and affectation on the one hand and Herkomerism on the other, make me fear it will go hard with the British school when a few more are gone.

You, Jones, Poynter, and Leighton are tolerably young yet ; Hunt, Millais, Watts, Paton and myself are in the sere and yellow, or wrinkling stage decidedly, and what is to follow I can't foresee.

You have seen so much of poor dear Gabriel lately, you must be

terribly cut up. To me it seems like a dream ; I cannot make out how things are to go on, in so many directions things must be changed. I trust you are well. I keep the 'enemy' at bay, but at times only with difficulty.

Of the part which Madox Brown played in Rossetti's life it is unnecessary to say much more here. It was, I think, generally believed, and very frequently observed by members of Rossetti's family, that, to use the words of his mother, 'Brown was the best friend he ever had;' and Rossetti, with his splendid, Quixotically generous nature, was without doubt a friend of friends to Madox Brown.

It is matter for some regret that, amongst the many documents left by Madox Brown, none has been forthcoming in which he attempted anything approaching a study of his friend.

Perhaps his most effectual summing up of the poet-artist's character was the frequency with which he figured in Madox Brown's later conversation. 'Rossetti used to say this,' or, 'I think this, but Rossetti used to say that,' were constantly occurring remarks, uttered in a tone that was meant to convey the assurance of Rossetti's correct judgment. Almost as frequently Madox Brown would conclude some anecdote illustrative of Rossetti's obstinate eccentricity by saying: 'But it is a shame to tell such stories about him ; he was a splendid fellow and a glorious artist.'

Madox Brown was not forgetful of the claims of the oldest of friendships. I have before me a letter

of the same year, in which he makes an effort to help his old fellow-student, Dan Casey. On account of its interest of an extraneous kind, I make no scruple of quoting it :—

To Mr. Stephens.

January 11.

I see by this morning's paper that there is a chance of Sir Charles Dilke's returning to his negotiations with Gambetta. The latter, at the request of Lady Ponsonby, with the greatest kindness and feeling, provided a consulship for a *worthy member of the Paris Commune* [1] who was proscribed and starving over here. I wonder if, by an appeal of extreme audacity, your friend Sir Charles Dilke could be got to intercede with Gambetta on behalf of a French artist, a man of genius and early fellow-student of mine, one M. Dan Casey, of *no particular shade in politics*.

Casey must be tolerably known to the French Government, as it has more than two or three times purchased works of his for provincial museums.

But you know how ill this pays, and he does not belong to the popular Gérôme set. Ingres and Flandrin some years back insisted on his claims, saying to the Napoleon Ministry : 'Si vous demandez de la grande peinture, en voilà.' And they commissioned his large picture of the *Martyrdom of St. Hippolytus* for the museum of Auxerre for a price that did not cover the costs of it. Théophile Gautier and the Press generally applauded his work, but no *décoration*, no permanent reward followed.

It is perhaps a wild dream to think, but might it not be possible that Sir Charles, in the jubilation of a successful treaty, could slip in a word with the Master of France, and so save from ruin one whom I still regard as a great painter, but one neglected and sinking gradually to distress with his wife and children ?

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that the application was not crowned with success.

[1] M. Andrieu.

Madox Brown's work at about this time attracted a certain amount of attention in France; he was indeed claimed as a French painter. A biographical notice, by Chesneau, the distinguished critic, appeared in 'L'Art,' and gave Madox Brown some pleasure. By his old friends in Paris he was affectionately remembered.

E. Chesneau to Madox Brown.

The old dear Casey me disait dimanche qu'il vous avait écrit pour Noël et nous étions heureux de causer de vous.

Depuis ma dernière lettre je suis entré en correspondance avec M. P. G. Hamerton du 'Portfolio' qui incidemment m'écrit :

'Tout dernièrement j'ai eu le plaisir de lire vos articles dans "L'Art" sur F. Madox Brown et j'ai vu à ma grande satisfaction que vous avez tâché de lui rendre justice.'

J'ai lu aussi un intéressant article dans le 'Magazine of Art' sur la collection de M. Trist de Brighton et vu avec la plus sympathique curiosité votre Roi René !

A bientôt, très cher Madox Brown.

Maugre this slight outbreak of praise on the Continent, Madox Brown with considerable justice did not regard his position at home as an enviable one.

As to beginning or taking part in some action against the powers that be [he writes to a friend who asked him to join in a final assault on the Royal Academy], I am only too glad to be allowed to go to bed each night with both ears on, at the rate I see Englishmen going.

As to the spirit of the Press in these northern regions, I never read anything but the articles on myself.

I only know (and that not at all intimately) two of the critics. One of these, that of the 'Courier,' did not deign to notice my last *mural*. The 'Guardian' did so generously, but I never see Scott, the editor. The third paper, the 'Examiner,' although the property

of Mr. Alexander Ireland, an intimate friend of mine, has been *against* me till this year, when they asked my friend Rowley to write about me, owning that I had beaten them.

Of the Liverpool Press I know nothing.

I do not regret letting *you* know (but I had better have used the word 'confidential'), for to my astonishment I hear here it is reported that I lose a thousand a year by these works ! !

What a Crœsus or what a liar they must think me, though I am one thousand pounds poorer !

However unwilling to show fight, Madox Brown did not fear hard work. In the winter of the year the news of the destruction by fire of part of the Sydney Art Gallery gave rise to the supposition in England that the picture of *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.* had been destroyed.

Sir [he writes to the curator of the Gallery], after a week's confinement to bed, on opening letters and newspapers, I come upon—you can imagine with what feelings—the enclosed notice in the London 'Daily News.'

When I say 'you may imagine my feelings,' I say so under the impression that it is remembered in Australia that the picture took up the better part of five years of my youth, from twenty-five to thirty. The immediate revulsion from the first shock of this news is the natural, and perhaps inevitable resolution to paint the work over again.

He goes on to add that it will probably take him eight or ten years, but being provided for by his work at Manchester he can afford to do the work as a labour of love for less than the sum for which the original had been purchased—500*l.*

He was not, however, called upon to fulfil the stipulations of his own offer, the picture having been

hung in another building, and having thus escaped the general holocaust.

During the winter 1882-3, Madox Brown was prostrated by what was probably the most serious of his many attacks of gout. It was indeed only with the utmost difficulty that his life was saved, and it was only after a visit to London that he was in April once again able to emerge from 'my truncated form, being, so to speak, without the use of my legs.'

No time was lost in the completion of the fresco of *Crabtree*, which, save for the difficulties already alluded to, was not a work of very great complication.

The subject is thus set forth :—

Master William Crabtree, of Broughton, drapier, having been requested to assist the observations of his friend Jeremiah Horrox, the curate of Hool, watched the Transit of Venus over the Sun, November 24th, 1639 (Old Style), our 6th December. Horrox, who was poor and alone, and who died before he was two-and-twenty, might never have made his world-renowned observation had not Crabtree assisted him by letter as to his books of tables, which were obsolete and valueless. By the aid of the new and corrected tables Horrox's calculations came right. The day for the expected event being a Sunday, Horrox asked his friend to watch for him also, lest his clerical duties should interfere with his observing the phenomenon at the right moment.

The weather being cloudy, Crabtree watched through that cold winter day from 9 A.M. to close upon 4 P.M, when suddenly a gleam of sunlight revealed the small figure of the planet crossing the sun's disc, on the paper diagram. Crabtree was so perturbed as not to be able, during the few moments the phenomenon remained visible, to take measurements scientifically, but he could corroborate Horrox's observation. The young curate's papers describing the *modus operandi* were discovered in Germany early in this century. This

'CRABTREE DISCOVERING TRANSIT OF VENUS'

(Painted 1883)

AUTOTYPE

mdus admitted of Crabtree's wife and children being present, and the researches of archæologists show us that the astronomer was married some six years before the event depicted. Crabtree being but an amateur, he is represented as employing for his laboratory a sort of store-room over his shop, or counting-house ; a glimpse of the latter is seen through the open trap-door, admitting some daylight, though the scene is chiefly lighted from the sunshine on the digram.

The window-panes of the counting-house are coated with December frost.

Mrs. Crabtree, who is depicted knitting, which was accounted a lawful Sunday recreation in anti-Puritanical days, clutches her young son by the arm, in anticipation of his possible interference with his father's proceedings at such a supreme moment.

In the meantime Madox Brown had begun a 'Portrait of Madeline Scott,' the little daughter of the editor of the 'Manchester Guardian,' who is represented as riding on a tricycle. It was not, however, finished until August. In July the sixth fresco, the *Proclamation regarding Weights and Measures*, was commenced upon the wall, and occupied the remainder of the year.

Some days were, however, devoted to touching up and repairing defects in one or two of the pictures that Rossetti had left behind him.

By the end of the year the fact that Mr. Shields would not, under any consideration, complete or even commence the six remaining frescoes in the Town Hall was made known to the Corporation. That body, after considering that not even the Court of Chancery could grant them power to hold the recacitrant artist in front of the wall-spaces until he

should have covered them with works of genius, cast about for another painter to fill up the gaps, and eventually decided to re-employ Madox Brown.

At this conclusion they were finally forced to arrive by the encomiums which the late President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Mundella, showered upon the frescoes whilst they were being shown him by the then Mayor.

'The Mayor, I am glad to say, was with us, and was visibly impressed,' Mr. Scott writes to Madox Brown, when describing the momentous event which certainly weighed down the scales. Madox Brown had proved almost as recalcitrant as Mr. Shields—had, in fact, 'gone out on strike,' and, presenting his accounts for the consideration of the Committee, proved to them conclusively that he had spent, whilst devoting his time almost exclusively to the work, '1,700*l.* over and above what I have received from the Corporation, rather more than double the 1,640*l.* (at 50*l.* per sq. yard) agreed on. Under these circumstances, seeing that I shall, on the completion of the fresco of *Weights and Measures*, have honestly fulfilled my bargain as to the first six paintings—though a disastrously unfortunate one for me—I think I cannot be expected to work for less than 100*l.* per sq. yard, as otherwise I should only be running myself in difficulties.'

The matter was ultimately compromised, the Committee paying the artist an extra 100*l.* for each of the

frescoes already executed, and raising the price paid for the subsequent ones to a similar level—375*l.*

To turn from such sordid considerations ; it remains to be said that to the unique self-sacrifice of Mr. Shields the fact that the frescoes remained to be executed by Madox Brown is almost entirely due. It was only with a view to subsequently resigning it to Madox Brown that that artist originally accepted the commission. 'I was confirmed in this view,' Mr. Shields writes to me, 'by the conviction that the six noble works completed spoke with irresistible eloquence in favour of the whole scheme being committed into the hands of the painter who had so powerfully justified his right to execute them all.'

During the year was published Mr. Ingram's biography of Oliver Madox Brown, in the production of which Madox Brown himself had taken a very considerable interest, and which, on its appearance, gave him very great pleasure. On the other hand, the exhibition of Rossetti's works during the winter of 1882–83 caused him the utmost disquietude.

> The picture getting done and you or Lucy visiting us [he writes to Mrs. Hueffer] are almost the only excitements we have to look forward to in this dreary exile. And yet I am glad to be away from London, and the horrible *fiasco* of the Royal Academy swooping down on poor Gabriel's works as they have. It lends a new terror to death. One satisfaction is that they will never be able to borrow mine off these walls.[1]

[1] It is consoling to consider that the Royal Academy refused to hang even *one* of Madox Brown's pictures at the Old Masters' Exhibition immediately following his death.

The emendation in the hanging, at least, of Rossetti's pictures, undertaken almost entirely because the 'Times' recorded a protest against the practically scandalous way in which the exhibition had been arranged, caused Madox Brown very considerable satisfaction.

In December Madox Brown designed the headstone for Rossetti's grave at Birchington. It took the form of an Irish cross, with runic bas-reliefs symbolising the life and work of the painter-poet. During the year he also delivered a lecture on 'Art as the Replica of the Universe' at Glasgow and Newcastle.

His visit to Glasgow seems to have afforded him a great deal of pleasure. He expressed particular admiration for the Cathedral, and for the works of the Glasgow architects, Thompson and Cottier. The latter had been one of his pupils at the Working Men's College. 'I might,' Madox Brown is reported to have said,[1] 'have instructed, and doubtless did instruct, Cottier in general principles, but Cottier as a colourist has a range of performance beyond that of any artist. Here line and colouring are suggestive of Paradise itself. . . .'

During the month of August the Madox Browns removed from the suburb of Crumpsall to the slightly more convenient quarter known as Victoria Park, a pleasant district just on the outskirts of the town.

From that place he writes on Christmas Eve a letter which, as it contains his views on a variety

[1] The quotation is from a 'Glasgow Evening Times.'

of topics, I quote before passing to the following year :—

To Mr. Shields.

December 24.

Armstrong's suggestion of lectures for South Kensington I have well thought over, and it seems to me to offer a tempting support to an idea I have had of lecturing in America.

There are possible drawbacks, however. I don't know if, even after such a course of lectures, I should be acceptable in America. I don't know if my frescoes are in a state, without much labour, to negative and magic-lantern with any effect on a sheet ; and lastly, I don't know if it would be at all pleasant to lecture about one's own works.

Meanwhile, I have just written to Waterhouse to tell him, what I am sure you will be glad to know, which is that the Decoration Committee at the Town Hall have decided at length to advise that the remaining six panels in the large room should be given me to fill. Not exactly at what I required for doing so, but at such price as would pay all round 375*l.* for each picture of the twelve.

This is not very pleasing, but as nothing else seems to succeed I think it best to acquiesce.

It is only five years more exile in this place, and after that it will not, I suppose, much matter what happens.

Altogether the idea has made me melancholy, but I must endeavour to get some place in London to come to, for otherwise it would be unendurable.

I am sitting up here writing all by myself, it being now 2 A.M., the ladies being in bed, and Charlotte and Maggie gone to hear midnight mass at the Catholic Church.

I really think, as they have the latch-key, that I must to bed and write a little more in the morning.

Christmas, Noon.

It is a damp, dark and dreary morning, as unlike *seasonable* weather as can well be.

I have remained at home to please my wife—she is engaged I don't know how. Miss Blind is writing an article to pay for her

Christmas presents to children. I am going to try and begin a sketch for a book of Edwin Waugh's, having promised one long ago.

During the early part of the year following the exigencies of his pocket and the prospect of possible sales caused Madox Brown to recur to his old device of retouching and finishing up old pictures, a kind of work to which the months of April and May were devoted. The works treated in this way were the pictures of the *Traveller*, an oil replica of that work of sixteen years' standing, and the portrait of Mrs. Madox Brown, called *May Memories*. Before that time, however, the fresco of *Weights and Measures* had been completed. It is perhaps the simplest of the frescoes both as regards treatment and subject.

By June the cartoon of *Wickliffe on his Trial* had been taken in hand.

In October Madox Brown executed on behalf of the fund in aid of the widow and children of Casey a very charming study of autumn foliage, called, after the place in which it was painted, *Platt Lane*, and, whilst in London during the 'Christmas holidays,' the first design for the Rossetti memorial, which now stands on Chelsea Embankment.

Besides these works two pastel portraits, the one of his granddaughter Juliet Hueffer, and the other of his granddaughter Mary Rossetti, executed severally in February and December, call for passing mention.

However sad and dull Madox Brown may have felt his life to be at this juncture, nothing served to

lessen the industry that he brought to the study either of his subjects or of his works themselves. I shall content myself with referring to two well-crystallised instances selected from many available.

The following is a 'list of authorities,' referred to and used before the fresco of *Wickliffe* was set about :—

> Milman's 'Latin Christianity' and 'St. Paul's Cathedral;' Hook's 'Archbishops of Canterbury;' Lechler's 'Life of Wyclif;' Vaughan's 'Life of Wycliffe;' Longman's 'Life of Edward III.;' Green's 'History of England.'

The subject is, however, chiefly elaborated from Foxe's 'Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs,' which contains a very vigorous description of the scene in Old St. Paul's, which Foxe seems to have borrowed from the older 'Monachus S. Albani.'

As a pendant to this form of research we have the following picture :—

Mrs. Madox Brown to Mrs. Hueffer.

October 2.

> Your father is wonderfully well and hearty, and is still painting away at his autumn tints [*Platt Lane*] in the open air.
>
> He has hired a cab in which he sits all through the day. The man drives him there and leaves him, taking the horse away. He brings him back again in the same way, so that your father is sheltered from rain and sun, and Charlotte takes him his lunch with hot coffee every day.

The work was intended as a study for the fresco of *Chetham's Life Dream*, which was not begun until the

year following. Upon the whole, the year was not an unhappy one; it had its lights and shadows, but these were inevitable to a man of many projects like Madox Brown :—

To Mr. Shields.

February 20.

When I begin on *Wickliffe* I mean to do it in oil for a change, so as to avoid the difficulties of working from models on the walls, and have the luxury of working in my nice studio with the sun and the trees in front of it.

I begin to soften towards the Manchester Corporation and folk generally, chiefly because I find all other peoples of the world worse disposed than them.

Good-bye, old fellow. I hope you are well at work again. I know of four distinct cases of good fellows who are almost starving for want of it, and I've a letter from ——, who is never over-brilliant in that line, unread in my pocket. So I must not grumble.

Then the subject of sales crops up again :—

To the same.

September 12.

The most curious thing to notice in this Exhibition is how *all* the works are for sale—some for large prices, like Herkomer's, some for modest ones, as are *Frith's!*—but all, whether R.A.'s or others, *for sale*, and prices, of course, pitilessly gibbeted in the catalogue Alas the day! I do not think that no one has any money, because I know of many people who launch forth more than ever, but I think it is the fashion for buying pictures that is dying out. It never was a genuine taste, and now people are ashamed of being *sold* by dealers, without having any taste to buy fine things for themselves. . . .

During the year the project of erecting a memorial to Rossetti began to take shape, resulting in an enormous body of correspondence, and in little more, during the year under consideration.

The headstone to the grave was, however, duly erected in July of this year :—

W. M. Rossetti to Madox Brown.

July 26.

As I was standing before the monument yesterday, a nice-looking girl of some eleven years, with a younger sister—members I should suppose of one of the better shop-keeping families or the like at Birchington—came up to the grave, and the elder sister, who had evidently been there before, said to the younger, 'This was only set up yesterday. Isn't it lovely?' with engaging outspokenness.

For various reasons no fresco was completed in 1885, though two, that of *Wickliffe* and the *toile marouflée* of *Chetham's Life Dream* were begun.

The 'oil cartoon' of the former was finished in May, and the task of transferring it to the wall begun on June 18. It is the most 'work full' of all the designs ; consequently, when the very end of August arrived and threatened to bring cold weather in its train, Madox Brown for the time abandoned the fresco work in favour of the *toile* of *Chetham's Life Dream*. Of this, the cartoon had been begun in March.

With the exception of one or two pastel portraits, notably that of Mr. Charles Rowley, and of an experiment in marble medium, which took the form of a portrait of Helen Rossetti, these works for the wall occupied the whole of the year, as far as painting is concerned.

The alto-relievo of the Rossetti memorial, however, made some progress, but the subscription list was very slow in filling up.

One very considerable cause for gratulation Madox Brown found in the purchase by the Manchester Corporation of his old-time masterpiece of *Work*, of which he had entirely lost sight for many years, and which now found a lasting home besides another Pre-Raphaelite masterpiece, *The Shadow of the Cross*, in the Manchester Art Gallery.

CHAPTER XVII

1886–1887

Work during 1886: *Chetham's Life Dream*, *Wickliffe on Trial*—Rossetti memorial: Letter from Madox Brown on the subject—Labour Bureau—Madox Brown and the unemployed—Madox Brown's attitude towards the Royal Academy and kindred bodies—Work during 1887: The decorations for the dome of the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, &c.; *John Dalton*—The *Boddington Group* and collection—Madox Brown's relations with Manchester Society—Return to London—St. Edmund's Terrace.

To compensate for the fact that the preceding year had seen no new fresco upon the wall of the Great Hall, the year 1886 was made memorable by the completion of two.

Of these, the first, the *toile* of *Chetham's Life Dream*, was finished in the month of February.

It affords a pleasant instance of Madox Brown's intimacy with phases of boy-life, for the display of which the subject affords excellent scope.

Chetham's Life Dream.

c. A.D. 1640.

The Boys' School in Manchester which still bears the name of its founder, Humphrey Chetham, was established in accordance with the terms of his will in 1656.

The school (combined with the library, also his gift) forms no doubt a precursor in the seventeenth century of those schemes, edu-

cational and philanthropic, which so prominently distinguish the nineteenth. Like his fellow-townsman Crabtree, Chetham was a *drapier* or cloth merchant, but his wealth, great for those days, was largely supplemented by financial transactions of a nature kindred to banking or money-lending. True, however, to the ideal of his life, his will—which occupies four sheets of parchment, and was during his life frequently altered—is chiefly taken up with directions to his trustees for the purchase of the college buildings annexed to the present Cathedral, and for their conversion into a school and library. During his life he boarded out and educated twenty-two poor boys; after his death the number was to be augmented to forty—a number which is now double, owing to the increased value of the bequest. In the painting Chetham is represented as studying his will in the garden of the College, which in imagination he has peopled with his 'forty healthy boys' and their pedagogue. The school-cook is impatiently awaiting the butcher. The scholars are engaged in drilling, reading, leap-frog, wrestling, and a game called 'stools,' apparently the forerunner of cricket.

A more remarkable instance of Madox Brown's power of squeezing the very last drop of picturesque juice from—or rather of infusing picturesque virus into—the driest of testamentary or historic parchments it would be difficult to find; evolved from the mere provision of the not unsuggestive words, 'twenty healthy boys,' we find not only the boys themselves, but their daily food, their games, their studies, and even—foreshadowed, it is true—their chastisement.

The fresco of *Wickliffe on his Trial* is the most ambitious and perhaps the most successful of all the twelve. The subject is sufficiently alive to inspire even the most Academic of artists. Madox Brown, to use a cant term, has 'made it palpitate with life.' The amount of subsidiary addition to the

AUTOTYPE

WICKLIFFE ON TRIAL'

(Painted 1886)

dramatic centre displayed is almost as enormous as that which is displayed in *Work*.

Madox Brown describes the picture thus, allowing himself the luxury of a slight historic dissertation :—

John Wickliffe, to whom we owe the first translation of the Bible, was born at Spresswell, in the extreme north of Yorkshire, about the year 1324.

He has been styled 'The Morning Star of the Reformation,' and well deserved the appellation, for recent researches in Germany show that many of the Latin tracts published by John Huss a century later were in reality composed by Wickliffe ; and John Huss led the way to Luther and Reformation almost another century later. But our world-renowned Englishman was not only an innovator and thinker of great originality, he was also one of the greatest scholars of his age. Master of Balliol College, Oxford, from his thirty-seventh year, and possessed, seemingly, of unlimited attainments for those times, he was not a mere student, but withal a man of the world much employed politically by Edward III. and his Parliaments, being delegated as Royal Commissioner, first to the Pope at Avignon, and again to the Peace Conferences at Bruges.

Gradually, as his ethical views of Christianity became confirmed, he gave up the pluralities with which the Court had rewarded his services, retired to his rectory at Lutterworth, abandoned soft living, and, going barefoot himself, began organising that company of poor itinerant preachers (somewhat on the model of the Barefoot Friars) which soon was to spread itself over the length and breadth of England.

The Court of Rome at last thought it time to intervene, and caused Wickliffe to be cited before Convocation in Old St. Paul's, London. On February 19, 1377, he there accordingly appeared ; but his great patron John of Gaunt, Earl-Palatine of Lancaster—son of the King, and practically Prime Minister at that time—appeared by Wickliffe's side, with Lord Percy, the Earl-Marshal, and soldiers for his protection. The trial, from six o'clock to nine of that winter morn, was little else than an unseemly dispute between John of Gaunt, the sovereign of Lancashire, on the one hand, and Courtney,

Bishop of London, on the other, till the citizens of London, fancying they heard the Duke threatening their bishop 'to pull him out of the church by the hair of his head,' began such a riot that the trial had perforce to be postponed, and Wickliffe was suffered to resume his duties at Lutterworth.

In the composition, near to Courtney on the daïs, sits Simon Sudbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, depicted as endeavouring, in whispers, to assuage the indignation of his colleague. At Wickliffe's feet are seen the five mendicant friars appointed as his counsel, Wickliffe not yet having publicly differed with them. The Earl-Marshal is represented as ordering a stool for the Reformer, for, said he, 'An you must answer from all these books, doctor, you will need a soft seat,' causing the prelate still greater indignation ; but Wickliffe remained standing. Constance, John of Gaunt's second duchess, a Princess of Spain, is shown plucking her spouse back by his mantle, as though in fear he might in his excitement do some injury to the prelate. In the background Chaucer, the Duke's other *protégé*, is seen taking notes on his tablets.

John Wickliffe died peaceably in his rectory of Lutterworth seven years later.

The picture contains in the head of the bishop an admirable portrait of the artist himself. The head of Wickliffe was studied from the features of Mr. Shields; that of John of Gaunt from Madox Brown's pupil, Mr. Harold Rathbone, of the Birkenhead Della Robbia Pottery.

In November the oil study and the *toile* itself of *Dalton catching Jack o' Lanterns*, as Madox Brown quaintly styles it, were begun. The sanction of the Corporation for the substitution of the subject for that of *Charles Edward Reviewing his Troops* had been given in July. The work devoted to these subjects was, however, interrupted during the same month by

the commission for the execution of a set of decorations for the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition of the year following. To these literally 'colossal' works I shall refer upon the date of their completion.

In February of the year 1886 the large model of the alto-relief for the Rossetti memorial was finished.

The selection of Madox Brown to execute this work was singularly appropriate in so far as personality was concerned—a fact which has been made abundantly manifest in this work's course. Madox Brown's work was to a large extent a 'labour of love.' It was commenced with small hope of subsequent carrying out, and without the smallest hope of adequate compensation.

Ultimately a 'resulting balance' of 49*l.* 11*s.* was handed to him in 1887, and from a consideration of Madox Brown's bank pass-book I find that his own disbursements in connection with the memorial amounted to within 8*l.* of that sum.

I have dwelt for a moment upon these figures because at the time one of those pestiferous and anonymous gentry who 'write to the papers' made allegations of a kind that could not but prove distressing to a man of Madox Brown's nature.

Upon the completion of the model, and after its exhibition at South Kensington, it was cast in bronze in Paris.

Two very engrossing preoccupations of the early part of the year were those of engineering a raffle on

behalf of the widow and children of poor Casey, who had died in circumstances of almost tragic poverty, and the starting of a 'labour bureau' for the assistance of the unemployed.

So far as I have been able to discover, this latter was the product of Madox Brown's own brain, although in putting it into practice he was aided by several gentlemen of philanthropic and practical tastes :—

To Mr. Shields.

April 16.

I was at a mass meeting of the unemployed yesterday at Pomona Gardens—6,000 or 7,000 poor wretched-looking, ragged fellows. I had to speechify them, for, did I tell you? I and some others have started a 'labour bureau,' to register all who want employment and to invite those who want men to come to us. The workers have come in numbers, but not 5 per cent. of those numbers as employers.

In fact, I believe the manufacturers look upon a good broad margin of starving workmen as the necessary accompaniment of cheap labour. I shall get a nice name, I expect.

The Madame Casey affair has come to a stop. About 32*l.* I expect to have in all for her, but most of it she has had already.

Thanks for the kind things you send about the alto-relief, but I fancy you could but ill judge of it in that light at the museum at Westminster. I am told that at South Kensington it is well-placed.

During 1886 several assaults upon the Royal Academy were made, but Madox Brown consistently refused to give his name to strengthen any of them, giving as his reason his conviction that with few exceptions the best artists of the country were at that time members either of that or of kindred bodies. The same reason, with the addition of that of dislike to

almost inevitable cliquishness, he pleaded as an excuse for not joining a new society which it was proposed to start. He did, however, subsequently alter his mind in favour of the Society of Arts and Crafts. As a matter of fact, his old 'fighting spirit' had largely abandoned him. A gradual conviction seemed to force itself upon him that his present *métier* would be amply fulfilled if he were allowed to finish his work and die in peace, and for the rest—to go to bed each night 'with both ears on.'

At the end of the year we find him writing to Mr. Shields :—

December 29.

I have been so tremendously busy that I not only have no time to think of writing myself, but have scarely time to read your cordial letter and greeting. But I return it with equal heartiness and goodwill, and may the coming year bring you all manner of joyful surprises and pleasant work.

The reason why I am more than usually employed is that I have undertaken some very large (colossal) figures for their Jubilee Exhibition here, and they must be ready by a certain day. I have got Knewstub, D. G. Rossetti's old pupil, to assist me. One of the characters is a sheep-shearer.

Do you think that in London anywhere there is to be got a cast of a *shorn* sheep.

I had one in my studio shorn on purpose, but he was a Christmas one, and so fat, that taking his wool off made very little difference to him or to me.

It is the back and the shoulders that I want the anatomy of.

This work is not exactly like picking up gold and silver, but I hope it may a little recoup what I have lost walling at the Town Hall. Excuse brevity.

The work in point was that to which I have

already referred. High up in the dome of the entrance-hall of the Exhibition there were enormous spaces, formed by spandrils, and these it was decided in November were to be filled up by canvases, upon which Madox Brown was to depict Energy as symbolised by figures of the various manufactures and pursuits of the nation. This decision was only arrived at in November, and as the extent of surface to be filled was tremendous, and as no canvases were procured or procurable until the end of December, the task of completing the work in time for the opening day in May was no mean one. In April we find him writing :—

To Miss Mathilde Blind.

You see I still retain my habits of early rising, for I can't sleep well, I have such a fearful number of things to do. Thursday I spent on a swing scaffolding, putting the last touches to my work, at a height of 50 feet from the ground, hauled up by ten men with ropes. I was determined to do it, and so, by consultation with the foreman of the joiners, I managed it. I underwent nothing like real danger, and could have had assistants to go up for me. But they could not have done what I did. Fifty feet from the ground was a good height to be swinging by a rope, and three men had fallen and been killed just before.

On May 20, with hardly any interval for rest intervening, the *Dalton* fresco was again taken in hand. It was finished on December 21. In order, as it stands upon the wall, it is the twelfth and last of the series—a subject selected from comparatively modern times, and one bringing the whole into touch with modern methods of thought.

AUTOTYPE

'JOHN DALTON COLLECTING MARSH GAS'

(Painted 1887)

Madox Brown's comments on the work are as follows :—

John Dalton,[1] inventor of the Atomic Theory, was born at Eaglesfield, near Cockermouth, in Cumberland, September 5, 1766. As early as when only twelve he started a school in partnership with a brother only a few years older. The stronger pupils, it is stated, would challenge Dalton to fight on his offering to correct them. For many years of his life he maintained himself in Manchester by school-teaching, but his laborious, if honourable, occupation did not hinder him from indulging in the most abstruse and far-reaching speculations and researches ; the result being that this Manchester schoolmaster, alone and unassisted, made himself the father of modern chemistry—that is, if chemistry is one of the exact sciences, and not a succession of independent experiments. How the idea of the Atomic Theory first presented itself to his mind it would be interesting to know ; but we know little of it. All we hear is that it occurred to him as required in order to explain certain remarkable phases of matter which combine in some proportions and not in others. Once that the idea had taken hold of his mind, he never abandoned it till he had worked it out. The natural gases presented the readiest mode of investigation ; so he is represented as collecting marsh-fire gas, one of the natural and primitive forms of gas. The mode of getting it is the usual one of stirring-up the mud of a stagnant pond, while an assistant (in this case a farmer's boy) catches the bubbles as they rise in a wide-mouthed bottle, having a saucer ready to close up the mouth under the water when the bottle is full. A group of children are watching him, and the eldest, who has charge of them, is telling the little boy, who is bent on catching sticklebacks, that 'Mr. Dalton is catching Jack o' Lanterns'—marsh-fire gas being, when on fire, the substance the 'Will o' the Wisp' is composed of.

Dalton's great invention met with slow recognition at first, as is usual in conservative England ; but the French Institute having made him one of their eight foreign members, and treated him with the

[1] The head of Dalton was painted from a little portrait bust in the possession of Mr. Joule, of Sale.

highest distinction while in Paris, the English Royal Society gave in at length, and elected him without his consent, and he was pensioned by the Government of William IV. He died in July 1844.

Upon the completion of the *Dalton* fresco Madox Brown began a work upon which he was occupied until the day of his death—the *Boddington Group*, a portrait of the family of Mr. Henry Boddington, who at about the same time acquired a collection of Madox Brown's pictures, which may be considered as the most representative in existence, ranging as it does from the *Execution of Mary Stuart*, of 1840, to the group in question, and comprising pictures representative of almost every stage of Madox Brown's art.

The only facts that call for attention during the course of the year are the unveiling, in August, of the Rossetti memorial, an event that needs no more comment than the bare mention of the fact, and Madox Brown's final return to London.

The principal reason for the change was the failing health of Mrs. Madox Brown, whom the damp suburb, Victoria Park, afflicted in a very serious manner. Madox Brown, too, sighed for London, finding the lack of any extended intellectual society very irksome. Miss Blind, it is true, spent a portion of every year with the Madox Browns in Manchester, and Madox Brown took a very great interest in her conversation and literary work. Indeed, her work and attention to matters connected with it formed, as he was accustomed to say, one of the chief recreations of his later

years. But even to her the journey to Manchester was difficult. To most of his other friends of an intellectual kind it was insuperable. Nevertheless, he might in the end have found Manchester less unbearable had his own imprudence not rendered him suddenly unpopular.

To Mr. Shields.

May 22.

The latter part of your letter has rather startled me. I mean the phrases that it grieves and vexes you that in Manchester they had not grown into any true recognition of my work, nor into personal esteem for my character.

For particular reasons I shall be very obliged if you will let me have your authority for these statements.

Just at present I have reasons, which I will state further on, for knowing. [Perhaps 'wanting to know.']

Otherwise, hitherto, as to my art I get nothing but flattery—even from the Corporation—giving himself much trouble to introduce me publicly to Gladstone. The artists have made me honorary member of their Academy, and the Brazenose Club one of their four honorary members. We were asked and present at the lunch given at the Jubilee Exhibition to the Prince and Princess [of Wales], &c.

As to personal consideration (except for a few enemies whom I have wilfully created) we are not without much more than we care for or can afford either in time or entertainment. I thought it was I who was chiefly wanting in personal consideration to the right people of the place.

I have refused the Mayor's dinner, and I could show you half a dozen invitations to dinner with the best people, which we have recently refused. We are not rich enough to keep up that sort of thing, but we are quite on friendly terms with the only few worth, or near enough for, knowing. . . .

Many others I have dropped or cut.

Up till recently I have had the Press with me (Liberal and Tory), and I have treated either party with too little affection. I have

certainly noticed a gradual cooling off of that estate towards me and my works.[1]

But now bursts on me a state of things that I am quite unprepared for, and am quite at a loss to explain. I, however, feel it, and will suffer for it, and I see that my old plan of disdaining these things can be pushed too far, so I am now making every effort to find out where the feeling originates, whether in London or in Manchester, whether with the R.A. or with Dash. Craven assures me it is with the former and *not* Dash. Duplicity is such an art among us free-born Britons, that while Sir Blank Blank *and* Dash equally wring one's gouty hand, equally oppress one with friendliness, and are equally vouched for as friendly, it is hard to say which is *not* the villain.

But the villains in chief, in all opinions, seem to be——

Here the letter goes over the page, whither it is undesirable to follow it as far as this transcription is concerned.

The matter lies to all intents and purposes in a nutshell. That Madox Brown had enemies who *did* 'plot' against him, I hold to be undeniable—have, in fact, only too certain proof—but to a very large extent Madox Brown incurred their hostility by an injudicious brusqueness that occasionally manifested itself in his manner. I have attempted to explain the matter in its London setting; the Manchester trouble was no more than a variation

[1] To these offences may be added a spirited attack upon the Selecting Committee of the Exhibition. This was made in a lecture in which Madox Brown drew attention to the many omissions that rendered an otherwise excellent collection far from a perfectly representative exposition of the art of the Queen's reign. In the year preceding, his speeches to the unemployed had caused a great deal of annoyance in a city so ruled by labour-employers. Cf. p. 376.

—a provincialised one—of the same tragi-comedy. It must be added, in justice to the Northern city, that Madox Brown met with a great deal of kindness from private individuals, and in almost every case in which an individual could afford him help with his work, it was very graciously accorded.

The remaining troubles of the fall of the year are so intimately associated with the vicissitudes of bronze-green dados and gold-embossed wall-papers, and all the detrimenta of a removal, that it can scarcely be considered to afford subject-matter for protracted consideration.

To Mr. Shields.

I have taken No. 1 St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, next but one to the Garnett's, so now at length we shall be nearly neighbours again—in fact, nearer than we were. The house is not a dear one—70*l.* a year—but a large fine one, and I hope high and dry. I am allowed five quarters' rent for doing it up, so shall be able to please myself with the decorations.

CHAPTER XVIII

1888–1893

Work and sales during 1888–89—Work during 1890 : *John Kay*—1891 : The *Opening of the Bridgewater Canal*—1892 : *Bradshaw's Defence of Manchester*—Life at St. Edmund's Terrace—Personal appearance, kindheartedness, &c.—Death of Dr. Hueffer and of Mrs. Madox Brown—Reception of the *Bridgewater Canal* panel, &c.—Chicago Exhibition—Commission for a picture to be presented to the Nation—Illness and death—October 6, 1893.

Once returned to London, comparative prosperity seemed to shine on Madox Brown, and expressed itself in its usual form of the sale of replicas.

Thus we have the sale, to Mr. Boddington, of the duplicates of the *Byron and Mary Chaworth* and *Tell's Son*. The former of the two was not finished until February of the year following, though it had been begun in 1874. The *Tell's Son* duplicate had been finished in 1879.

Besides the work upon the *Byron*, the year 1888 was taken up with work upon the *Boddington Group*, and the frescoes thus made little progress.

The 'cartoon' of the *Kay* subject was begun in January, and finished, as far as design went, in February. The large canvas was begun in October, and occupied the rest of the year.

The year which followed was almost entirely given up to work for Mr. Boddington. Fourteen of Madox Brown's very earliest paintings were rescued from the oblivion of cellars, and, after a certain amount of work had been devoted to them, were deemed worthy and sold. In February, for the same purchaser, the water-colour duplicate of *Byron and Mary Chaworth* was duly finished, and in December the 'cartoon' of *Weights and Measures* was converted into an oil duplicate of the fresco.

The cartoon of *Chetham's Life Dream* was converted into a pastel in September, at the instance of Mr. Riches.

Of new work, the *Boddington Group* was finished in February, the painting of the *John Kay* in November, and a quaint book-plate for Mr. Edward Garnett, designed in January.

In 1890 the unfinished *Stages of Cruelty* of 1856 was taken up and finished in the months of August and September. In March, the *toile* of *John Kay* was finished and exhibited at Dowdeswell's Gallery. The subject is as follows:—

John Kay was born at Walmersley, near Bury, in Lancashire, about the year 1704. His great invention of the fly shuttle seems to have been perfected in 1733 at the latter place, where he resided. For three thousand, or perhaps five thousand, years the peoples of the East and West had been content to go on 'throwing' the shuttle with the naked hand, and even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, in order to weave wide blankets, a couple of weavers were needed at the loom 'throwing' the shuttle from one to the other. Henceforth, through the unique intellect of this Lancashire gentle-

man, all was to be changed. A single one-armed weaver could now get through work that before would have needed the four arms of a pair of weavers, and this with the sole assistance of a string and a handle thereto attached. About twenty years after, however, the weaving population began to notice this fact, and rioters broke into Kay's house at Bury with the most sinister intentions. Tradition tells us that his wife saved him from their fury by having him hurried away concealed in a wool sheet.

In the composition, to the left, the rioters are seen smashing in the windows, whilst on the floor in front of them lies an exemplification of the cause of the discord—the very simple invention by means of which two boxes fastened to the loom fire the shuttle, so to say, to and fro into each other's mouths.

Kay's son Robert, a boy about twelve, is depicted cautiously watching the rioters, and hastening his parents' movements ; whilst Mrs. Kay and two workmen hurry the departure of their master, for whom a cart waits at the door. Kay, with his still disengaged hands, draws his wife towards him and imprints what may be a last kiss on her cheek. His two little girls are weeping and wringing their hands.

But for Kay's simple, yet epoch-fixing invention of the shuttle which, without hands, flies backwards and forwards across the loom, all the wonders and achievements of steam-weaving would never have been perfected.

But however disastrous to him this inroad of the men might be, the combination of the masters to resist in the law courts his just claims to royalties proved even more so, and Kay retired to France a ruined man.

Immediately upon the completion of the *John Kay*, the cartoon of the *Bridgewater Canal* subject was set about, and in April of the year following the *toile* of the subject was commenced.

The frontispiece for Miss Blind's 'Dramas in Miniature,' and a couple of illustrations for a book of one of his grandsons, complete the tale of work for the year 1891.

Design for Miss Blind's "Dramas in Miniature." 1891.

In February of the following year the large canvas of the *Bridgewater Canal* subject was finished. It is described as follows :—

The Duke of Bridgewater, after whom the canal was named, undertook this great and, in those days, original work, under the advice and direction of the eminent engineer, James Brindley. The Duke was then comparatively young—twenty years younger than his engineer—and he took up the work in order to facilitate the transport of the coals on his estate to the city of Manchester. During the progress of it he lived in a house near by, with no companions but his engineer and his estate agent. Such was his enthusiasm for the undertaking that his only diversion from it seemed to be, every five minutes during the evening, tapping the barometer, with a view to the next day's work, a pipe and a glass of water his only refreshments. He had been engaged to one of the two beautiful Miss Gunnings, great friends of George III. ; but having quarrelled with his intended about her sister, he never noticed any woman again. He died immensely rich, and collected the Bridgewater Gallery of Old Masters.

Brindley, the engineer, used to make his calculations on a method of his own that few could understand, for he could neither read nor write. When a Committee of Parliament doubted his plans for carrying water across hills, he procured a hundredweight of clay, and, in their presence, modelled a canal with it, which held every drop of its water till next day, and so convinced them. He married a schoolgirl of fifteen—commencing the courtship by taking her bags of sweetmeats—but she made him an excellent wife. The opening of the Bridgewater Canal took place at Barton Aqueduct, over the river Irwell, in 1761. It is represented in the fresco by the first barge starting for coal drawn by a pair of mules. The bargee's wife steers the boat, with her twin babies (got up for the occasion) tied on the cabin roof in front of her. The Duke, from one of his own barges, witnesses the proceedings. Brindley, who always had about him a wicker-coated flask of brandy, with which to lessen the severity of his arduous duties, reminds his Grace (who was not of a convivial turn) that he has omitted providing refreshments.

A boy has been sent in a boat by farm people living down the canal to fetch coals. The Duke's orders were always to execute *the smaller orders first.*

The rest of the year was occupied with the work for the succeeding panel, which was commenced in April, and with designing several scenes for Sir Henry Irving's representation of 'King Lear.'

In March of the year following the last of the panels was finished, and with it the whole task brought to an end.

This panel represents the defence of Manchester under Bradshaw the Regicide, who, with forty musketeers, defeated and put to rout between three and four thousand of King Charles's troops under Lords Robert Strange and Montague.

During the action, which took place on Salford Bridge, and for which the town received the thanks of the Parliament, two barns which were situated near the bridge took fire somehow and blazed fiercely during the engagement, much to the inconvenience of the combatants.

At the Salford or nearer end of the bridge is to be seen the small chapel which was first built for the good of his soul by a pious and wealthy yeoman of Eccles—Thomas Del Roche by name. It was latterly used as a gaol or lock-up house.

It is certain that the Gothic-arched bridge was built during Edward III.'s reign, and stood from that early date till its destruction in 1837, the year of her present Majesty's accession.

The gentleman who has been unhorsed, and is being released by his retainers, may be Lord Montague, who, with Lord R. Strange, aided in the abortive attempt upon Manchester. Bradshaw, who with his musketeers so powerfully contributed to its defence, is seen in the distance firing his musket from a gun-rest, as at this date was customary.

This was Madox Brown's last finished work. Upon its completion he set about the task of making a full-

ILLUSTRATION FROM THE 'BROWN OWL,' 1892.[1]

sized duplicate of the fresco of *Wickliffe on Trial*, but this was destined to remain unfinished.

[1] From original in possession of Mr. Edward Garnett.

I have passed thus quickly over Madox Brown's work during the period of his life at St. Edmund's Terrace, because, as a matter of fact, so few events of importance presented themselves during that period as to make anything like detailed treatment of separate years almost impossible.

Upon the whole, the closing years of Madox Brown's life were fairly prosperous ones, and but for inevitable events might have been happy.

I have touched for a moment upon the subject of prosperity, because, during the last few months of his life Madox Brown was troubled in his mind by the fact that rumours of his extreme destitution were spread abroad, and made their appearance in various printed records. This fact was very largely due to the zeal of Madox Brown's very good friend, Mr. Harry Quilter, who, in his book on 'Preferences in Art,' has represented Madox Brown as groaning under a load of poverty. 'Just as if I was living in a dog-kennel,' Madox Brown said, on hearing the passage in question read to him.

As a matter of fact, Madox Brown was really vastly pleased with his house, and regarded it as extremely commodious[1]—the maligned studio, in particular, he considered to be comfortable and suitable in the extreme. To an artist accustomed to the gorgeousness of latter-day studios, the ordinary room,

[1] In a letter to Miss Blind in 1887 he writes that 'when finished it will be grandly picturesque,' and as such I am sure he considered his abused house.

with its north and east lights, and with none of the customary paraphernalia of rich stuffs and 'properties,' must have seemed bare and cold to a degree. But to Madox Brown, who, rightly or wrongly, considered anything that was not strictly useful as a trouble and a hindrance, the room, with its old furniture, that had accompanied him through life, presented all the appearance of home and homeliness.

It was indeed a pleasant sight on a Sunday evening after supper to see Madox Brown seated in his famous old armchair, holding in one hand his night-cap of toddy, and with the other keeping off the heat of a good coal fire.

There he would sit and talk to one or other of the two almost lifelong friends, Mr. Shields or Mr. Cave Thomas, whose visits were periodical and society very congenial.

His conversation was marvellously entertaining, and his conversational mannerisms naïve and charming. His range of subjects was almost unbounded, and his faculty of throwing his whole mind into the subject under consideration and of enunciating original views most unusual. His speech was always distinct and noticeably slow, as if he desired to attach great importance to all his utterances.

His personal appearance at this period of his life was singularly prepossessing. His thick hair, which he kept always parted in the middle, and which Mrs. Madox Brown always cut, had latterly become quite

white, and his beard, somewhat thinner, was of the same quality of colour. His facial hue was invariably fresh, and his face comparatively little wrinkled. Until almost the last hours of his life he preserved all these characteristics intact.

His personal mannerisms were rather marked. When telling a story he made free use of his hands to emphasise the 'points.' His 'deportment,' as a rule, seemed to be derived from old-fashioned sources. He had much of the elaborate courteousness of a *grand seigneur*, but when once in the full flow of conversation his absent-mindedness rendered him oblivious of everything but the subject under discussion. He had an infinite store of 'good stories' to draw upon. Indeed, often as I have heard him tell a tale with one moral or another during the course of three years, I hardly remember to have heard him repeat the same story twice. But his stories, although usually of the nature of reminiscences, were, as a rule, either too highly 'coloured' or too personal, and dealt so much with persons either still alive or recently deceased, that I have felt reluctantly compelled to suppress all too many of them.

He treated every one with whom he came in contact as an equal, and deferred to the opinion of every person however uninfluential or unproved in the battle of life. To these qualities he owed the attraction for young men that he possessed in a peculiar degree, and it was one of the most pleasing features of that

period of his life that a number of young men with one talent or another frequented the house.

His reverence for youth was a most touching thing to see ; the opinions of a young man, if uttered in his presence or to him, were canons that almost certainly ousted his own, formulated though they might have been from the bitterest of experiences.

I remember—and the reminiscence may be pardoned for its obtrusion in these pages—hearing Madox Brown commenting upon an illustrated paper—the 'Daily Graphic,' I think.

'Ah,' he said, 'how cleverly these young men sketch. I never remember to have seen such work. If only *I* could do anything so good.' And that was his attitude towards the products of such widely diversified art as that produced by, let us say, the supporters of the 'Century Guild Hobby Horse' and those of the now extinct 'Société des Vingt.' It is pleasant to think that both bodies of young men did him honour in return.

But this kind of pleasure was too much chequered by sadder happenings.

In January 1889 died his son-in-law, Dr. Hueffer, for whom he entertained a very sincere affection, and by whose death some of the burden of a new family of children was cast upon his shoulders. 'And I am confronted with all manner of questions which I had begun to think I was disengaged from for the future,' he says, writing to Mr. Shields.

In October of the year following, after a protracted and painful illness, occurred the death of Mrs. Madox Brown—a very severe blow, although Madox Brown's position was redeemed from solitariness by the companionship of his daughter, Mrs. Hueffer, and the proximity of the William Rossettis, who had moved to St. Edmund's Terrace.

Mrs. Rossetti's precarious health was, however, more matter for misgiving, only too well justified, as it proved.

In spite of all these griefs, Madox Brown continued to work as quietly and unostentatiously as had ever been the case. Perhaps the most cruel of all his many causes for sorrow was the opprobrium with which the panel of the *Bridgewater Canal* was received on its instalment at Manchester. The matter is not one into which it is necessary to enter minutely. That the work does show signs of a failing hand is without doubt, and, however mortifying such a proceeding might seem to the artist, the Committee of Decoration were perhaps justified in demanding that the last panel should be submitted for their sanction before its installation on the wall. It is, however, difficult not to sympathise with Madox Brown, especially when we take into consideration the exceedingly coarse manner in which the work itself was spoken of by one or two of the most prominent members of the Corporation.

In the event, Madox Brown was only deterred from his purpose of selling the last panel to a private purchaser by the representations of his friends.

The weary task of the decoration of the buildings, which had cost so many years of his life, was thus brought to a very bitter end, and Madox Brown may be pardoned for thinking, what there is no very great reason to believe was not entirely the case, that his labours had received no recognition whatever. Another cause for some discomfiture to him was to be found in the fact that, although during this period of his life he attempted to gain some official recognition abroad, his works, which were exhibited at Berlin and Chicago, attracted no attention of any sort. It is, however, to be said that the French Government meditated and even commenced negotiations[1] for the purchase of the picture of *Romeo and Juliet*. The picture had, however, unfortunately been previously disposed of by its owner to a private person in Chicago.

An honour of an unusual kind, accorded to Madox Brown during these last years of his life, became latterly a matter of some cheer to him.

I refer to a commission to paint a replica of his picture of *Wickliffe on Trial*, given him by a committee of artists and gentlemen. This picture was intended for presentation to the nation.

A suspicion, perhaps not altogether unfounded,[2] that this honour was to some extent the outcome of

[1] These negotiations were carried on through Miss Blind, then in Paris. Miss Blind informs me that the French authorities still contemplate the purchase of one of Madox Brown's pictures.

[2] To Mr. F. G. Stephens and Mr. Frederick Shields, two of the oldest and certainly sincerest of Madox Brown's friends, the credit of

charitable motives caused Madox Brown such acute dissatisfaction that he summarily refused the commission.

Eventually, upon the assurance of Mr. Shields that the scheme was not the outcome of, let us say, an Academic plot for his humiliation, Madox Brown consented to carry out the work.

'Three men of eminence,' says Mr. Shields, 'declined to subscribe. Why?'

'"Had you asked upon the ground of necessitous circumstances, we would gladly have responded. But since you ask in order that an honour of altogether exceptional and unprecedented nature be rendered to Mr. F. Madox Brown we cannot consent to join in the tribute."'

It was upon this commission that Madox Brown was engaged until a few days before his death.

During the year immediately preceding, fits of illness had begun to occur with alarming recurrence. On one occasion this took the form of a mild *hémiplégie*, depriving him for the time of the use of his right hand. 'I must just set to work with my left,' he said several

'engineering' this testimonial is due. I feel certain that it did afford Madox Brown a great deal of quiet pleasure. It was like a ray of winter sunshine falling upon a traveller in a sheltered hollow, to use a well-worn metaphor. As I have already mentioned in the course of this work, the money raised was devoted to the purchase of the picture of *Christ Washing Peter's Feet*, which was presented to the National Gallery, and to acquiring and presenting to schools of art various cartoons and designs for stained glass. The subscribers included, besides old friends like Holman Hunt and William Morris, artists not of his intimate acquaintance, but of extreme greatness, like Mr. G. F. Watts.

times, looking at his hand; and until its normal strength returned he did so.

Upon the Saturday preceding his death he worked until darkness intervened, and then, whilst cleaning his palette, pointed to his name inscribed on the upper bevelling of the frame, and laying down his brushes upon his painting cabinet, said, referring to the fact that the picture was just half-finished, 'There, I've got it all finished as far as the "X." I'm very glad, because it seems as if I was going home.'

On the following day he felt too ill to get up, though able to sit up in bed and talk with very much of his accustomed vivacity, and, on the evening of the following day he contrived, although with some difficulty, to dictate to the present writer the sketch of parts of his life, of which use has been made in the opening chapters of this record. His last quite coherent words must, I think, have been uttered whilst advising some alterations to a work of Miss Blind's, or perhaps in taking leave of Mrs. Rossetti,[1] who was on the point of departure for the Riviera. At that time he seemed no worse than he had been during many fits of illness of the ten preceding years. Miss Blind writes to me describing her last visit to him :—'I found him more vivacious and alert than for some months past. He listened with his usual vivid sympathy to some poems I had lately written, and the remarks he made showed the clearness of his mind to be undimmed. At

[1] Mrs. Rossetti, who was at this time seriously ill, died in the Riviera in the April following.

his express wish I went to Tunbridge Wells to look for rooms for himself, Mrs. Hueffer, and her daughter. The idea of going there seemed to please him greatly.'

Almost immediately afterwards, however, the seriousness of his illness became so evident that Mrs. Hueffer remained to nurse him during the night. At some early period in the morning a stroke of an apoplectic nature intervened, and on the day following —October 6—he died quite peacefully.

At his funeral, which took place on the 10th of the month, a number of Madox Brown's oldest friends assembled. Following the custom of French unsectarian burials, a farewell oration was delivered by Mr. Moncure Conway, who had performed the same office over the grave of Oliver Madox Brown.

So died Madox Brown—a man who, had his fate led him nearer the seats of the mighty, would assuredly have been an influential feature of his country and time. I cannot help thinking that amongst a people so deeply moved by 'figures' as is ours, Madox Brown's position, apart from his work, should have been to some extent that of Dr. Johnson, or even of Carlyle. That his influence would then have been widely stimulating I cannot doubt. Perhaps it was so; for the circle of his acquaintance was wide. A deep thinker he was not, nor in any sense a scientific or methodical one; but his utterances were nearly always trenchant, and nearly always afforded ground for thought.

His earlier years were rather embittered, rather tumultuous, rather disturbed by torrents of passion. He was then distinctly rugged, perhaps a little self-assertive, and even overbearing. We see as much in the fragment of his diary that I have quoted, where veins of harshness crop up, like boulders on a sandy moorland road.

At that period, lying, perhaps, under the slightly unsympathetic influence of minds like those of members of the Manchester School, he was, without doubt, a little over-utilitarian, didactic, and distinctly militant. He had, in fact, a touch of the English Philistine in his composition.

And yet, how delightfully naïve-minded he was even then his diary can tell—how he goes to church with 'Emma looking like an angel in her new bonnet,' moralises over poor humanity in a hospital basement, and so forth.

As time went on his mental aspect broadened little by little, and as his interests became more extended he himself became less and less didactic, and thus in the autumn of his life he was the most loveable, the sweetest, of all men. But he seemed so only to those who loved him, and this, perhaps, because his defects were so much the 'defects of his qualities.' As he says of Rossetti, quoting Carlyle, 'How much easier it is to note the flaws in a circle than to grasp the whole sweep of its circumference!'

To a large extent he was the creature of impulse,

to an equally large one he was unnecessarily circumspect. To any one in an inferior position, any one humble or needy, he was elaborately polite ; to any one whom he suspected of patronising him he was capable of being hastily and singularly disagreeable.

This sympathy with the 'humble and meek' was one of the most marked points in his character. As Miss Blind has recorded, 'Out of doors the simplest and most familiar natural sights and sounds infected him with childlike delight.' This to some extent injured his sense of proportion in all critical matters. The utterances of a navvy had as much weight with him as those of many distinguished philosophers, and seemed to him infinitely more picturesque.

That which was near him he deemed far more important than things of greater weight but out of sight. In this his sympathies, once engaged, led him to extravagant lengths, and he would not infrequently declare that the works of any young painter or poet with whom he had lately been in contact were equal to those of Raphael or Milton. To that extent his judgment was continually distorted and his utterances must be listened to with caution.

On the other hand, his sympathies led him to encourage a nearly infinite number of struggling workers. No one, I think, ever came to him for help of any kind without his rendering all that lay in his power. Of his open-handed, unconsidered charity I have already spoken ; in no case could any terms exaggerate this side of his character. With open eyes

he would assist people who had again and again imposed upon him, having constantly in his mind the thought that, however unneedful his help before had been, it might now be really needed.

Good hater as he was, once an 'enemy' had fallen upon evil days he would go out of his way to 'do him good by stealth.' Of such facts I have an intimate knowledge.

Of officials, and particularly of Royal Academicians, he was profoundly distrustful; but a great portion of his quite preposterous prejudices were, as he was well enough aware, the mere emanations of persistent wrong-headedness.

As to his creed. In his early days he was a conventional member of the Church of England; in later years he was an absolute Agnostic, with a great dislike for anything of the nature of priestcraft.

As to his politics. In his early days he was nearly a Whig; in his later life he was by temperament a good deal of a 'Tory of the old school,' but his intellect made him a Socialist of an extreme type. To this, of course, his desire to better the lot of the poor contributed largely.

In conclusion, I think it is due to myself to say that I have throughout this book written of my grandfather in as critical and unimpassioned a manner as I could command.

I commenced the work under the impression that

no one else would undertake it, and that since Madox Brown seemed worthy of commemoration, even a descendant's record would be better than none at all. When I had ploughed the furrow too far to turn back I heard with real regret that another person of infinitely greater worth and weight than myself had contemplated a similar labour.

My personal estimate of my grandfather as an artist is such, that did I attempt to fix his place in the ranks of the Immortals, it would indeed be a high one. Therefore I have hitherto preferred merely to chronicle his works, and when, in the following chapter, I attempt to criticise them, I shall restrict myself as far as possible to simple analysis.

But when I come to write of Madox Brown as a man, my debt of gratitude to him is so great, the thought of him as he was so constantly present in my mind, that did I allow myself to praise him at all my emotion must carry me too far for sober print. Therefore my book is a documentary one. I am aware of the effect that such an attitude must have upon it and its readers. But being unable to steer a better course, I have preferred to the Scylla of a relative's emotional praise the Charybdis of a simple chronicle.

CHAPTER XIX

MADOX BROWN'S WORK

In the present chapter I propose to attempt to outline the course of Madox Brown's art evolution—a process, in his case, of more than common interest.

During the first five and twenty years of his working life—say from 1840 to 1865—his work followed, or rather forecast, the course of the art life of the country during that period. In this he was like William Dyce to some extent, but unlike any other English artist that I can call to mind. After 1865 he fell out of the general movement, 'working his own salvation' in a groove that led him far away from other men until, at last, he stood quite alone—almost as much so as 'one standing companionless on a vast moor side.'

Even when working in company with others he was a solitary man, rather self-centred than easily influenced, once he had broken away from the trammels of the schools.

This solitary habit, if good in its way, was bad inasmuch as it subsequently delayed his development for a time. But before this he had learnt the secrets

of the older schools—had really become a past-master of the Academic styles that he afterwards did so much to sweep off the face of the earth.

His first food was received at the hands of the Belgians—nurses bad enough in all conscience.

In Belgium the Classical school still retained a good deal of influence, even in the late thirties, after Wappers had led the Romantic charge against its ranks.

Wappers himself had been a pupil of the great David, who, it may be remembered, had settled in Brussels after the Napoleonic overthrow. But Wappers had turned and overthrown the school of his old master, had founded an enormous reputation [1] and a 'National' school by one picture of a patriotic kind, and had then gone on to immortalise local revolutions. Just at that time, too, the wave of Catholic Art was making itself felt in the sluggish backwater of Belgian Art.

It was, however, neither to the Classicists nor the Pietists that Madox Brown was apprenticed, but to the 'distinguished' Wappers himself.

Under Wappers he learnt to paint on a bituminous ground and to draw in a Belgian manner, and to have no sense of the joy of colour; but he learnt an

[1] The Belgian school of that day was immensely popular all over the world, particularly so in England, where, in after years, Madox Brown gained great prestige simply because he was 'up in the Belgian school,' as Mr. John Leighton expressed it. This was when he was working on his cartoons for Westminster Hall at Tudor Lodge.

infinite number of the secrets of his trade—fresco, encaustic, modelling in wax, etching, lithography, and even, I believe, pastels. In fact, to this working under Wappers he owed it that in after years he could turn his hand, at least in a rough and ready manner, to almost every branch of the plastic arts.

Whilst at Antwerp, at the age of nineteen, he commenced the enormous canvas of the *Execution of Mary Queen of Scots*. This picture, which was finished before he reached his twenty-first birthday, may be regarded as the chief product of his Belgian discipleship.

With all its defects, its heaviness of drawing, its 'paintiness,' and its sombre colour, it remains a remarkable work, effective and dramatic in the extreme ; the whole scheme is engineered and carried out with an amount of assurance not at all to be expected of such a mere youth. It was finished in Paris, whither he had gone, in 1841, at the age of twenty.

In Paris he did not enrol himself as a pupil at any of the *ateliers*, for already the leaven of his independent nature was beginning to work within him.

When he was only twenty he conceived the idea of lighting his pictures realistically. Whether the idea was a mere analogical development by Madox Brown of some other realist-idea that he had picked up amongst his comrades, I cannot say ; but, whether or

no, the step was a very great one—how great a one it is difficult to realise nowadays.

'Those were the days,' to quote Madox Brown himself, 'when my respected master, the late Baron Wappers, having been commissioned by his Government to paint the *Belgian Revolution*, had, for speed's sake, two of his pupils, whose duty it was to smear in with their hands, early in the morning, as much asphaltum as he could afterwards cover in with revolutionary heroes during the remainder of the long summer day.' Madox Brown's own work was free from few of his master's faults. His early drawing, vigorous enough, was eminently Belgic, his colours dark to indistinguishability. As he himself says: 'This all artists liked in these days—even Turner, I believe—but no one who was *not* an artist liked it. These were the days when Wilkie's best works were coated with asphaltum, which has since made fissures all over them; when Hilton's *Sabrina* was so flooded with it that it now has to be hung alternately right side and wrong side upwards to prevent the figures from entirely running either to the top or bottom of the picture.'

On the top of the asphaltum dogma was the studio-light dogma, the doctrine that proclaimed that every picture *must* contain twice as much shadow as light, and so forth *ad infinitum*. For an artist to declaim against any of these was as dangerous in those days as it would have been to decry the Host in Papal Rome; and so Madox Brown's idea—the idea of a mere boy of twenty

—was shouted down by his comrades and studio-fellows and perforce abandoned.

There remain two pictures of his, two subjects drawn from Byron's *Manfred*, in which the realistic scheme of lighting is carried out, falteringly enough but recognisably. As I have said, he was forced to abandon the doctrine in public, although he retained independence enough to work by himself as no one's pupil.

He turned his attention to 'Rembrandt and the Spanish masters' at the Louvre, and copied them diligently for the better part of two years, during which time he turned out several pictures more or less Rembrandtesque, notably a very fine *Parisina's Sleep*, now in the possession of Mr. Henry Boddington.

During all this time he was an assiduous worker 'from the life,' making literally innumerable studies in every possible medium.

To what extent the 'French school'[1] of the day, with its cross-tides and currents, influenced him it is difficult to decide. To say that he remained uninfluenced would of course be absurd.

The France of the day was the France of Delaroche, Delacroix, Géricault, and Ingres, to mention the

[1] During his stay in France he executed a number of designs from subjects in the *Sentimental Journey* which are almost Hogarthian in conception, and which show signs of having been inspired by illustrations by men like Nanteuil or Baron. These, however, had no ultimate consequence.

men whom Madox Brown especially admired in after years, and he must have drawn a good deal of inspiration from the three first, perhaps more than any from Delaroche.

In any case Madox Brown left Paris a master of his style, firm in every direction—witness the 'Westminster Hall' cartoons, the *Harold*, the *Spirit of Justice*, and the *Adam and Eve*.

To the French, I think, he was most indebted for his choice of subject. The Parisians of that day decidedly leaned towards the dramatically tragic in theme —such subjects as *Hecuba going to be Sacrificed*, or the *Enfants d'Edouard* covered the walls of the Beaux Arts year after year. The gloomily tragic chords struck by the great masters of the day caused a sympathetic vibration in the French public and so gave the key for the entire chorus of the younger men.

What part of his inspiration was not drawn from such sources came, as I have said when dealing with Madox Brown's life in Paris, from the works of Byron, the only modern English poet of sufficiently extended reputation to be known to Madox Brown. He was then to all intents and purposes a foreigner, and as such he regarded himself during the short stay in England whilst he was actually executing his cartoons and before his journey to Italy.

This Italian journey proved the turning point of his career; but it was not, I think, from Italian art

that the first impulse came—the violent thrust that drove him down the slope towards realism.

On the way he made the acquaintance of Holbein's works at Basle, and in Holbein he found what I will allow myself to call a kindred spirit.

I do not think that all the magnificence of Italian art, as a whole, that he then saw spread out before him touched him nearly as closely as did the sincere and direct—one may call it archaic—work of Hans Holbein.

Whilst in Italy he commenced a gigantic work, which was to do for English poetry what Italian painters had done for Italian sentiment. It afterwards took shape as the *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.*, which was only finished in 1851, six years after the date of his Italian journey.

The sight of Italian pictures, *en masse*, quite broke up the orthodox inclination of his colour-sense—just as the sight of the Basle Holbeins had dispelled the clouds of his hitherto orthodox *technique*—rendered it tentative and occasionally almost bizarre, in fact.

Madox Brown returned from Italy in the following year an artistic revolutionist. He deliberately determined to begin again and work out for himself an absolutely realistic style, casting aside everything that he had learned. Hence his *Portrait of Mr. Bamford* painted in 1846, of which he says :

> It is the first evidence of an entirely new direction of thought and feeling on my part. . . . To those who value facile completeness

and handling above painstaking research into nature the change must appear inexplicable and provoking. Even to myself, at this distance of time, this *instinctive turning back to get round by another road* seems remarkable. But in reality it was only the inevitable result of the want of principle, or rather confliction of many jarring principles, under which the student had to begin in those days. Wishing to substitute simple imitation for *scenic* effectiveness, and purity of natural colour for scholastic depth of tone, I found no better way of doing so than to paint what I called a *Holbein of the nineteenth century*. I might perhaps have done so more effectively, but *stepping backwards* is stumbling work at best.

The next two years, which were the first after his final settlement in England, bring us up to the period of the starting of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; and although I am not the person to decide my grandfather's claims to be considered the originator of that movement, I will dwell for some moments upon the subject.[1] The three most important pictures of Madox Brown's which belong by date to this period—his *Wick-*

[1] It may be asked: What about Madox Brown's connection with the English school of the day. I do not myself think that he owed much to its influence; he himself in a letter (published in the *Westminster Gazette* after his death) says that to it he owed his artistic salvation; but it is a little difficult to quite take that view of the matter unless, as Madox Brown did, at the time he wrote the letter one should feel ultra-patriotic. I will try to present Madox Brown's subsequent view of the English artists of those times. The artists who most appealed to him were without doubt Etty, Eastlake, Cope, and Haydon—afterwards Dyce and Maclise, but Etty perhaps most of all. 'He taught Millais and all our school to colour,' he says, in a lecture devoted to Victorian Art. 'We all went to him to learn flesh-painting, but so subtle was his touch and exquisite the tints that he could produce with his three or four pigments that the more they gazed at him the less they knew. A whole school followed him—Frith, Egg, Elmore, Hook, and Poole—but at such a distance that no one found it out. The only one who caught some of his inspiration was William Hunt, who stippled in water colours.

liffe reading his Translation of the Bible to John of Gaunt, his *Bedside of Lear*, and *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.*—supply sufficient data for us to go upon.

They are all more or less incongruous and selective. In the composition of two of them at least, the *Wickliffe* and the *Chaucer*, we find very strong traces of the influence of the 'German,' Cartoon, or Architectural style. That is to say—they are balanced so as to fall well within a Gothic arch, the hero or heroes of the picture being nearly in the exact centre and highest in the composition, the remainder of the figures by one device or another dropping lower and lower into the body of the picture. This is not so much the case with the *Lear*, the composition of which is of later date. The *Chaucer*, it must be remembered, was composed in 1845 and altered in 1846. The *Wickliffe* was altogether the product of 1847, the *Lear* of 1848.

On the other hand, decided attempts at realism of light and of attention to archæological detail are made in all of them, with varied success. The best way of

Millais, also, when quite a boy, watched him and extracted some of his secret, which was an open one to genius.'

To Cope, Madox Brown extends high praise in saying that some of his works 'are almost as fine as Maclise's.'

Eastlake Madox Brown admired for the occasional beauty of his female heads. Haydon had great qualities of the 'grand style' kind, but his colour and general effects were wanting in attractiveness.

Most frequently mentioned by Madox Brown were Dyce and Maclise, two names that somehow seem to link themselves together for no very sufficient reason. For invention and imagination, Maclise was unequalled, and to make up for lack of colour he had at least eminent dramatic faculties. (See p. 36.)

summing the three pictures up would be to say that in them all Madox Brown made strenuous efforts to be absolutely realistic, but that his early training hampered him, and rendered his efforts up to this point rather nugatory.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement had, of course, sides other than the merely realistic. Its members wished their work to exhibit minuteness of finish and a certain Early Italian sentiment—the first as young men wanting in technical skill; the second as persons drawing from the Early Italian masters their sentiments of what nature-inspired art should be.

Up to this time (1851) Madox Brown's work showed neither of these qualities, and though in the decade following he did out-Herod Herod in the matter of minuteness, his real heart was never quite in accord with Early Italian sentiments.

As a Teuton, I like to think—and I feel certain—that whatever of Madox Brown's art was most individual was inspired by those Basle Holbeins in the year 1845. I am of course aware that his work was never much more Holbeinesque in character than it was Orcagnesque or Botticellian, let us say. Nevertheless, it was from Holbein that he drew the idea of direct working from nature.

Immediately after the completion of the picture of *Chaucer* in 1851 Madox Brown plunged straight into the study of absolute realism and of almost absolute minuteness of rendering.

His first essay—a smallish picture called the *Pretty Baa-Lambs*—is rather stiff and ugly, not at all *habile* or masterly in any way, but a mere study of certain objects under a certain light. His next, the sufficiently well-known *Christ and Peter*, is realistic enough and masterly in every way, but does not carry the minuteness of its rendering of details to any great lengths—at least as the picture at present stands. It was, however, so much 'pulled together' and retouched during the next twenty or thirty years that its character is quite altered. It is now essentially a colourist's picture, very glowing and bright, but at the same time harmonious and agreeable in the extreme. At the time the picture was painted Madox Brown, though a strong and sometimes individual colourist, was not an agreeable one, nor did he become so for many years subsequently; until precisely the time when the picture was last worked on.

During the eleven years or so that ensued (up to 1863) Madox Brown completed only two important pictures. These were the *Last of England* and *Work*, one of which occupied about three years, the other part of eleven, in the painting. Two others—*Stages of Cruelty* and *Cromwell on his Farm*—although begun during this period, were not completed till long afterwards.[1] There remain, there-

[1] The landscapes *English Autumn Afternoon*, and others painted in Hampstead and Hendon may also be mentioned. They belong both chronologically and æsthetically to the period under consideration.

fore, as perfect specimens of Madox Brown's historic work during this period only the *Last of England* and *Work*.

Speaking more incisively than justly, I should say that these monuments of industry are not, on the whole, æsthetically successful. In both of them attention has been paid to such matters as *chiaroscuro* and composition. In the *Last of England* this has been done with comparative success; but I think it is otherwise with the more ambitious *Work*. When one stands before the picture it is difficult for the eye to find a point on which to settle. The colour, too, is not 'colourist's colour,' at least as I understand the words; it is wanting in harmoniousness, disturbing, and what not. One might almost say that both pictures had been painted with the then newly discovered aniline dyes. I write these words well knowing that they are an indictment of the painter of *Work*, but I think them true in substance.

On the other hand, one may be almost unbounded in one's praise of the strong points of both works. The *Last of England*, as far as its rendering of the dramatic motive that the painter desired to express is concerned, is surely unsurpassable. It pays its tribute to the stern force of irresistible, slow-brooding Destiny quite as unmistakably as any of the great tragedies have done. It is as remorseless in its own way as either *Lear* or the *Bacchæ* of Euripides. In its own way, too, *Work* is a masterpiece—as an exposition of

a sort of Carlylean energy and exuberance. And so, perhaps, it is the very nature of the work to be wanting in repose ; rather *voyant* and disagreeable.

The *Cromwell on his Farm* has many of the qualities of *Work*, but all of them modified and chastened, as it were. Supposing oneself to be considering the picture for the first time : once one's eye had taken in the dominant figure of Cromwell himself, one would find it almost as difficult to settle upon some other portion of the crowded canvas as in the case of *Work* itself. The colour is, however, essentially that of Madox Brown's 'colourist' period—the seventies, or thereabouts. The exposition of the subject, the maze of references and cross-references in the picture, is every whit as astounding as in *Work* itself.

The reason for these changes is not far to seek. The picture was conceived and planned out at very much the same time as the *Work* and the *Last of England*—namely, in 1856. It is therefore the product of exactly the same train of thought. When he executed the picture in 1873, Madox Brown copied his old design very faithfully, but modified it in just those directions that I have tried to indicate above.

The fact is that after 1863 Madox Brown's work underwent a very remarkable change—change which I will try to account for.

He had been in turn, as an artist, a Belgian, a Frenchman, a cartoonist, and a pure realist ; all of these more or less as of the nature born. He was

now to become an æstheticist, and it is as such probably that he is most widely known nowadays. But, speaking candidly, I cannot say that I think this stage of his art was nearly as much his own as was the realistic one.

A man of an unusually open mind, he was prone to see the good that was in anything, particularly in whatever style of art was brought continuously under his notice, and his singularly developed dramatic powers allowed him to enter into and sympathise to the full with any phase, whether of art or of human life.

At this period he fell much into the society of the brilliant group of men connected with the firm of Morris, Marshall, Falkner, & Co. As a matter of fact, he was, as we have seen, one of the originating members of the 'Firm' whose tendency was so marked. Thus he now began to pay far more attention to the 'sensuous' side of his art, whereas during his realistic period the 'idea' in his pictures had triumphed.

For the next decade and a half (from 1865 to 1880 or thereabouts) his pictures became rather essentially decorative than essentially realist. He aimed at producing poetic subjects harmoniously, and, as I have said, sensuously.[1] But it should be remembered that,

[1] In a letter to Mr. Shields, written in 1876, Madox Brown angrily and reiteratively insists that his works are all 'essentially sensuous' and not 'intellectual.'

throughout all its phases, his art was absolutely dramatic—he was, in fact, a dramatist expressing himself plastically.

Thus we have pictures, like the *Entombment* and *Romeo and Juliet*, or the *Cromwell Protector of the Vaudois*—works all masterly in colour and massing, and as mystically, amorously, or physically dramatic as can be.

He himself set his progress in colour down to the example of his daughters, both excellent colourists. I think they themselves were strongly influenced by the colour of Rossetti and of members of the 'Firm.' Apart from this matter of colour, his pictures now became pictures of balanced masses as opposed to pictures of combined details. This is of course to be accounted for in two ways—one that the natural course of time brought about a mellowing of the painter's vigour, he having now reached the age of forty-three or so. The years between 1852 and 1865 had been dedicated to such very hard and unremunerative studies (as I will call the pictures, finished and unfinished works, of that period) that, having reached such an age, it was natural that he should wish to harvest, as it were, the fruits of his labours. It was, in fact, partly a natural process.

On the other hand, there is so close a connection between the styles of his designs for the Brothers Dalziels' Bible, his cartoons for stained glass, and of his latter pictures—all three kinds of work exhibit to

such a degree the same feeling and quality of line and mass—that I think the connection between them is obvious.

The designs for Messrs. Dalziel were nearly all studies from Nature of the most rigorous kind, but the cartoons were frequently products of the painter's experience. They were, too, definitely intended to have a certain style, or 'look,' if I may use the word. They were meant[1] to exhibit strength and beauty of line and effectiveness of composition, and at the same time to be slightly archaic in appearance—in fact, to be diametrically opposed in style to pictures like *Work*.

Madox Brown designed an immense number of these cartoons, many of them complicated compositions, others single figures, but all latterly in much

[1] A very excellent example of how Madox Brown deliberately forced himself to adopt a particular style is afforded by the picture of the death of *Sir Tristram*. This, as he avows, is intended to imitate, or to account for, the style of missal illuminations and illustrations. For this reason the scene is a room with windows on all sides, which provides an effect of light which might, as I have said, account for the entirely artlessly arrived at lighting of the mediæval workers.

At the same time, the attitudes and characterisation are as grotesquely exaggerated as possible. In this case I think the picture is deliberately and recklessly intended 'to touch the Philistine on the raw,' to use a phrase then in favour with members of the 'Firm.' The fact is that a development is quite as observable in Madox Brown's stained-glass cartoons as in all the rest of his work.

In the early days of his work of this kind he strove to render his designs 'mediæval' in appearance, but gradually his sympathy with the mediævalists among his friends gave way before the drift of his own individuality, and his work became once more intensely personal.

If we consider in turn his *Sir Tristram*, 1864, his *King René's Honeymoon* of a month later, his *St. Oswald* series of the year following, and his *St. Anne* of 1865, and his *Christ Blessing Little Children* of 1870—we see the drift of his work of this kind very plainly.

the same style. I suppose if I put the number at two hundred in all I shall not be much over- or under-estimating it; this during the twelve years, 1862 to 1874.

The result was that, being continually before his mind's eye, this peculiar type of figure and style communicated itself to the larger pictures that he was executing during the same period. The figures in such pictures as *Elijah and the Widow's Son*, the *Entombment*, or the *Cordelia's Portion* are obviously either studied from the cartoons or inspired by exactly the same spirit. In many cases the cartoons served as studies for the pictures.

All the works of Madox Brown's third period, as I will call it, may thus be said to form one great symphony—splendid in all those 'sensuous' qualities that he aimed at attaining. It would be difficult to find a picture more forceful in composition, splendid in colour, or fervently dramatic, than the *Elijah and the Widow's Son*, now in South Kensington, and as much may be said for the *Cordelia's Portion*. Yet the *Entombment*, with its wonderful interlacing folds, its rich colour, and its intense fervour, does undoubtedly surpass both pictures in all three directions; and the *Romeo and Juliet* rises beyond any of them in its exposition of what Madox Brown delighted to call the 'amorous line.'

Until the day of his death there was not any very appreciable change of style in his work.

The Manchester frescoes, as it is convenient to call them, presented an opportunity for decorative historic work of precisely the kind that now came most naturally to his hand, and he fully grasped the opportunity.

The series, as a whole, is undoubtedly distinguished by unity of decorative conception, which it was at times no easy matter not to disturb. Speaking of the *Crabtree* panel, Madox Brown frequently said that he was at first undetermined whether or not to produce a strong and perfectly legitimately Rembrandt-effect of lights, as most artists would have done. In the end, the fear of spoiling the effect of the whole series by a dark patch at one end of the hall led him to introduce as much light as he could into the composition, thus enormously increasing the difficulty of the work.

Each of the pictures gives evidence of to how great an extent Madox Brown was content to remain a student of Nature to the end of his life. In very few of them are there discoverable any of the 'mannerisms' born of previous study, to which most painters addict themselves. As far as 'open-air effect' is concerned, I should say that few of Madox Brown's pictures equal the fresco of the *Romans*, and as much may be said for the rendering of the complicated cross-lights of the afore-mentioned *Crabtree* panel. Even the unsuccessful *Bridgewater Canal* picture is in these respects an advance on many of its predecessors.

The series as a whole, too, is singularly instinct with

Madox Brown's personality. In the setting forth of the subject each of the pictures shows to the full his naïve directness and ingenuity of imagination. They are full of sympathy with human life—almost Chaucerian in that direction—and they abound with humorous by-play. One might say that Madox Brown's humorous sense, which in the pictures of the preceding decade and a half had been rather submerged, once more appeared on the surface.

In the *Romeo and Juliet*, the *Don Juan*, or the *Cordelia's Portion* there are none of the touches of purposely bathotic humour that so strongly distinguishes Madox Brown's work. There are no girls with ducks under their arms to call the Cromwells from their grim musings to the immediate necessity of the dinner that waits.

The frescoes, on the other hand, are full of such episodes. Roman children kick litter-bearers, thurifers deride each other, pigs upset ferocious warriors, or children mock great scientists, and seem to utter the continual 'after all' of Nature herself.

In his art Madox Brown's attitude towards life was twofold.

In the conception of his pictures he entirely identified himself with the hero of the picture, and seemed to become for the time a grim mystic, a passionate lover, or an abstracted scientist. But once the central idea was evolved and embodied, he sympathised with the unsympathetic outer world—the un-

concerned, wondering child of the *Entombment*, or the laughing, ignorant cook-maid of the *Cromwell on his Farm*. Madox Brown himself had, throughout his life, very much of the 'little child' in his composition. His attitude towards life was as sincere, as naïve, as direct, and not infrequently as embarrassingly penetrating, as any child's. In addition to this, he had his dramatic power and his almost Titanic virility. His work was never suave, never *quite* complete; but it was vigorous and honest to the end, always instinct with a noble feeling for style, and within its wide but well-defined limit as thorough as possible. His incompleteness was always personal, and that is surely no small deodand, in an age whose general tendency is towards mechanical finish and the concealment of the individual, and which is apt to feel disgusted if a touch of individuality peep through the veneer that happens to be in fashion.

It was Madox Brown's misfortune, as it has been the misfortune of too many a good worker, to anticipate the 'psychical moment' with everything that he did.

He was inclined to claim that he had started the '*Plein Air*' school in France. I do not think that the claim can be substantiated; yet, as a mere boy, he evolved the theory which gave life to that school.

He never claimed to have started the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, but he certainly did herald

the movement—played the part of John the Baptist to it, let us say.

In the same way he anticipated the idea of the 'Arts and Crafts Society.'

During a long life he received little honour, and few honours, and was in some ways a singularly unlucky man. But he managed to work on, to do good work, and, as he quaintly phrased it, 'to go to bed with both ears on.'

Moreover, he remained to the end of his life young in his mind, and, that being so, perhaps the gods loved him after all.

> 'He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;
> Envy, and calumny, and hate, and pain,
> And that unrest which men miscall delight,
> Can touch him not, and torture not again.'

APPENDIX A

MADOX BROWN AS A TEACHER

I.

THE following note with regard to Madox Brown as a teacher, and his relations with the Working Men's College, has been kindly furnished me by Mr. J. Phillips Emslie.

'In the evening meeting with which the term opened, Mr. Ruskin, speaking of the advent of Mr. Brown in succession to Mr. Rossetti, said that he was equal to him as a painter, but would probably be superior as a teacher, as he had given more attention to the teaching than Mr. Rossetti had. We students became almost immediately aware of the justice of Mr. Ruskin's remarks, for Mr. Brown's teaching was as systematic and precise as Mr. Rossetti's had been free. Mr. Rossetti always objected to students making a firm outline; he wished their work to be free. Mr. Brown, on the other hand, insisted on a firm outline. He has said to me, and I have often heard him say to others, "Always know exactly what you mean by every line you draw on the paper; have a thorough idea as to which form of the model you intend to represent by the line you are drawing. Don't scuffle about with a great number of random lines, as so many do, trusting to get something out of them by some chance, but be clear in your own mind and you'll best advance your work."

'To this end he introduced two old practices which had never been seen in the class in Rossetti's days. He would tell the students to hold up a plumb line to see where different parts of the model fell below each other, and he would also tell the students to hold out their pencils at arm's length and measure with the thumb-nail on the pencil the length of the model's head and compare it with the measurement of the arm or body taken in a similar manner, so as to get the proportion. These things came rather hard upon students who had been accustomed to Mr. Rossetti's free style of drawing, but Mr. Brown not only insisted on his directions being carried out but would himself work as he had been instructing others to work, and decisively show a student where his drawing was wrong by the application of the practices which the student had neglected. I suppose all of us students have upon some occasions felt depressed when a drawing, which we flattered ourselves had a good deal of "go" in it, has been proved, by the application of the plumb-line and of measurement, to be wrong both in character and proportion.

'But though a disciplinarian he was no martinet. He would say that it was of no use to be free without being accurate, and that students must first learn to make a faithful representation of what was before them.

'He took a great personal interest in his pupils, and this, together with his very genial manner, caused him to be very much liked by them. He would ask a new student why he was studying drawing, whether as an accomplishment, with a view to becoming an artist, as an assistance to his own daily occupation, &c., and would do his best to assist the student in the special study of art which the student wished for. I remember his telling us of a drawing-class at some institution in Camden Town, in which class was a man (a mason, I think), whose only object in learning drawing was that he might be able to draw a lion. A sculptured lion that was (and, for all

I know, still is) the most prominent statue in the show-yard of a sculptor and monumental mason in the New (now Marylebone) Road was the special incitement to his ambition, and Mr. Brown, with much gusto, told us how he was asked by him, "Can you teach me to be able to draw a lion?—a lion like that one in the New Road? I should so like to be able to draw a lion like that."

'In October 1859, Mr. Brown made me a pupil-teacher in his class and had my name placed by the side of his on the college prospectus. Messrs. Allen and Ward had long been pupil-teachers under Mr. Ruskin, but Mr. Brown was the first to have his assistant's name placed on the prospectus beside his own. His recommendation obtained for me permission to draw in the sculpture galleries of the British Museum, and he overlooked and corrected a drawing I made as a candidate for a probationary studentship at the Royal Academy.

'Mr. Brown several times invited us to his studio when there was an exhibition of works by himself and friends. Here we saw the *Work* while it was in progress, also *Lear* and *Cordelia*, *Out of Town*, *Autumn Afternoon*.'

II.

I add some extracts from a letter to myself from Madox Brown's solitary pupil of a later date, Mr. Harold Rathbone:

'About this period I used to accompany my father on his visits to the various studios of our leading painters in his annual errand of acquiring the best works he could lay his hand on for the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition (of which, as you know, he was one of the founders and the chairman); and though many friends used to make interested inquiries concerning my own progress in art, I was impressed by the

fact, which determined me later in adopting Madox Brown as my master, that it was from him alone that I invariably received some sensible and practical suggestion, either with regard to general art training or in relation to some work in hand, advice which could always advantageously be put at once into practice. Before taking this step, however, I consulted Sir E. Burne-Jones, who at that time, with a generosity which has endeared him to other eager students besides myself, had kindly consented to look at and criticise my work from time to time, and he most heartily agreed with the idea, alluding to his old friend Madox Brown, as I well remember, as one of the very few real "masters," in the proper significance of the word, of the present day, and as one who had both inherited and developed a most excellent method and tradition in painting, which might most beneficially be adopted, until by natural tendencies one formed a style of one's own. At this time Madox Brown was engaged upon the first of his famous series of frescoes in the Manchester Town Hall, and I was, as you are aware, more or less in his company during the whole of the period he was at work on this noble municipal commission, and I never knew any man who combined to a like extent the gift of not being in a hurry with a greater sense of the true value of time and the necessity of making the most of opportunity.

'Deliberation and reason in his case effectively prevented his being unduly carried away by his powerful dramatic gifts and the romance of poetic sentiment, and it was the rare combination of these qualities which used to make me think of Madox Brown, amongst all my circle of acquaintance of business, professional, or political vocation, as most truly entitled to the attribute of the "practical" man; and that to a degree infinitely beyond the conventional limit which is usually conveyed by the term. In the same way his generosity and largeness of heart were brought into fine pro-

minence by his abhorrence of waste, either of material or occasion.

'With regard to opportunity, he possessed a most extraordinary faculty of recognising amongst his immediate circle of friends the exact type he was in need of to serve as model for some fresh historic creation, and though comparatively rarely seeking to introduce an exact likeness, his discriminating genius would adopt just what he required from the features so brought into use, to suit the conception at hand.

'His advice to me as a pupil was precisely that contained in his early article in the "Germ." *Care* in selection of a suitable subject, and a treatment of that subject which would conclusively manifest itself to the ordinary observer without further explanation. To be in this respect ever direct and typical in representation, rather than err on the side of subtlety and obscurity by dwelling unduly upon unimportant accident. To impart some definite scheme of lighting or effect to the work, and, in the case of a landscape especially, always to be on the look-out for some unusual and suggestive effect rather than the everyday aspect. To choose a subject well within one's range, and not too complicated in dramatic action or movement—to make proper and sufficient use of Nature and scientific laws, but on no account to subordinate detrimentally any essential in the artistic conception to some arbitrary imposition of scientific doctrine.

'He attributed great importance to the preparatory stages of an historical work, saying that it always saved time in the long run to spend a little time in marshalling things into proper working order at the commencement of any fresh undertaking. He would then advise the work to be carried on (as he had done in his own case) in systematic stages from the earliest record of the idea, which he was ever most careful not to tamper with, fearing often to lose some faint, but valuable suggestion which might later be developed, to

the cartoon stage, which he made either the required size or often smaller, in which he included all possible reference to Nature, so long as she served his purpose and did not assume any tyrannical attitude with regard to expression, effect, colour, or disposition of line—which interfered unduly with his original conceptions.

'As a painter, Madox Brown believed in keeping one's work in such a condition that it could always bear to be shown in any stage to a person of moderate intelligence, and he was in the habit of saying, if there was any portion in the picture which prevented one's being able to do this, that one should, for the sake of the work as a whole, render that particular portion sightly with all possible promptitude. He thought a great deal about brilliance and transparent richness of colour, in contrast to the heavy and opaque method of "premier coup" painting which is adopted in France, and to a very large extent in this country, dwelling upon the necessity of making one's flesh painting luminous, after the manner of his favourite models, Rubens, Titian, Etty, and Gainsborough, or even old William Hunt, or his friend Dante Rossetti, whom he used to hold up in contradistinction to what he called the "leather" painters of the latter day. He possessed endless resource, of a simply scientific and inventive kind, for getting over any difficulties of costume, in which Mrs. Madox Brown (without exception the gentlest and sweetest-natured woman I ever met) most amply assisted him, or the complications of lighting and effect. Most ample proof of this is to be found in the fact that the major portion of these frescoes were painted, with the assistance of Nature in the worst possible of lights, with equal aptitude, either through the dense fogs of winter or the conflicting cross lights that streamed into the hall during the summer months. He was ever patient in explaining his own reasons for any arrangement of composition or effect, but as a master apt to

be annoyed if suggestions made were not absolutely adopted.

'Taking into consideration the various endowments of my master, which one might sum up as his epic quality or his gift of telling a story lucidly, his almost Michael Angelesque gift of massing figures and the details of composition, his faculty of line (which was developed through his admiration of Raphael), his immense knowledge and gift of depicting type, his mastery of costume and æsthetic invention of ornament, the luminosity and depth of his colour, united to a remarkable degree of dramatic force and poetic intensity, I began, after a time, to think of Madox Brown on account of these universal qualities on the same high plane that is occupied when pondering of such creative giants as Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, or Hogarth, on account of his astounding invention allied to a wealth and rarity of the truths of Nature; and despite his occasional eccentricities of manner I constantly think of him in this light, believing him, with everything that can be advanced against him by those who are out of sympathy with his style, to be one of the great English masters of painting of the present generation. Whatever artistic and practical success I have had with the Della Robbia pottery which has been lately started I attribute mainly to his influence, and I consider it constantly a duty to hand on those traditions to my pupils.'

APPENDIX B

A LIST OF MADOX BROWN'S MORE IMPORTANT WORKS

Price, &c.	Title and Remarks	Description	Date and Place of Execution or Exhibition	Owner
Given	*Showing the Way*	Oil	1836, Ghent	—
7*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.*	*Blind Beggar and Son*	,,	,,	—
Exch'd with other studies for *Chaucer*, 1863	*Head of Flemish Fish Wife*	,,	,,	D. T. White [1863]
Given	*Old Horse*	,,	,,	H. V. Tebbs
,,	*Friday of the Poor*	,,	1837, Antwerp	—
—	,, ,, ,,	Oil study	,,	Henry Boddington
,,	*Head of Page*	,,	,,	—
Madox Brown sale, 1894	,, ,,	Charcoal study	,,	— Buckley
Madox Brown sale, 1894	*Flamand voyant passer le Duc d'Albe*	Charcoal study	,,	,,
Madox Brown sale 1894	*Elizabeth and the Countess of Nottingham*	Charcoal study	,,	,,
	Job among the Ashes	Oil	,, Ostend	—
Sold	,, ,, ,,	,,	Exhibited 1837, Ghent, Antwerp	—
Given	*Colonel Kirk*	,,	1838, Antwerp; exhibited 1839, Brussels; 1840, Liege	W. Jones
,,	*Giaour's Confession*	,,	1839, Antwerp; exhibited 1840, Royal Academy	Commander Bromley
200*l.* [1889]. Sold with eleven others.	*Execution of Mary Queen of Scots*	,,	Begun 1840, Antwerp; finished 1841, Paris; restored, 1889, London; exhibited 1842, Paris.	Henry Boddington

Exch'd for *Chaucer* (see above.)	*Manfred*	,, . .	Begun 1840, Antwerp; finished 1841, Paris.	D. T. White [1863]
Sold as above. .	*Manfred in the Chamois Hunter's Hut.*	Oil study .	Begun 1840, Antwerp; finished 1841, Paris.	Henry Boddington
Given . . .	Portrait of Sir R. Bromley . .	Oil . .	1840, London . . .	Commander Bromley
,, . . .	,, W. Madox . . .	,, . .	,, Foot's Cray . .	—
,, . . .	,, Mrs. Madox . .	,, (small)	,, Blackheath . .	W. M. Rossetti
,, . . .	,, Elizabeth Bromley .	,, . .	,, ...	,, ,,
,, . . .	,, Bromley children . .	,, (large)	,, ...	,, ,,
Sold Madox Brown sale, 1894	*Adam and Eve*	Cartoon .	1842, Paris; exhibited 1844, Westminster	Westminster Technical Institute
—	,, ,, ...	Fresco .	Refused admittance and destroyed	—
Sold, 1894, as above	*Harold*	Cartoon .	1843, Paris; exhibited 1844, Westminster	S. London School of Art, Camberwell
150*l.* . . .	,, (*Wilhelmus Conquistator*)	Oil painting	1843, Paris; retouched 1861, London; exh'b'd. 1844, Westm'r; 1845, Polytechnic; 1862, Liverp'l; 1863, Edinbugh	J. Leathart [1895]
Sold with other, 1889	*Parisina*	Oil . .	1843, Paris; retouched 1889, exhibited 1845, British Institution	Henry Boddington
Sold with others, 1889	*Prisoner of Chillon* . . .	,, . .	1843, Paris; retouched 1889	,, ,,
—	*Out of Town*	,, sketch .	1843, Paris . . .	B. G. Windus, 1858
—	,, ,, (repainted) . .		1858, Kentish Town; exh'd. 1859, Hogarth Club	
Sold Madox Brown sale, 1894	*Spirit of Justice*	Cartoon .	1844, Paris; 1845, Tudor Lodge; exhibited 1845, Westminster Hall	Westminster Technical Institute
Destroyed 1851 .	,, ,, ...	Fresco .	1845, Tudor Lodge; exh'd. 1845, Westminster Hall	—
Sold Madox Brown sale, 1894	,, ,, ...	Water-colour sketch	1845, Tudor Lodge . .	—

Price, &c.	Title and Remarks[1]	Description	Date and Place of Execution or Exhibition	Owner
Sold with 11 others	Sketch for Ascension competition .	Oil . .	1844, Paris . . .	Henry Boddington
Sold 1889, and Madox Brown sale	Sketches for 16 scenes from *King Lear*. [12 of these were reproduced in the 'Builder,' 1887.]	Pen and ink	,, ,, . . .	Charles Rowley Sir Henry Irving F. Hueffer
—	Portrait of Lucy Madox Brown .	Oil . .	,, ,, . . .	W. M. Rossetti
Given . . .	,, Augustus Bromley .			
,, . . .	,, Helen Bromley . .		,, Meopham . .	Commander Bromley
,, . . .	,, their horse . . .		—	—
500*l.* [1876] .	*Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.* Sold to Robert Dickenson for 85% of what it might afterwards fetch (1855). Sold by him to White for 50*l.* (Profit 42*l.* 10*s.*) Got back from him for six pictures. [See *ante*.]	,, . .	Begun 1845, Rome; recommenced 1846, Clipston St.; finished 1851, Newman St.; exhibited 1851, R. A.; 1854, Paris; 1858, Liverpool; gained 50*l.* prize	Sydney Municipal Gallery
525*l.* [1868] .	Duplicate of ,, . . .	,, . .	Begun 1856; recommenced 1864; finished 1867	Leyland Collection
Given, 1853 .	,, ...	,, 1st sketch	Begun 1845, Rome; retouched 1851 and 1853	Mrs. John Marshall, 1895
12*l.* 12*s.* . .	,, ...	,, 2nd ,,	Begun 1845, Rome; finished 1851	Plint Collection, 1862
—	,, [Head of D. G. R.] . .	,, study	—	R. S. Garnett
—	Portrait of Mrs. Madox Brown and Lucy Madox Brown	,, . .	1845, Rome . . .	W. M. Rossetti
—	Portrait of Bromley children . .	,, . .	,, Meopham . .	,, ,,
5*l.* 5*s.* . . .	,, Mr. Bamford . .	,, . .	1846, Milk Street . .	Mrs. D'Oliers
40*l.* (1865) . .	*Southend*	,, . .	Begun 1846, Southend; finished 1858, Southend and Kentish Town; retouched 1861; exhibited 1869, Hogarth Club, &c.	J. Leathart

Given . . .	*The Seraph's Watch* . . .	,, . .	1846, Southend . . .	Dr. Dakin (Rome)
10*l.* 10*s.* . .	,, ,, duplicate . .	,, . .	1847, Kensington . .	Mr. Cock [1894]
189*l.* (1861). .	*Oure Ladye of Good Children* [of Saturday Night], rejected at the Royal Academy 1847. Seriously damaged at Boston 1858 and restored with coloured chalk and water colour 1861.	Cartoon, pastel and water colour added Jan. 8, June 9, 1861	,, ,, . . .	J. Leathart [1895]
50*l.* (1866) . .	Duplicate	Water colour	Begun January, 1864; finished June, 1865	E. Gambart [1866]
—	*Wickliffe reading his Translation of the Bib'e to John of Gaunt.* Sold to M'Cracken, 63*l.*, and a Deighton which I sold for 8*l.*, sold by M'Cracken to White, by White to Windus, who sold it by auction to Plint for 61*l.* Going to put 180*l.* worth of work into it, 1859. Now belonging to Mr. Wilkinson of Manchester, who paid 250*l.* for it	Oil . .	Begun 1867–8, Clipston St.; retouched 1859; finished 1861; exh'ted 1848, Free Exhibition and Liverpool; 1849, Birmingham; 1851, Dublin	W. Wilkinson
—	*Wickliffe, &c.*	Oil sketch .	Begun 1847; finished 1851	—
—	*Infant's Repast*	,, . .	1848, Clipstone St.; exh'ted 1848, Free Exhibition	Lowes Dickinson
—	,, ,, ...	,, sketch	1848.	—
—	*Windermere.* Intended as a study for a picture. Afterwards cut down and the cattle and sky added at Finchley in 1854.		,, on the spot; retouched 1854; exhibited 1857, Russell Place and Liverpool	Mrs. Seddon
5*l.* . . .	Duplicate. Sold to White and by him to Windus, 1853	,, . .	1848, altered 1853; exh'ted. 1853, Preston	G. E. Street [1877]
—	Portrait of Sir R. Bromley's little girl	,, . .	1848; exhibited 1848, Free Exhibition	Commander Bromley

[1] The remarks, except those in square brackets, are those of Madox Brown's own list.

Price, &c.	Title and Remarks	Description	Date and Place of Execution or Exhibition	Owner
—	*King Lear.* [*Cordelia at the Bedside of Lear.*] Painted in 4 months, and 4 months work on it in 1854. Sold by auction at Phillips' to John P. Seddon for 15*l.* I had it back in exchange for *St. Ives* and *Windermere*, and sold it to Plint for 150*l.* 1858. Sold by him to Leathart of Newcastle	Oil . .	1849, Clipstone St.; ret'ched 1854; exh'ted 1849, Free Exhibition and Liverpool; 1850, Dublin and N. L. School; 1852, Antwerp; 1853, Manchester; &c.	J. Leathart [1895]
20*l.* . . .	*King Lear.* Small duplicate . .		1856	B. G. Windus [1865]
Given . . .	,, ,, ...	,, sketch	1849	Charles Lucy [1851]
,, . . .	,, ,, Tracing finished up in coloured chalk	—	1856	Major Gillum
5*l.* . . .	*King Lear.* Pencil drawing . .		,, ...	B. G. Windus [1856]
63*l.* . . .	*Shakespeare*	,, . .	1849, Newman St.; exh'ted 1859, Liverpool	Lowes Dickinson
Exch'd with White	,, ...	,, sketch	1849, retouched 1858	—
Given	*View from Shorn Ridgeway* painted for the background of *Chaucer.* Given to Tom Seddon	,, . .	1849, on the spot; 1851, Stockwell; exh'ted 1852, Liverpool	C. A. Howell [1892]
10*l.* [1857] . .	*Beauty before She became acquainted with the Beast.* Sold from Russell Place to Ruskin senior for 10*l.*	Charcoal sketch	Begun 1849, Clipstone St.; finished 1854, Finchley; exhibited 1854, Sketch Exhibition; 1857, Russell Place	Mrs. Brames Hall
5*l.* 5*s.* . . .	Chalk drawing of Potter to be lithographed	—	1849	—
5*l.* 5*s.* . . .	Portrait of a Baby . . .	Oil . .	,, ...	—
126*l.* (1859) . .	*The Pretty Baa-Lambs.* [*Summer-heat*]	,, . .	1851, Stockw'll and Clapham Common; ret'ched 1859; exhibited 1852, R. A;	J. Leathart [1895]

				1852, Newcastle; 1854, Glasgow, &c.	
5*l.* (1855)	*The Pretty Baa-Lambs.* (small duplicate)	,,	1853, Seddon's studio; exhibited 1853, Sketch Exhibition	B. G. Windus [1860]
84*l.* (1859)	*Waiting*	,, (small)	Begun 1851; finished 1854; exhibited 1854, Paris; 1856, Liverpool	Henry Boddington
20*l.* (1856)	,, duplicate, begun before first was done	,,	1852, exhibited 1853, R. A.	Mrs. Benson
—	*The Parting of Cordelia and her Sisters* (from *Lear* series)	Etching for 'Germ.'	1851	—
10*l.* (1860)	*The Parting of Cordelia and her Sisters.* Sold to White for 10*l.* Got it back and sold it to Mr. Edward Bright. Seems disappeared at his death at Munich. (Now in possession of Mr. Wilkinson)	Oil sketch	1854, Finchley	W. Wilkinson
65*l.* (1873)				
—	*Take your Son, Sir.* The lady's head begun from Emma in Newman Street, enlarged and begun as a picture at Kentish Town 1857, still in hand 1892. (Never finished)	Oil	Begun 1851, Finchley, 1857, 1860, 1892	Harold Rathbone
200*l.* (1857)	*Christ washes Peter's Feet.* Sold to Mr. Plint for 200*l.* 1857; gained Liverpool Prize 50*l.* 1856	,,	1851–2, Newman St.; retouched 1856, 1872 and 1892; exhibited R. A., 1852; 1856, Liverpool	National Gallery
105*l.* (1859)	Duplicate	,, (small)	1857, Fortess Terrace; exhibited 1858, Gambart; 1859, Hogarth Club	J. Leathart [1895]
—	Second duplicate, commissioned by C. Rowley, of Manchester	Water (small)	1876	Henry Boddington

Price, &c.	Title and Remarks	Description	Date and Place of Execution or Exhibition	Owner
420*l.* (1863). .	*Work.* Background painted in the High Street, Hampstead, July and August, 1852. Design made and then left until when Mr. Plint commissioned it to be gone on with. Finished August 1863. Sold right of exhibition and copyright for 900*l.*, 1865.	Oil . .	Begun 1852, Hampstead; recommenced 1856; finished 1868	Manchester Municipal Gallery
315*l.* . . .	Duplicate. Commissioned by Mr. Leathart	,, (small)	Begun 1860, finished 1863 .	J. Leathart [1895]
Given . . .	Sketch for background . . .	,,	,, 1852, ,, 1856 .	Mrs. Woolner
26*l.* 5*s.* . .	Pen and ink design . . .	Oil . .	,, ,, ,, 1860 .	Plint Collection [1863]
150*l.* (1855). .	*The Last of England.* Painted on zinc, white ground. Begun the year Woolner emigrated. Finished September 12, 1855. Sold to White with copyright. By him to Windus who sold it at Christie's for 341*l.* to Plint, 1856.	,, . .	,, ,, Hampstead; finished 1855; exhibited Liverpool, 1856; Russell Place, 1857; &c.	Birmingham Municipal Gallery
157*l.* 10*s.*, (1860)	First duplicate	Water .	Begun 1864; finished 1866	G. Rae
,, ,,	Second duplicate	Oil (small)	1860.	Major Gillum
—	First sketch	Water .	Begun 1852; finished 1854	—
—	Pencil drawing	—	,, ,, ,, ,,	Frederick Shields
15*l.* 15*s.* (1860) .	Photograph worked over . .	—	1860.	Plint Collection [1863]
180*l.* [1861] .	*English Autumn Afternoon.* Begun from my back window 1852, the foliage completed next autumn. Picture finished early in 1854, and sent to auction at Phillips', where it was bought by R. Dickinson for 9*l.* 9*s.* Bought	Oil . .	1852, Hampstead; 1854 .	George Rae

	from him by C. Seddon for 20*l.* and by me back again for 50*l.* Sold to Mr. Rae for 150*l.*, 1861.				
Exchanged . .	*St. Ives* 1630. [See *Cromwell on his Farm*, 1873.]	,, sketch	Begun 1853, Hendon; finished 1856, Kentish Town	--	
—	Chalk head of Lucy Madox Brown	Chalk .	1854, Finchley . . .	W. M. Rossetti	
12*l.* (1860) . .	*Carrying Corn*	Oil . .	1855, Finchley; exhibited 1857, Russell Place	H. V. Tebbs	
10*l.* (1860) . .	*The Brent at Hendon* . . .	,, . .	1855, Finchley; exhibited 1857, Russell Place	V. Squarey	
63*l.* (1864) . .	*The Hayfield*	,, . .	1855, Finchley and Kentish Town; exhibited 1857, M'chester Art Treasures; 1858, Liverpool and Hogarth Club	Major Gillum	
125*l.* (1890) . .	*Stages of Cruelty*	,, . .	Begun 1856, Kentish Town; in hand 1860; recommenced 1887; finished 1890	Henry Boddington	
26*l.* 5*s.* (1894), [Madox Brown sale]	Duplicate (smaller) . .	Water .	1856, 1890. . . .	Henry Quilter	
Given . . .	Water sketch . . .	—	,, ,, . . .	F. G. Stephens	
,, . . .	Portrait of William Rossetti . .	Oil . .	,, ...	W. M. Rossetti	
8*l.* (1866) . .	*The Prisoner of Chillon*	Drawing on wood	,, ...	Messrs. Dalziel	
—	,, ,, ,, ,, .	Pen and ink	,, ...	The British Museum	
31*l.* 10*s.* (1858) .	,, ,, ,, ,, .	Water .	1858	Plint Collection [1860]	
Given . . .	Pencil drawing of Arthur Madox Brown	—	1856	Mrs. Hueffer	
31*l.* 10*s.* (1858) .	*Hampstead from my Window* .	Oil . .	1857; exh'ted America, 1858	Philadelphia [1858]	
84*l.* (1860) . .	*Walton-on-the-Naze* . . .	,, . .	1859, Walton; finished 1860	Major Gillum	
78*l.* [Madox Brown sale, 1894]	*The English Boy*	,, . .	1860	Charles Rowley	
42*l.* [1860] . .	*Irish Girl.* Sold to Mr. Plint 1860, 40 guineas.	,, . .	1860, Fortess Terrace .	George Rae	

Price, &c.	Title and Remarks	Description	Date and Place of Execution or Exhibition	Owner
8*l.* [Madox Brown sale, 1894]	*Les Huguenots.* (*At the Opera*) .	Pencil sketch touched with colour	1861, Fortess Terrace .	Mrs. Fraser
105*l.* (1864). .	*The Death of Sir Tristram* . .	Sketch, water colour	1863, ,, ,, . .	G. Boyce
—	,, commissioned by Mr. Rae	Oil . .	1864–5 ,, ,, . .	George Rae
—	*King René's Honeymoon* . .	Sketch, water colour	1863–4 ,, ,, . .	W. Wilkinson
84*l.* . . .	,, ,, Duplicate	Oil . .	1864 ,, ,, . .	H. Trist
4*l.* (1863) . .	,, ,, . . .	Cartoon for Morris & Co.	,, ,, ,, . .	Frederick Shields
30*l.* (1864) . .	,, ,, Duplicate	Water .	1864–5 ,, ,, . .	Henry Boddington
63*l.* . . .	Portrait of James Leathart, Esq. .	Oil . .	1863, Newcastle . .	J. Leathart
—	*Jacob and Joseph's Coat* . .	Pen and ink	1863, Fortess Terrace .	—
472*l.* 10*s.* . .	,, ,, ,, . .	Large oil .	1864–6, Grove Terrace; exhibited Gambart's Exhibition 1866, Leeds 1868	S. Coulthart
84*l.* . . .	,, ,, ,, . .	Water colour	1866–7	Leyland Collection
150*l.* . . .	,, ,, ,, . .	Small oil .	1868–71	W. Brockbank
—	*Myosotis*	Water colour	1863, Fortess Terrace .	,,
—	*Elijah and the Widow's Son* . .	Pen and ink	1864, ,, ,, . .	S. K. Museum
50*l.* . . .	,, ,, ,, ,, . .	Small water colour	,, ,, ,, . .	Gambart
105*l.* . . .	,, ,, ,, ,, . .	Small oil .	,, ,, ,, . .	H. Trist
315*l.* . . .	,, ,, ,, ,, . .	Large water colour	1868, ,, ,, . .	S. K. Museum
—	*Ehud and Eglon*	Cartoon .	1864–5, ,, ,, . .	—
—	,, ,, ,, ...	Pen and ink	1865, ,, ,, . .	,, ,,
40*l.* . . .	*Old Toothless*	Water colour	1864, Kentish Town . .	E. Gambart
26*l.* 6*s.* . .	*The Nosegay*	,, ,,	1865, Grove Terrace . .	W. Brockbank
—	,, ,, sketch . . .	,, ,,	,, ,, ,, . .	J. Kendrick Pyne

525*l.*	*Cordelia's Portion*	,, ,,	1865-6, Grove Terrace; exh'ted Dudley Gallery, 1867	Craven Collection
500*l.*	,, ,,	Oil	Begun 1867; taken up and finished 1875	Albert Wood of Conway
100*l.* (1879)	,, ,,	—	1865, Grove Terrace	E. G. Francis
200*l.*	*The Entombment*	Water colour	1866–69, Fitzroy Square	Henry Boddington
210*l.*	,, ,,	Oil	1867 ,, ,,	Leyland Collection
12*l.*	,, ,,	Pen and ink[1]	,, ,, ,,	Henry Boddington
131*l.* 5*s.*	*Romeo and Juliet*	Water colour	,, ,, ,,	Craven Collection
325*l.*	,, ,, ,,	Large oil	Begun 1867, Fitzroy Square; finished 1870	J. Leathart (1895)
—	,, ,, ,,	Small water	1867–9, Fitzroy Square	—
21*l.*	*The Traveller*	Drawn on wood	1867 ,, ,,	—
105*l.*	,, ,,	Water colour	,, ,, ,,	E. Ellis
60*l.*	,, ,,	Oil	Begun 1868; recommenced and finished 1884	Henry Boddington
—	*Jacopo Foscari*	Cartoon	1869, Fitzroy Square	Moxon 'Byron'
—	,, ,,	Large water	1869–70 ,, ,,	Craven Collection
—	*Don Juan*	Cartoon	1869 ,, ,,	Moxon 'Byron'
—	,, ,,	Water	,, [repainted 1878], Fitzroy Square	Miss Blind
420*l.* [1872]	,, ,,	Large oil	1872–3, Fitzroy Square	Harry Quilter
—	,, ,,	Smaller oil	1875 ,, ,,	Henry Boddington
—	*Childe Harold*	Cartoon	1869 ,, ,,	Moxon
—	*Sardanapalus*	,,	,, ,, ,,	,,
—	,,	Water colour	1871 ,, ,,	Craven Collection
300*l.*	,,	Large oil	1873, recommenced and finished 1890–91	Henry Boddington
—	*Corsair's Return*	Cartoon	1869, Fitzroy Square	Moxon
—	,, ,,	Water colour	1870–71 ,, ,,	W. A. Turner
—	*The Dream* [*Byron and Mary Chaworth*]	Cartoon	1869 ,, ,,	Moxon
250*l.*	*The Dream, &c.*	Oil	1874, Fitzroy Square	E. Thompson
150*l.*	,, ,,	Water	1888–9, St. Edmund's Ter.	H. Boddington

[1] For 'Lyra Germanica.'

Price, &c.	Title and Remarks	Description	Date and Place of Execution or Exhibition	Owner
—	*May Memories*	Oil . .	1869, recommenced and finished 1884; Fitzroy Sq. Manchester	Mrs. Hueffer
—	*Phryne sitting to Apelles* . .	Small water	1871, Fitzroy Square . .	Unfinished
—	*Down Stream*, 2 drawings . .	Pen and ink	,, ,, ,, . .	—
—	*Convalescent*	Pastel .	1872 ,, ,, . .	H. Quilter
250*l.* . . .	Portraits of Professor and Mrs. Fawcett	Oil . .	,, ,, ,, . .	Sir Charles Dilke
500*l.* . . .	Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. David Davies	,, . .	1873-4, Llandinian . .	Shareholders O.S.C.
250*l.* . . .	Portrait of J. O. Riches, Esq. .	,, . .	1874, Cardiff . . .	,, ,,
250*l.* . . .	,, A. Allott, Esq. . .	,, . .	,, Sheffield . . .	Sheffield Build'g Soc.
400*l.* . . .	*Cromwell on his Farm.* See *St. Ives* (1856)	Oil . .	1873-4, Fitzroy Square .	E. Brockbank
—	Two etchings for *Dwale Bluth* .	—	1875, Fitzroy Square . .	—
—	*Surrey and his Mistress* . .	Cartoon .	,, ,, ,, . .	Never finished
—	*Rubens' Ride*	,, .	,, begun Antwerp .	,, ,,
200*l.* . .	*Supper at Emmaus* . . .	Water .	1876, Fitzroy Square . .	W. Pooley
Given in exchange	*La Rose de l'Infante* . . .	Oil . .	,, ,, ,, . .	A. Wood
—	Portrait of Miss Blind . . .	Three chalks	,, ,, ,, . .	,,
—	,, Mrs. Rossetti . .	Pastel .	,, ,, ,, . .	W. M. Rossetti
Given . . .	,, the Artist . . .	Oil . .	1877 ,, ,, . .	Theo. Watts-Dunton
300*l.* . . .	*Cromwell, Protector of the Vaudois*	,, . .	,, ,, ,, . .	Henry Boddington
—	,, ,, ,, ,, [replica	,, . .	1877-8 ,, ,, . .	Albert Wood
—	*Tell's Son*	,, . .	1877 ,, ,, . .	Mrs. Hueffer
—	,, ,, duplicate . . .	,, . .	1878 ,, ,, . .	Henry Boddington
—	Twelve cartoons of great men .	—	1878-9 ,, ,, . .	Owens College, Manchester
—	*Baptism of Edwin* . . .	Cartoon .	,, ,, ,, coloured chalks added 1891	Harold Rathbone

—	,, ,, . . .	Coloured sketch	1879, Manchester . .	—
—	,, ,, . . .	Fresco .	,, ,, . .	Town Hall, M'chester
—	Two studies for above . . .	Pastels .	,, Fitzroy Square . .	W. Milner
—	Head of Artist's Grandson Oliver	,, .	,, ,, ,, . .	Mrs. Hueffer
—	,, ,, ,, Art ur	,, .	,, ,, ,, . .	W. M. Rossetti
250*l.* . . .	*The Romans building Manchester* .	Oil $\frac{1}{4}$ sized study	1879–90 ,, . .	Henry Boddington
—	,, ,, ,,	Fresco .	1880, Manchester . .	Town Hall
—	*Expulsion of the Danes from Manchester*	Cartoon .	1880–81, Fitzroy Square .	H. Rathbone
—	*Expulsion of the Danes, &c.* .	Fresco .	1881, Manchester . .	Town Hall
Given . . .	Head of Mrs. Pyne . . .	Pastel .	,, ,, . .	J. Kendrick Pyne
,, . . .	,, Miss Robinson . .	,, .	,, ,, . .	F. D. Robinson
75*l.* . . .	*Flemish Weavers*	Design on panel converted into oil-painting	,, ,, . .	Benjamin Armitage
—	,, ,, ...	Fresco .	1888 ,, . .	Town Hall, M'chester
75*l.* . . .	*Crabtree watching Transit of Venus*	Design as above	1881–8 ,, . .	Benjamin Armitage
—	,, ,, ,, ,,	Fresco .	1882–3 ,, . .	Town Hall, M'chester
—	Study for head and hands of *Crabtree*	Chalks .	1881 ,, . .	Harold Rathbone
175*l.* . . .	*Weights and Measures* . . .	Cartoon .	,, ,, . .	—
—	,, ,, . . .	Conv'ted into pastel	1889, St. Edmund's Terrace	F. H. Riches
—	,, ,, . . .	Fresco .	1883–4, Manchester . .	Town Hall, M'chester
75*l.* . . .	,, ,, . . .	Oil replica on panel	1889, St. Edmund's Terrace	Henry Boddington
210*l.* . . .	Portrait of Miss Madeline Scott .	Oil . .	1883, Manchester . .	C. P. Scott
Given . . .	Head of Juliet Hueffer . .	Pastel .	1884, London . . .	Mrs. Hueffer
,, . . .	,, Mary Rossetti . .	,, .	,, ,, . . .	W. M. Rossetti
,, . . .	*Roman Soldier*	Pen and ink	,, Manchester . .	Edwin Waugh (1891)

Price, &c.	Title and Remarks	Description	Date and Place of Execution or Exhibition	Owner
—	*Wickliffe on Trial* . . .	Oil . .	1884–5, Manchester . .	Henry Boddington
—	,, ,, . . .	Fresco .	1885–6 ,, . .	Town Hall, M'chester
—	,, ,, replica .	Oil full size	1891, St. Edmund's Terrace	Never finished
—	Rossetti Memorial . . .	Bronze .	1884–6, Manchester . .	Chelsea Embankment
—	*Platt Lane*	Oil . .	1884 ,, . .	F. Shields
—	*Chetham's Life Dream* . . .	Cartoon .	1885 ,, . .	H. Boddington
—		Converted into pastel	1889, St. Edmund's Terrace	—
—	,, ,, ,, . . .	Fresco [1] .	1885–6, Manchester . .	Town Hall, M'chester
—	Head of Mr. Charles Rowley .	Pastel .	1885 ,, . .	C. Rowley
—	*John Dalton*	Oil study on panel	1886 ,, . .	Henry Boddington
—	,, ,, ...	Fresco .	,, ,, . .	Town Hall, M'chester
500*l.* . . .	16 colossal figures for spandrils on dome of Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester	Oil on coarse canvas	1886–7 ,, . .	Manchester School of Art
—	*John Kay*	Cartoon on panel	1888, St. Edmund's Terrace	Unfinished
—	,, ,, ...	Fresco .	1888–90 ,, ,,	Town Hall, M'chester
—	Boddington group . . .	Oil . .	1888–9 ,, ,,	Henry Boddington
—	Book plate for Mr. Ed. Garnett .	Pen and ink	1889 ,, ,,	Edward Garnett
—	Designs for scenes of *King Lear* .	Chalk .	,, ,, ,,	Sir Henry Irving
—	*Bridgewater Canal* . . .	Cartoon .	1890 ,, ,,	—
—	,, ,, . . .	Fresco .	1890–1 ,, ,,	Town Hall, M'chester
—	Title-page and illustrations to 'Brown Owl'	Pen and ink and sepia	1891 ,, ,,	Edward Garnett
—	Frontispiece to Miss Blind's 'Dramas in Miniature'	Charcoal .	,, ,, ,,	Miss Blind
—	*First Blood of the Civil War* .	Cartoon .	1892 ,, ,,	—
—	,, ,, ,, .	Fresco .	1892–3 ,, ,,	Town Hall, M'chester
—	Illustration to the 'Feather' .	Charcoal .	1892 ,, ,,	F. M. Hueffer

[1] This is the first of the panels on canvas which was stuck to the wall by the French process called 'maroufler.'

APPENDIX C

CATALOGUE[1] OF SOME OF MADOX BROWN'S DESIGNS FOR STAINED GLASS

EXECUTED BY MORRIS AND CO.

1862

Design for *Crucifixion.*
,, ,, *Nativity.*
,, ,, *Archangels Uriel and Michael.*
,, ,, *St. Mark* (May 31).
,, ,, *Gideon* (June 14).
Cartoon for *Adam* (June 15).
,, ,, *Eve* (July).
Design for *Christ and Little Children* (Cartoon, October)
,, ,, *SS. Jerome and John*, for Pulpit (August 25).
,, ,, *Death of Sir Tristram* (September).
,, ,, *Nativity* (November 2).
,, ,, *Lady with Hawk*, for tiles (November 17).
,, ,, *Cutting Trees Down*, for tiles.
,, ,, *Sowing*, for tiles.
,, ,, *Sheep-shearing*, for tiles.

1863

Designs for *Abram* (March).
,, ,, *Isaac* (March).
,, ,, *SS. Paul, Elizabeth, John and Matthew*, at Bradford (June).

1864

Design for *St. Martin and Beggar*, *St. Martin in Heaven*, at St. Mark's Church, Scarborough (February).
,, ,, *Adam and Noah* (March).
,, ,, *Constantine* (March).
,, ,, *St. Helena* (March).
,, ,, *Charlemagne* (March).
,, ,, *St. Louis* (March).
,, ,, *Alfred the Great* (March).
,, ,, *Edward the Confessor* (March).
,, ,, *Paeda, King of Mercia* (March).

[1] This is by no means a complete list of Madox Brown's cartoons. Four out of half a dozen cartoons in my possession—a *Gray writing his Elegy*, a *Martha*, a very fine *St. Andrew*, and an *Escape of Peter*—are not numbered among those mentioned above, and I have no doubt that others exist in various quarters. The catalogue is, however, extracted from Madox Brown's account with Morris & Co., and *should* be complete.

Design for *Ethelbert, King of Kent* (April).
,, ,, *Christ and Disciples in a Ship in a Storm* (August).
,, ,, *Christ and Peter on the Sea* (August).
,, ,, 1. *Baptism of St. Oswald*, St. Oswald's Church, Durham (September).
,, ,, 2. *Coronation of St. Oswald*, St. Oswald's Church, Durham (September).
,, ,, 3. *St. Oswald kills Cadwallader*, St. Oswald's Church, Durham (Dec.)

1865

Design for 4. *St. Oswald sends out Missionaries to Scotland*, St. Oswald's Church, Durham (January).
,, ,, 5. *Death of St. Oswald*, St. Oswald's Church, Durham (June).
,, ,, 6. *Enshrining of St. Oswald*, St. Oswald's Church, Durham (Aug.).

1866

Design for *David and Goliath* (First).
,, ,, *Early English Bishop.*
,, ,, *Cain and Abel.*
,, ,, *Melchisedec.*
,, ,, *Zachariah.*

1868

Design for *St. Anne.*
,, ,, *Nehemiah.*

1869

Design for *Edward I.*
,, ,, *Bishop of Ely.*
,, ,, *Expulsion from Garden of Eden.*
,, ,, *Samuel and Eli.*
,, ,, *Burning Bush.*
Design for *Finding of Moses.*
,, ,, *SS. Luke and Peter.*
,, ,, *Good Shepherd.*

1870

Design for *Feed my Sheep* (September).
,, ,, *Homer* (October).
,, ,, *Newton* (October).
,, ,, *Roger Bacon* (October).
,, ,, *Aristotle* (November).
,, ,, *Queen Eleanor* (November).
,, ,, *Lord Bacon* (November).
,, ,, *Cicero* (November).

1871

Design for *St. Etheldreda* (May).
,, ,, *Hugo de Balsham* (May).
,, ,, *Incredulity of Thomas* (Nov.)
,, ,, *Bishop Cosin* (December).
,, ,, *Whitgift* (December).
,, ,, *Supper at Emmaus* (Dec.)

1872

Design for *Christ bearing Cross* (Jan.)
,, ,, *Isaac bearing Wood* (Jan.)
,, ,, *Crashaw* (January).
,, ,, *The Brazen Serpent* (March).
,, ,, *Zachariah* (May).
,, ,, *Elkanah* (May).
,, ,, *Hannah* (May).
,, ,, *Philip the Deacon* (May).
,, ,, *Cavendish* (May)
,, ,, *Cardinal Beaufort* (July).
,, ,, *Warkworth* (July).
,, ,, *Solomon building Temple* (August).
,, ,, *Holbrook* (August).
,, ,, *The Scourging at the Pillar* (August).
,, ,, *The Agony in the Garden* (August).
,, ,, *David and Goliath*, Jesus College (November 2).
,, ,, *Young Milton* and *Spenser*, Peterhouse.

1873

12 Cartoons for Tamworth (April):

King Athelstane
Edith
Sigtrig, King of Northumbria
Bishop
} Afterwards worked upon and called the *Legend of St. Edith.*

Sigtrig's Gally.
William the Conqueror.
Marmion.
Marmion Asleep.
Edith with Nimbus.
Tamworth Castle, &c.

Design for *Simeon*, Knaresboro' (May).
,, ,, *Anne Prophesying*, Knaresboro' (May).
,, ,, *Elizabeth Woodville*, Queens' College, Cambridge (June).
Design for *Queen Margaret*, Queens' College, Cambridge (June).
,, ,, *Christ healing Women* (August).
,, ,, *Gray* (August).

1874

Design for *Jude*, Llandaff (April).
,, ,, *Simon*, Llandaff (April).
,, ,, *Shipwreck of Paul*, Llandaff (April)
,, ,, *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, Llandaff (April).
,, ,, *Duke of Grafton* (July).
,, ,, *Noli me Tangere*, Jesus College (July).
,, ,, *Incredulity of Thomas*, Jesus College (July).

NOTE.—A very fairly representative set of Madox Brown's stained-glass cartoons, most excellently reproduced, has been published by Mr. Harold Rathbone, through the Autotype Company, of New Oxford Street.

"ROMEO AND JULIET." 1876.

(*From an autotype reproduction.*)

DESIGN FOR STAINED-GLASS, "THE TRANSFIGURATION." 1857.

(*From the original in possession of Messrs. Powell & Co.*)

ONE OF THE "LEAR" SERIES. Paris, 1844.

(*From original in possession of the writer.*)

SKETCHES AND STUDIES. Paris, 1844.

(*From original in possession of Mr. Fairfax Murray.*)

STUDIES FOR "CHAUCER." 1845.
(*From original in possession of Mr. Fairfax Murray.*)

FIRST SKETCH FOR "CHAUCER." 1845.

(*From original in possession of Mr. Fairfax Murray.*)

SKETCHES AND STUDIES FOR "OURE LADIE OF GOOD CHILDREN." 1846.

(From original in possession of Mr. Fairfax Murray.)

STUDY FOR "WICKLIFFE." 1847.

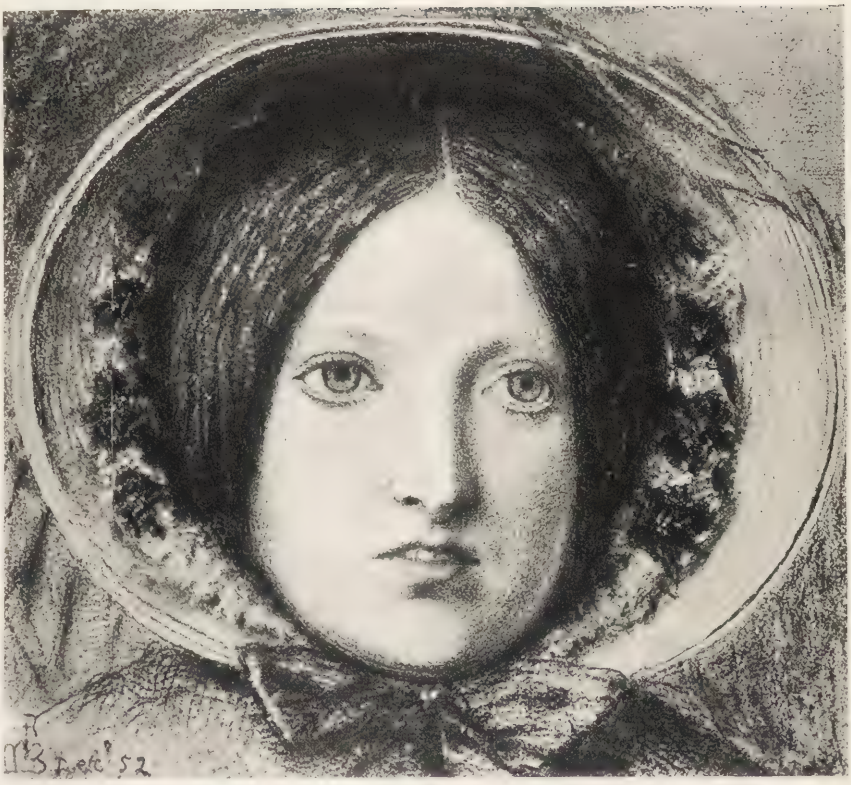
(From original in possession of Mr. Fairfax Murray.)

STUDY. 1847.

(From original in possession of Mr. Fairfax Murray.)

First Sketch for Picture of "Work." 1852.

(*From original in possession of Mr. R. S. Garnett.*)



STUDY FOR "LAST OF ENGLAND." 1852.

(From original in possession of Mr. Fairfax Murray)

UNFINISHED PAINTING: "TAKE YOUR SON, SIR." 1857.

(From original in possession of Mr. Harold Rathbone.)

"CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN." 1862.

(From the series of reproductions published by Mr. Rathbone. Reproduced from a "Firm," or working copy of Madox Brown's cartoon.)

THE ARCHANGELS URIEL AND MICHAEL. 1862.

(From Mr. Harold Rathbone's series of reproductions of stained-glass cartoons.)

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